

Bind these two Nos with preceding volume

SECOND COPY,

February, 1900: Vol: XVIII

Price: 20 Cents:

TWO COPIES RECEIVED,

Library of Congress
Office of the

FEB 23 1900

Register of Congress

2nd Copy Delivered to the

FEB 24 1900

Periodical Department

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATED

WESTERN LIFE

LITERATURE

INDUSTRY

IN THIS ISSUE:

Cattle Round-ups
on the
Great Plains.

Fargo—the Chief City
Between
St. Paul and Helena.

A Wild Ride in Idaho.

By E. V. Smalley Publishing Co.
Cor. Sixth and Jackson Sts.
St. Paul, Minn.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE BANK,
DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

CAPITAL, \$500,000.00.
Accounts and Collections of Banks, Bankers,
Corporations, Firms, and Individuals Solicited.

H. M. PEYTON, Pres. JAMES C. HUNTER, Cashier. WILLIAM G. HEGARDY, Asst. Cashier.
DIRECTORS:— Hamilton M. Peyton, Melvin J. Forbes, Judge J. D. Kasilg.
James C. Hunter, Angus H. Macfarlane, John H. Upham, George Spencer.

FARM LANDS.

These choice tracts are in North Dakota.

They are the very cream of the lands of the State.

They are for sale on terms most easy.

Look over the list. Perhaps there is a quarter section adjoining possessions which you already own. If not, perhaps the very piece of land you want is here; property listed by counties:

BARNES COUNTY.

Wm. A. Pannebaker, nw 14, 141, 56.
John Pheland, se q 10, 142, 58.
S. H. Lynn, sw q 10, 137, 59.
Wilbert R. Hasenow, nw q 18, 141, 59.
Wm. Palmer, se q 34, 142, 59.
J. Christiansen, ne q 18, 138, 60.
J. S. Aandahl, w half 24, 138, 60.
R. Fritzvold, n half nw q; se of nw q;
and ne of sw q 30, 138, 60.
Wm. T. Ward, s half of n half 10, 138, 60.
Chas. Hemans, ne q 34, 139, 60.
Victor V. Townley, ne of 12, 141, 60.
Jason E. Marsch, ne q 30, 139, 61.

CLAY COUNTY, MINN.

John O'Hern, part of se nw q 17, 139, 48.
E. C. Sprague, lots 13 to 14 in bk 1.
Sprague's add to Moorhead, Minn.
E. C. Sprague, lots 1 to 12 in bk 7.
Sprague's add to Moorhead, Minn.
E. C. Sprague, lots 1 to 12 in bk 14.
Sprague's add to Moorhead, Minn.
E. C. Sprague, lots 1 to 24, in bk 16.
Sprague's add to Moorhead, Minn.
C. F. J. Gabel, lots 13, 14 and 15 in bk 1—
White's add to Moorhead, Minn.

CASS COUNTY.

L. N. Nelson, lot 8, bk 10, Roberts' Second
Addition to Fargo.
W. Powers, nw q 35, 140, 49.
— se q 2, 139, 50.
Wm. Brownell, sw q 26, 137, 53.
Elizabeth Keenan, w half e half 14, 137, 54.
J. W. Hollinshead, lots 14 to 19, bk 2.
Chas. Roberts' add to Fargo.
Alfred Sherlock, lots 2 to 7, bk K, Chas.
Roberts' add to Fargo.
A. Cantieny, Kirkham's add to Fargo,
lot 2, bk 5; lot 1, bk 6.
A. Cantieny, Yerxa & Franklin's add to
Fargo, lots 2 and 3, bk 4.
W. A. Kirkham, Roberts' 2nd add to Fargo,
lot 4, bk 19.
Calvin Bond, Roberts' add, plat 2, lots 14
to 21.
W. S. Hooper, lot 3, bk 11, original town-
site.
Geo. G. French, Truesdell's add to Fargo,
lots 2 and 3, block 6; lots 8 and 9,
block 4; lot 1, block 2.
J. P. McElanaghan, Morton & Doty's add
to Fargo, lots 18 to 20, bk 1, and lots 8
and 9, bk 2.
C. W. Darling, lot 2, in 17, 139, 48.
C. W. Darling, lots 4 and 5, and sw se 18,
139, 48.
J. H. Howe, lot "A 1," bk 19, N. P. Second
add to Fargo.
J. H. Howe, lot "A 2," bk 9, N. P. Second
add to Fargo.
C. Haggart, lots 1 and 24, bk 2, Lindsay's
add to Fargo.
C. Haggart, lots 1 and 24, bk 1, Lindsay's
add to Fargo.
C. Haggart, lot 10, bk 32, Keeney & Dev-
itt's Second add to Fargo.

DICKEY COUNTY.

Jennie E. Williams, sw q 35, 130, 60.
Frederick Neverman, nw q 6, 132, 61.
Mary Smith, sw q 18, 132, 62.

Geo. O. Strubb, nw q 1, 130, 63.
Edward A. Hinds, ne q 2, 130, 63.
G. O. Letson, ne q 3, 130, 63.
Edmund M. Williams, nw q 4, 130, 63.
Lulu E. McMinn, se q 16, 132, 63.
Nw q 15, 130, 59.

EDDY COUNTY.

Jas. A. Towle, nw q 7, 149, 66.

EDMUNDS COUNTY S. D.

Edward E. Taber, ne q 1, 123, 66.
H. R. D. Davis, se q 27, 122, 67.

FOSTER COUNTY.

W. H. Larrabee, s half n half 30, 147, 63.
J. M. Grof, se q 10, 146, 65.
Christian Gerrard, se q 34, 146, 67.

GRAND FORKS COUNTY.

Alonzo Fadden, nw q 35, 149, 51.
M. I. Mendelson, sw q 15, 151, 52.
Johannes J. Haugen, se q 26, 151, 52.
Campbell Martin, lots 7, 9, 11, and 13, bk
N. Hudge & Eschelman's 2nd add to
Grand Forks.

KIDDER COUNTY.

Frances Eberl, nw q 2, 138, 72.
Dawson, e half 7, 139, 72.
Elias S. Randall, se q 14, 139, 72.

LA-MOURE COUNTY

A. E. Nugent, sw q 26, 133, 60.
Wm H. Moylan, sw q 32, 133, 59.
David Still, sw 30, 135, 60.
Chas. S. Cleveland, se 8, 133, 61.
Edwin Anderson, ne q 20, 133, 61.
Ebenzer Faurot, nw 1/4 q 22, 133, 61.
Edwin M. Whitman, e half of e half 28,
134, 61.
Norman S. French, s half 18, 134, 62.
Jno. Combs, se 24, 135, 62.
Jno. Downey, nw 34, 136, 62.
Ezra D. Wilson, se q 20, 135, 63.
Wm L. Smith, nw q 24, 135, 63.
A. Ritterbusch, w half e half 26, 135, 63.
Hudson F. Carpenter, ne q 34, 135, 63.
Albert J. Pratt, se q 4, 136, 61.
J. J. O'Connell, nw q 18, 136, 63.
Chauncey H. Noyes, nw q 30, 136, 63.
Arthur T. Moon, nw q 10, 135, 64.
P. M. Ellsworth, ne q 12, 135, 64.
Fred'k Woodhead, ne q 30, 135, 64.
Henry Thompson, nw q 30, 135, 64.
Lewis Lyons, se q 8, 136, 64.
Geo. W. L. Reed, ne q 14, 136, 64.
Wellsman W. Reed, se q 14, 136, 64.
Gottfried Swan, sw q 12, 135, 65.
Chas. A. Austin, all sec 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31,
33 and 35, 136, 65.

RANSOM COUNTY.

Anders A. Bergslo, nw q 12, 135, 53.
C. A. Austin, se q 22, 136, 53.
Ole N. Olson, ne q 26, 136, 53.
Moses Vachon, nw q 35, 135, 54.
Jno. W. Seburn, sw se, s half sw, and nw
sw 24, 135, 54.
Milo Ruggles, sw q 24, 135, 54.
Jno. W. Judy, sw 18, 133, 55.
Wm Kidd, e half of w half of 15, 135, 57.
Karl F. Maartman, nw q 8, 134, 56.

Lizzie C. Rogers, sw q 4, 135, 56.
James S. Cole, ne q 6, 135, 56.
F. A. Watts, s half of sw q sw q of se q 18,
135, 56.
Hiram Rice, ne q 12, 133, 57.
Thos. B. Quaw, nw q 28, 133, 57.
James Duty, ne q 19, 134, 57.
Isaac F. Young, nw q 20, 134, 57.
Bertha Nokken, nw q of 30, 134, 55.
Ole Reynolds, sw q 26, 136, 57.
Edgar F. Fuller, se q 10, 134, 58.
Geo. H. Fuller, sw q 10, 133, 58.
Eugene Pierson, nw q 13, 134, 58.
Chas. S. Wilcox, se q 13, 134, 58.
Henry P. Doud, sw q 13, 134, 58.
Patrick Hennessy, ne q 21, 134, 58.
Frank E. McCuen, nw q 35, 135, 58.
Roseanne McGrath, sw q 35, 135, 58.

RICHLAND COUNTY.

Geo. T. Emery, sw q 18, 139, 48.
Peter Wittman, ne q 4, 139, 49.
Joseph Pearro, se q 24, 129, 49.
T. A. Fitzgerald, sw q 24, 129, 49.
William Heln, s half nw q 5, 130, 49.
Solomon Taylor, sw q 9, 130, 49.
Charles and Alfred Mead, se q of 15, 130,
49.
James W. Joyce, sw q 17, 130, 49.
H. T. Emery, se q 20, 130, 49.
Nick Marsch, nw q 27, 130, 49.
B. Phillips, jr, se q 6, 130, 49.
Wenzel Mikesch, ne q 22, 130, 49.
Joseph Ludwig, nw q 30, 135, 49.
Jno. F. Thompson, sw q 6, 134, 50.
Valentine Haefner, nw q 30, 134, 50.
Frederick Scherman, sw q 32, 134, 50.
E. A. Sorenson, sw q 14, 135, 50.
Geo. Williamson, ne q 20, 133, 51.
Chas. C. Cluff, ne q 2, 133, 51.
O. T. MacCormac, se 24, 134, 51.
J. C. Huribut, ne q 24, 134, 51.
Elias F. Nelson, ne q 6, 135, 51.
C. L. Sawyer, w half e half 30, 136, 51.
Chas. J. Farley, sw q 2, 130, 52.
Joseph Factory, ne q 3, 130, 52.
Elmer E. Sykes, sw q 7, 130, 52.
Joseph Klee, nw q ne q and s half ne q
and lot 5, 7, 130, 52.
Frank E. Whitaker, nw q 7, 130, 52.
Semer Holland, sw q 30, 131, 52.
Judd P. Hedgcs, ne q 14, 132, 52.
Andrew A. Hague, sw q 8, 134, 52.
Robert Peterson, e half of e half 24, 134,
52.
Gertrude Weber, e half lots 1 and 2 in bk
15, Root's add to Wahpeton.
Gertrude Weber, lots 13 and 14 in bk 15,
add to Wahpeton.
Gertrude Weber, lots 1, 2 and 3 in bk 9,
Hubbard & Tyler's add to Wahpeton.

STEELE COUNTY.

Kate M. Austin, w half 17, 145, 55.
Horace Meyers, w half 25, 145, 57.
Kate M. Austin, e half 19, 145, 56.

SARGENT COUNTY.

F. E. Dickinson, se q 22, 130, 53.
Harvey H. Lord, n half of se q 31, and w
half of sw q 32, 130, 53.
Alfred Meservey, e half of sw and w 1/4
half of se q 32, 130, 53.
Mary Connolly, ne q 20, 131, 53.

Mary McCann, sw q 20, 131, 54.
Bernard McCann, sw q 21, 131, 53.
Albert O. Weldon, ne q 26, 131, 53.
Madison Miner, nw q 2, 132, 53.
Charles Wells, ne 10, 130, 55.
Chas. Schofield, nw and nw of sw 32, 131,
55.
Charles Scoville, ne q 32, 132, 55; sw q 1,
130, 56; nw q 20, 130, 56.
A. R. Vall, sw q 29, 131, 56.
Wm. McFarland, se q 6, 132, 56.
Michael Hublitz, sw q 23, 132, 57.

STUTSMAN COUNTY.

Henry J. Tollman, nw 2, 137, 62.
Stanley McPherson, nw q 4, 137, 62.
Lewis Klein, ne q 24, 138, 62.
Pharus Reason, se q 28, 139, 62.
Pyron V. Fellows, se q 34, 139, 62.
James S. Martin, e half of e half of 30, 140,
62.
Wm. A. Knerr, w half of e half of 30, 140,
62.
Ed P. Carley, nw q 14, 141, 62.
Joseph C. Kennedy, sw q 34, 137, 63.
Vernon Cornwell, sw q 22, 139, 63.
Geo. Birks, sw q 18, 141, 63.
John J. Totten, sw q 8, 137, 64.
John K. McGraw, ne q 18, 137, 64.
Levi Williams, sw q 28, 137, 64.
Carrie E. Williams, se q 28, 137, 64.
Geo. A. Stockwell, se q 24, 138, 64.
Elizabeth Wliard, nw q 34, 138, 64.
August Schomberg, ne q 32, 143, 64.
Xavier Fuchs, nw q 32, 143, 64.
Edwin English, nw q 22, 137, 65.
Louisa Sharlow, sw q 24, 137, 65.
Sylvia Kelly, sw q 26, 137, 65.
Henry O. Wood, nw q 26, 137, 65.
Frank Bigelow, sw q 28, 137, 65.
Wm. B. Sharlow, nw q 28, 137, 65.
Geo. W. Jewell, sw q 30, 137, 65.
David A. Sharlow, se q 20, 137, 65.
Geo. Sharlow, ne q 30, 137, 65.
Lucy Close, sw q 32, 137, 65.
Henry T. Sharlow, ne q 32, 137, 65.
A. Jackson Delaney, nw q 34, 137, 65.
Thaddens H. Wheeler, se q 34, 137, 65.
Ludlow W. Foster, nw q 14, 138, 65.
Wm. P. Lamson, sw q 2, 139, 65.
Leopold Brocklin, sw q 6, 139, 65.
Dan'l C. Lenham, ne q 28, 139, 65.
John Donahough, ne q 32, 40, 65.
Dan'l Brydges, se q 22, 141, 65.
Chas. L. Wright, sw q 32, 141, 65.
John J. Trubshaw, nw q 12, 142, 65.
John Eager, se q 15, 142, 65.
Geo. W. Parker, ne q 26, 142, 65.
Geo. H. Leoboldt, se q 4, 143, 65.
John E. Cochrane, ne q 20, 143, 65.
Elmer A. Frederick, w half of w half of
sec 28, 144, 65.
James Moon, sw q 10, 139, 66.
Cyrus D. Alton, nw 34, 144, 66.

WALSH COUNTY.

William Coulter, n half ne; se of ne; and
ne of se 27, 156, 56.

WELLS COUNTY.

William Snares, sw q 20, 147, 69.
Edward J. Cleary, nw q 6, 146, 68.
P. J. Shanahan, sw q 32, 146, 68.
Mary I. Jobert, se q 4, 146, 68.
David Harris, sw q 16, 146, 68.

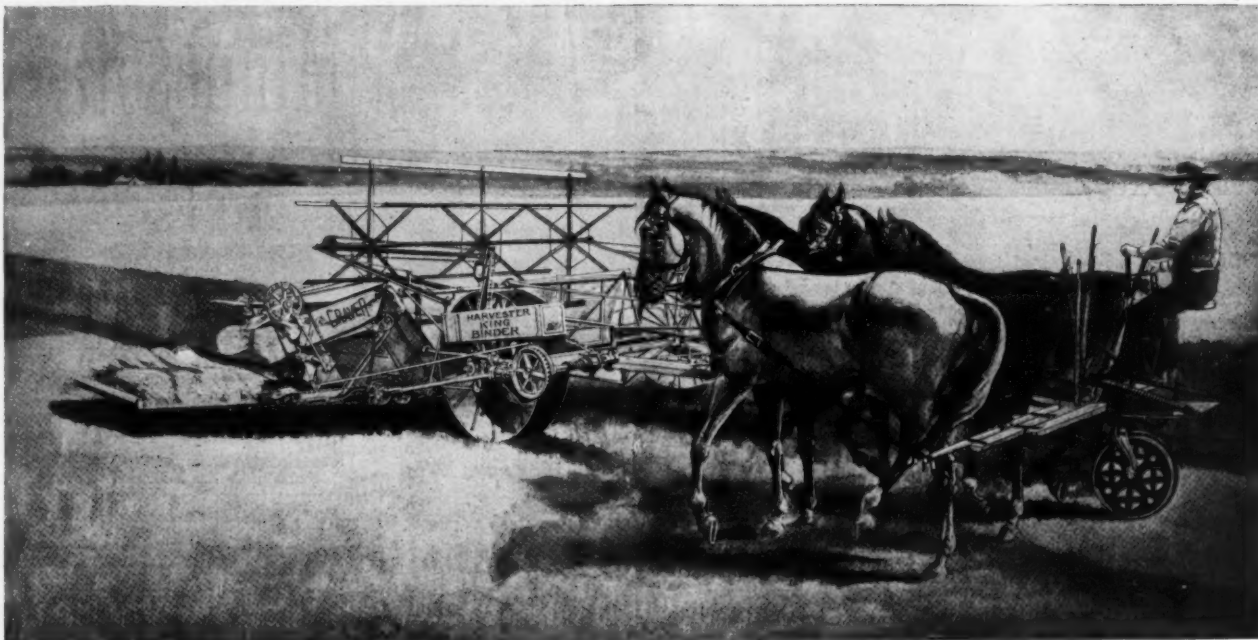
Money to Loan at all times at lowest rate of interest. I charge no commission to borrowers.

J. B. LOCKHART,

Red River Valley Bank Bld'g.

FARGO, N. D.

CRAVER HARVESTER KING BINDER.



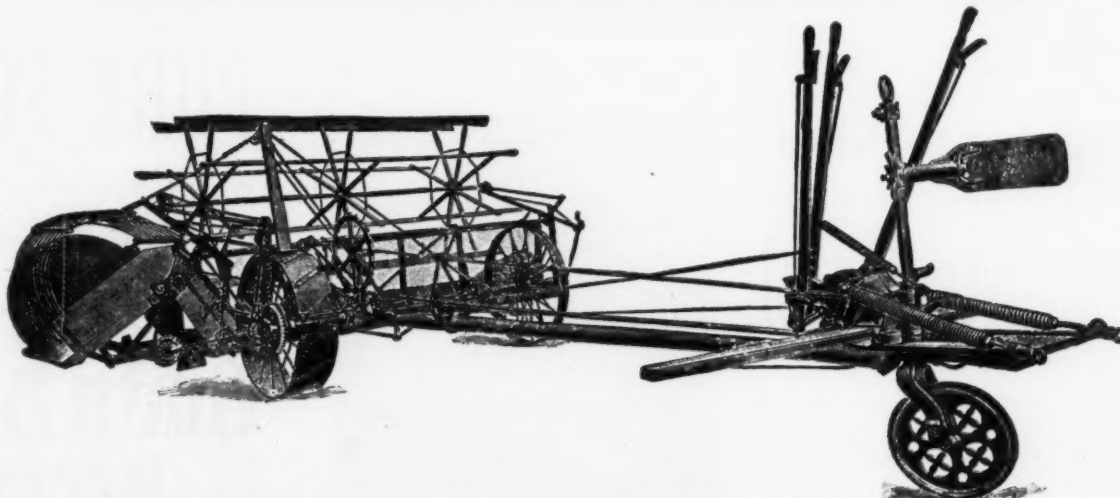
Cuts and Binds successfully a full Twelve-Foot swath of heavy grain.

The Harvester King can be used with a Binder Attachment, a Header Attachment, or a Flax Attachment.

A person owning the King with one of these attachments, may, at any later time, supply himself at reasonable cost with either or both of the others, if he desires to do so.

The "KING" FLAX REAPER

Is the Most Perfect Machine Ever Made for Gathering in a Flax Crop.



THE ABOVE CUT shows our Standard Single Drive HARVESTER KING arranged as a FLAX HARVESTER. The Binder Attachment has been removed and the Flax Attachment substituted for it. To effect this change requires only a few minutes' work. The Flax Attachment is very SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, IS EASILY OPERATED, HAS GREAT CAPACITY, and is a THOROUGHLY PERFECTED DEVICE FOR PUTTING A FLAX CROP INTO BUNCHES.

Its steel ledger plated guards give the sickle power TO CUT THE TOUGH FIBER OF THE STRAW WITH THE PRECISION OF SHEARS, while in short grain, the steel platform permits the GUARDS TO RUN CLOSE TO THE GROUND AND SAVE ALL THE SEED.

For further information address or call on

THE HARVESTER KING COMPANY,
Sole Manufacturers, **HARVEY, ILLS.**

Or any of the following General Agents in the Northwest:

WILBUR LAWRENCE, Fargo, N. D.

S. O. DOWNS, Aberdeen, S. D.

L. E. KELLOG, Spokane, Wash.

THE SANATORIUM

Hudson, Wis.

(Under former management was OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES Sanatorium.)



19 Miles East of St. Paul, on C., St. P. & O. R. R.

One of the Most Delightfully Located and Fully Equipped Institutions in the United States, for Care and Treatment of Invalids, and of Rest for the Tired and Worn Out.

All Forms of Treatment. Turkish, Russian, Electric, Saline and Plain Baths. Massage and Movement Cures. Electricity Employed in all its Forms. EXPERIENCED PHYSICIANS. TRAINED NURSES.

Gymnasium, Elegant Parlors, Electric Lights, Fine Elevator. Building heated by hot water and steam; ventilated by Steam Fan. A magnificent Solarium. In winter all verandas are inclosed in glass, making a delightful promenade.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DIETARY.

For further information address

THE SANATORIUM, Hudson, Wis.

THE "WABASH" **CONTINENTAL LIMITED**, NEW FAST TRAIN **EAST VIA THE WABASH**

MAGNIFICENT THROUGH TRAIN-DINING CARS.

The only line running FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS Chicago to Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York without change. Leaving Chicago 3:15 p. m. and 11 p. m. daily for Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

TICKET OFFICE: 97 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

F. A. PALMER, A. G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

or

G. J. LOVELL, N. W. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

ARRIVES
Detroit 8:10 p. m. same day.
Niagara Falls 4:20 a. m. next day.
Buffalo 5:00 a. m. next day.
New York 3:30 p. m. next day.
Boston 5:50 p. m. next day.

Are You Coming to St. Paul?

THE Merchants Hotel,

REFITTED THROUGHOUT.

Under the management of the well-known proprietor,

COL. A. ALLEN.

RATES: \$2.00; \$2.50; with bath, \$3.00.



The Smith Premier

Tabulating and Billing Machine.

An Ever Ready, Effective Time and Labor Saving Device ...for Premier Users.

Simplifies Bill Making and writing figures of different denominations in columns. It in no way interferes with the typewriter for usual lines of work.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

ASK FOR DESCRIPTIVE TABULATOR CATALOGUE.

136 East Sixth Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Few people have ever seen such wheat as is used in the manufacture of

Seal of Minnesota Flour.

New Prague Flouring Mill Co., NEW PRAGUE, MINN.



It comes from the famous "Big Woods" region which produces the No. 1 hard timber wheat which we grind exclusively.

Every sack or barrel is guaranteed to be the finest flour you ever used, or your money refunded.

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and your order, and we will see that you are supplied.

READERS

wishing to communicate with any line of business not represented in the advertising columns of this magazine can do so by addressing The Northwest Magazine, Business Department, St. Paul, Minn.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

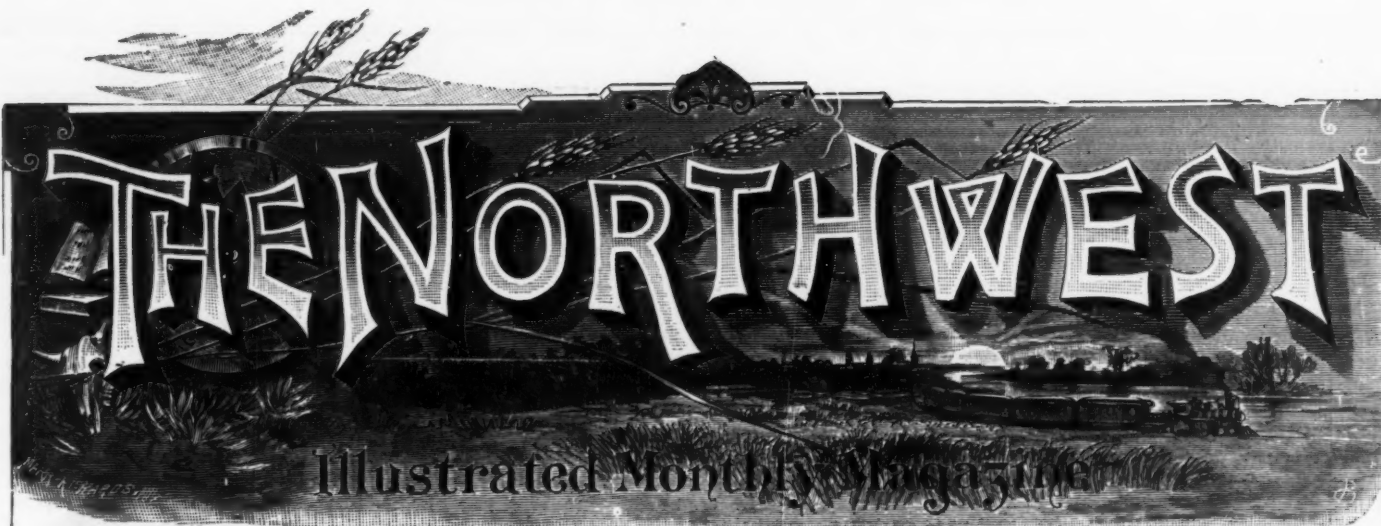
PURE FOOD

Is essential to the public welfare, and everybody wants it and expects it. Possessing the largest and best equipped Brewery in the Northwest, the MINNEAPOLIS BREWING COMPANY gives the most careful attention to the quality of their product, the

Golden Grain Belt Beers

which are best qualified to fill the wants of everybody who is in need of a pure liquid food. When you are in need of it, make no mistake in ordering it. See to it that you get the best to be had, which is that made by the

MINNEAPOLIS BREWING CO.,
Minneapolis, U. S. A.



Copyrighted, 1900, by E. V. SMALLEY PUBLISHING CO. All rights reserved.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 2.

ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1900.

TERMS: } 20 CENTS PER COPY.
\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

CATTLE ROUND-UPS ON THE GREAT PLAINS.

By C. T. Redfield.

Perhaps no section of the great Northwest has undergone more complete and successive changes than the stock-raising district comprising Eastern Montana and Northern Wyoming. The settlement of this district was greatly hindered by the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes, and the subjugation of these tribes, after Custer's bloody battle in '76, was the first permanent step towards civilization. Even before this was fully completed, the buffalo-hunters, tempted by the vast herds which roamed over the fertile valleys, made their way thither, and soon the great carcasses, stripped of the valuable hides, and left upon the valleys, told the more thoughtful that this sport would be of short duration; for, vast as the herds were, the army of hunters, wild for the sport, rapidly thinned them out, and the buffalo became practically extinct.

The ever-progressive white man was not slow to realize that the nutritious grasses which covered hill and plain and supported the buffalo in both winter and summer, would also support other stock; and early in the eighties herds of cattle were driven up from Texas and turned loose to seek their livelihood in the bison fashion. So profitable was this first venture, that in an incredibly short time large herds of cattle had superseded those of the buffalo, and the cowboy had taken the place of the buffalo-hunter.

Ranches were soon built at convenient places, and stock-raising received a new impetus. Large cattle corporations were formed, and great tracts of unsurveyed land were speedily fenced for winter pasture and to hold cattle and horses. Horses and sheep were also introduced, but in this article we have only to deal with the cattle.

The ranch-houses and corrals are usually built of cotton-wood, the logs for the houses being cut and peeled or hewed, and laid up to a convenient height. Small poles, strewn with hay and overlaid with earth to the depth of six or eight inches, cover the low, flat roof, and form a protection from heat and rain—although the latter sometimes finds its way through this rude shelter to the interior of the humble "shack."

These houses are usually roomy, and comfortably though rudely furnished. The large living-room is made bright and cheerful by a huge fireplace, around which the boys gather in the long, winter evenings to read, smoke, and spin yarns. The bunk-room is supplied with bunks built along the wall, and each man furnishes his own blankets to spread upon the hay mattress. The large, roomy kitchen is also used for a dining-room, and here are found all the necessary conveniences for cooking.

Few men are kept under wages during the winter months, but as spring comes on, the foreman begins to increase his force for the coming summer's work. He is usually supplied by the close of the Stock Association, which meets during the early spring days to arrange round-ups, discuss shipping-rates, and everything pertaining to stock interests.

There are usually two round-ups during a

season, the spring or general round-up starting about the first of May, at which the cattle are gathered, strays returned to their respective ranges, calves branded, etc.; and the beef-round-up starting in July or August, which works similarly, but collects all cattle intended for market, and drives them to the shipping-point. Any calves that may have escaped the branding-iron in the general round-up, are also branded now, if found.

Work begins about the first of April, and there is much to do before the time for the round-up. The ranch is cleaned up, corrals are built or repaired, the garden is made, and the saddle-horses are brought in from the range. Every man is kept busy until the day for starting arrives; and each cattle company sends out its own wagon and men to join the general round-up that works the territory over which its cattle range, and "reps" are sent to adjoining round-ups to bring back any strays.

Every well-regulated cow outfit has a horse-camp from which the saddle-stock is replenished from time to time. So well trained do these horses become, that the wrangler can



TELLING OFF MEN FOR THE CIRCLE IN THE EARLY MORNING.



CATCHING SADDLE HORSES IN A ROPE CORRAL.

bunch them anywhere, with the aid of a rope corral, so that the cowboys can change horses without loss of time. This corral consists of an inch rope stretched from the wheel of the bed-wagon, and fastened to portable tripods or stakes about three feet from the ground. To one unaccustomed to the sight, it seems almost incredible that this contrivance will hold two hundred to three hundred head of wild horses while the men crowd among them swinging their lariats, but such is the case.

As the round-up draws up in front of the ranch, prepared to start, it makes an interesting sight. It consists of eight or ten cowboys on horseback, a cook, two horse-wranglers, a mess-wagon, a bed-wagon, and of one hundred to one hundred fifty saddle-horses. The cook drives the mess-wagon, the night-wrangler, or "night-hawk," as he is called, drives the bed-wagon, and the day-wrangler looks after the saddle-horses which are to be used by the cowboys. The mess-wagon is a large wagon fitted up for the use of the cook while in camp. A month's supplies are stored in it, and the back can be lowered to form a table—above which is the mess-box, containing dishes and utensils. A tarpaulin of heavy duck covers the wagon, and is extended behind to form a shade for the cook while at his work.

They drive to the appointed place of starting,—usually at the mouth or head of some creek or stream,—where they are joined by other wagons or outfits of similar character, and by the "reps" from neighboring ranges.

The camp is a lively one, especially at a large round-up. Perhaps the most interesting feature is the cook, who must be an expert, and have his stores and utensils handy. Not only must he be competent to cook well, but he must be alert and quick—able to put up three substantial "squares" of "chuck" for twenty to forty hungry men every day. Some cooks are supplied with a tent and a stove, but most old cooks prefer the open wagon with the open fire, pot-rack, and dutch-oven.

This important functionary is called by the night guards or the night-hawk at half-past 2 A. M., and he rises promptly. If he has been thoughtful enough to prepare everything the night before, he finds his meat cut, coffee

ground, and perhaps he has a bean-hole. This favorite dish of the cowboy is prepared by scraping away the fire and by digging a hole in the hot ground beneath. Hot coals are deposited in the bottom, and upon them is placed the bean-pot, which in its turn is covered with hot coals—all being buried beneath coals and ashes, and left over night. It comes out steaming hot in the morning, and with a flavor that would rival the famous beans of Boston.

With these preparations, the sprightly cook needs only a short time to prepare this early meal, which consists of beefsteak, potatoes, coffee, bread, and beans; and by half-past three he shouts, "Roll out!" The call is quickly obeyed, and the camp which a moment before was so silent and still, save for the cook, is now all life and motion.

Toilet preparations occupy but little time, and in five or ten minutes each man has found

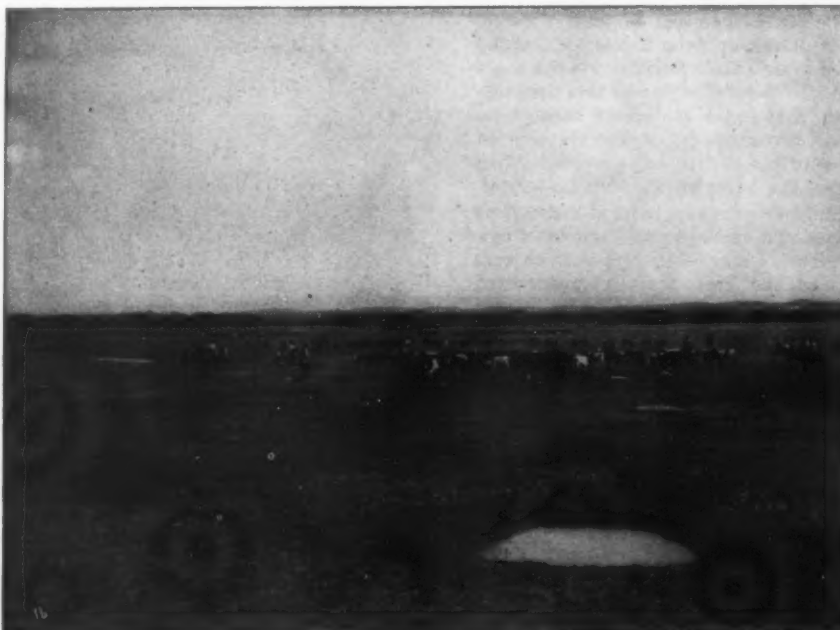
a tin plate and cup, and helped himself to a generous portion from the kettles by the fire; and all are busily engaged in dispatching it as they are seated cross-legged on the ground in the flickering firelight.

Meanwhile the night-hawk, after calling the cook and starting his fire for him, returns to his saddle-horses, and by the time it is "raining tin dishes," as each man drops his empty plate and cup into the large round-up pan by the fire, he has brought in the horses and is holding them in a rope corral near by. Each rider secures his horse, and in the early gray of the morning they gather around the foreman to be told which creek or draw each is to ride to the head of, and soon they are away.

The cook quickly washes the dishes and repacks them in the wagon; the night-hawk, having eaten his breakfast and turned over his horses to the day-wrangler, mounts the bed-wagon, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, the round-up moves to a new camp-ground from six to ten miles ahead. The place that knew them yesterday knows them no more, but is "tromped flat" and left lifeless and tenantless—save, perhaps, a worn-out cattle-horse which has been left behind, and those wild creatures which may now dare to reappear and forage on the camp remains.

Some of these camps, when the ranges were well stocked, contained six to twelve wagons, with about three hundred men and more than a thousand head of horses; while the stray herd held from one thousand to two thousand five hundred head of cattle. As they move from camp to camp they resemble a small army—the mess-and bed-wagons leading, followed by the saddle-stock. Then comes the herd, driven by the cowboys, hallooing and shouting amid the dust and rain, whichever happens to be their lot.

Arrived at the new camp, the night-hawk unrolls his bed; and then, while the cook prepares the dinner and the boys are on circle, he is in his nest, and quite oblivious to all the noise and bustle about him, until the cook notifies him that it is "time to get a move on himself." The day-wrangler drags up a plentiful supply of wood by means of a rope attached to the horn of his saddle, and the cook puts up his shade, unpacks his wagon, and sets about his preparations for dinner—which is to consist of bread, coffee, roast-beef roasted in a



WORKING A HERD AMONG THE BUFFALO WALLOWS

dutch-oven with potatoes and onions, and, if he is a pastry-cook, a possible pie or pudding, which receives ample praise from the cowboys, whose appetites are made keen by their long

thrown by themselves, where they are held until dinner is over, if the drive has been a large one.

But there is no rest for the riders yet. Hastily dispatching their dinner, they ride away

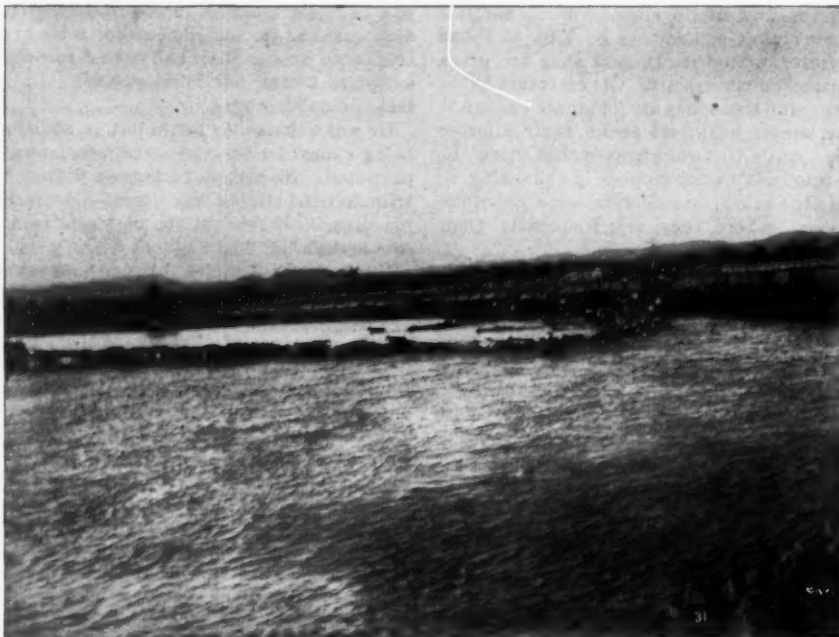
must burn deep into the calf's skin, in order to kill the roots of the hair so that it will not grow again. In addition to this, the ears are slit or clipped, and often the skin of the neck is cut so that a small piece called the dewlap hangs down. Sometimes more than one set of men are at work around the same fire at the same time. If an animal is found to possess a horn that needs amputating, it is done at the branding-pens, and it is a sight worth seeing when a large steer, which has not been touched by human hands since the brand was burned when he was a calf, must be roped and thrown in one of these pens.

All calves are marked with the same brand borne by the mother; and all strays from neighboring ranges are thrown into one herd, which is guarded at night and driven along with the round-up from day to day, until it becomes too large to be easily handled. Then the foreman orders it worked, upon which each "rep" sorts out his cattle, and men are told off to throw them back to the range to which they belong.

In the daily drives are often found yearlings and two-year-olds without brands. These are calves that were not found the year before, and they are now branded for the owner of the range upon which they are found; or, if beef is needed, they are killed for beef.

Branding over, the cattle on their own range are turned loose, strays are thrown into the herd, and then, if there is no other work to be done, the weary rider may rest until supper-time. After this meal the foreman appoints the night-guards. Each man must take his turn at this work, which comes every night, or every other night, according to the number of men employed. The day-herders drift the cattle towards the bed-ground about sundown, and are relieved by the first guard at eight o'clock. This guard must watch for two hours, when the second relief comes on. This is the most disagreeable part of the cowboy's life. During a storm it is by no means an easy task, as the cattle sometimes stampede and cause much trouble and annoyance to the cold, wet guards.

If beef is needed, the owner of the range



SWIMMING A HERD ACROSS POWDER RIVER, MONT.

ride in the bracing morning air. Dinner is served as soon as the circle-riders have finished working the herd, and the time varies from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., according to the length of the circle.

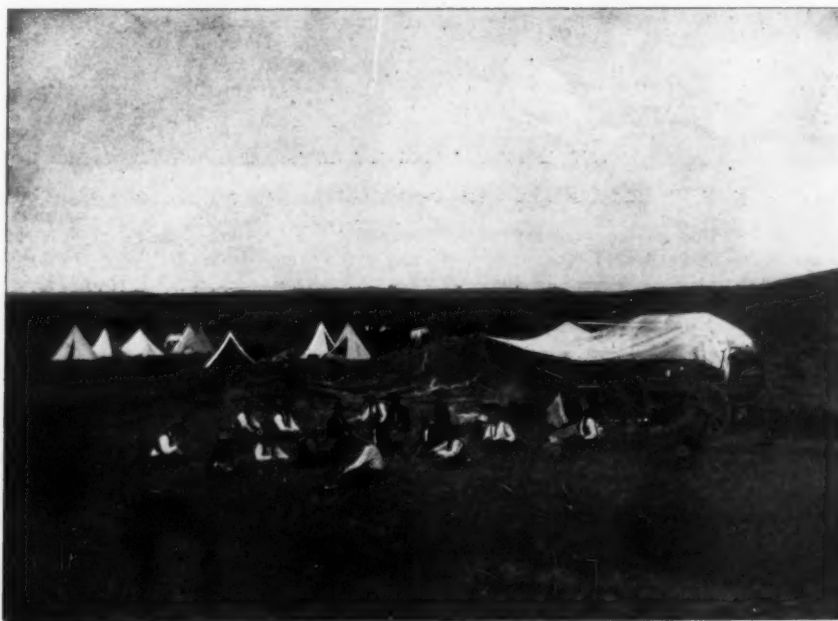
The cook now prepares his supper, which is served about 5 P. M., and is much the same as dinner. As soon as his dishes are washed and preparations for breakfast have been made, he, too, may seek his rest.

But I have neglected the circle-riders. After receiving their instructions as to the location of the new camp, they ride rapidly away in the direction indicated, following the leader, who must know his country well. Reaching the top of the divide, the leader sends a man down each draw or creek until all are gone; and he himself rides down the next draw, each man driving to the new camp every horned creature he finds. All of them usually arrive at the next camping-place by seven or eight o'clock, and then the drive is thrown into three or four herds, according to the number found.

Now the horse-wrangler again brings in the "cavey," and each rider secures a fresh horse; but there is no one to take his own place, so he hastens back to the herd, where the foreman is already giving directions. Men are sent into the herd to cut out cows and calves, and each of the principal brands forms a separate herd. This is exciting work. As the rider enters the herd, he picks out the animal which bears the brand he is seeking, and attempts to drive it out from the general herd to the one bearing the same brand. It sometimes happens that an old Texas ranger, or a native, frightened and angry, "gets on the fight" and dives furiously to gore or to overthrow any rider who attempts to cut him out. One charge usually seals his fate, for quickly the ever-ready lariat is circling through the air. One noose falls over his head, another entangles his heels, and the "snuffey" is thrown and stretched in a twinkling of time, where he is left, with one fore foot and one hind foot lashed together, "to beat himself out flat," as the boys express it, or until they have finished working cattle at that place. Then the strays are cut out and

to relieve the day-herders, and thus allow them to come to dinner. When released from this duty, the circle-rider hies himself to the branding-pens. Each herd composed of cows and calves is driven to the corral,—a large, round pen found at every round-up ground,—and here the calves are branded. This is done by a man on horseback, who ropes the calf by the hind leg, and draws him up to the fire, where the branding-irons are hot. Then the little animal is thrown, and two "calf-wrestlers" hold him while a third burns the brand with the hot iron.

These strange proceedings are viewed with



AT DINNER IN CAMP, SHOWING MESS WAGON, WITH TENTS AND CORRAL IN BACKGROUND.

awe and sometimes anger by the mother, and not infrequently it is necessary that she be roped, thrown, and "hog-tied" before the calf can be branded. The iron must be hot, and it

then being worked must furnish it, and word is sent around to each wagon that the "S L," the "S H," the "V T," or some other outfit is "going to kill," and somebody is told off to go

from each wagon for a quarter of beef. It is sometimes difficult to obtain good beef on the spring round-up, but the best to be found is usually supplied. The animal selected is cut out of the herd, roped, and dragged to a point near the wagon, where it is killed and divided among the different wagons in camp.

At last, when the day's work is ended, the tired cowboy is privileged to sit about the camp-fire and smoke, and spin yarns, and otherwise amuse himself and his comrades until the time comes for him to seek his bed, which is nearly always an early hour, so that he can be alert and ready for the next day's toil. He knows his duty, and he does it well. It is a hard life and a rough one, but he grows accustomed to it, joys in its pleasures, and smiles at its perils and discomforts.

If the drive be a small one it is worked frequently. The calves are branded, the extra work is finished early, and a second drive is made in the afternoon. In rough country it is often more convenient to work a small bunch near the head of some creek, or on the divide, than to make the long drive to the round-up ground, and several riders may unite their drives at some appointed place, and work to-

gether, thus avoiding any unnecessary drives. the shipping-point, where the riders load them for Eastern markets. And now, relieved of all responsibility, they hurry into town for a "good time," but in a day or two they are off again for another drive. This continues until about the first of November. With the last shipment many of the boys go East to spend the winter with friends, and they are given free passes on cattle-trains. Others return to the ranches, and those that are fortunate enough to secure winter work, set about their allotted duties; while the unfortunate ones "ride the grub-line" until work reopens in the spring, or go into the saloon business in some neighboring town—where they are frequently their own best customers.

Ever free-hearted and generous, their summer's wages are spent open-handedly, and long before spring the more thoughtless are compelled to borrow from comrades who have been less extravagant. In the early days, these men came from Texas. They were wild and reckless, and often "painted the town red" before taking their departure; but now they consist chiefly of Eastern men who have drifted West in search of health or wealth, and who have taken up the work through inclination or from



INTERIOR OF AN OLD-TIME CATTLE RANCH.

need. necessity. All classes of men may be found in any given camp—from the Texas cowboy who has always lived on the range, to the college graduate. The life is a hard one, yet they are always found well-dressed, cheerful, and even jovial. The fact that an unfortunate comrade is cared for generously until he is able to resume work, illustrates their humanity and reveals one of their many sterling qualities of heart and mind.

But the cowboy and the round-up period of the range is rapidly passing away. Year by year the round-ups grow smaller, and as a consequence there are fewer cowboys. The country is still stocked with cattle, but they are largely in the hands of small stock-owners and ranchmen. The great cattle drives and round-ups which have been such an interesting feature of the past, will soon be no more. As for the cowboys, many of them are settling on ranches of their own. They have grown steadier and more prudent with the dying years, and now seek a home-life and occupation that bear the stamp of personal ownership and individual contentment.

When an outfit reaches the limit of its range, it returns to the ranch from which it started; and right glad they are to get where they can clean up once more! The hay must now be cut and put up for winter use, and the cowboy seizes the fork-handle—not always too willingly—and busies himself thus during the few weeks before they must again set forth to gather beef.

The beef round up is not so long nor so tiresome. In fifteen to twenty days four or five hundred head are gathered and then driven to

A NOTED INDIAN DAREDEVIL.

A noted Indian character in early days, says Newton Hibbs in the Lewiston (Id.) *Teller*, was Skoom-Sheel. This name designates a man who had been maimed, in accordance with Indian custom, in punishment for some crime. Our noted Skoom-Sheel had been dismembered a limb at a time, for horse-stealing, till both feet and hands were gone.

He was a Snake, by birth, but, in addition to being named for his various crimes, he was expatriated. He had, in fact, been driven from tribe to tribe till the Nez Percés, more forbearing than the other Indians on the Coast, gave him asylum.

No character of ancient history was ever more invincible than our Skoom-Sheel. With neither hands nor feet, he was not restrained from evil doing. He traveled throughout the valley on horseback. He was a noted "bronco buster." He would go into any corral with his riata, catch and mount even the wildest bronco, and ride it wherever his will dictated. He was accounted the greatest rider and horse-tamer in the Northwest.

The Indians are not generally fearless riders. In early days they owned many horses which had become outlawed on account of their viciousness. It was the common custom, when Skoom-Sheel arrived in any community, to corral the outlaws, put him upon them, tie him fast, and turn the vicious brutes loose on the range. The Indians took delight in thus exposing the maimed Indian to danger, hoping he would be killed, and thus rid the tribe of a standing menace.

But the horse was invariably subdued, and the rider always turned up in some neighboring village, ready for any kind of ruffianism known to the aborigines. The fact that he experienced so many hardships and dangers unscathed, inspired the Indians with a superstition that he was a devil.

One report is that this Indian, after he had no more hands or feet to sacrifice as a penalty for theft, was captured on Salmon River with a herd of stolen horses, with which he was trying to escape. A council of his pursuers decided that he should be drowned. Accordingly he was thrown into a whirlpool, which had claimed many victims and from which it was reported that no man could escape. The maimed man was hurled from a bluff into the mad water, and was abandoned to a watery grave. His would-be slayers justified the action by saying that the victim was a thief and did not believe in Christ or George Washington.

He soon returned as one from the spirit world—as full of life and crime as ever. His deeds were tolerated thereafter with a feeling of awe, if not respect.

On one occasion Skoom-Sheel got drunk, and terrorized Lewiston. He charged up and down the streets on a wild horse, like a demon centaur. Joe Vincent, the marshal, held him up at the muzzle of a shotgun until assistants got hold of the squaw bridle and held the horse by sheer force. Old Skoom-Sheel leaned forward, slipped the hair rope out of the horse's mouth, uttered a yell, and beat the horse with his stubs of legs and arms. The affrighted horse lunged through the restraining crowd and ran, like the wild beast he was, out of town and far out into the hills before the deadly shotgun could be turned upon the rider.

The last known of Skoom-Sheel in this country was that he joined Joseph's army and was an active agitator against the whites. He planned a raid upon Lewiston, and after the capture of the city he was to have been the proprietor of Conrad Wintch's grocery-store. It is believed that he fell in battle during the war.

EVOLUTION OF WESTERN JOURNALISM.

By E. T. Gundlach.

One day last week, while the snow was whirling outside and the sharp whistle of the wind gave indication of the cold work Jack Frost was on, two elderly men of somewhat ragged attire sat behind the big stove in a grocery store at D—, in a "far Western" State.

"It seems good to get back West," said the taller of the two as he chewed vigorously; "though when it comes to getting work, it's pretty much the same everywhere."

His older companion—he might have been in the early sixties—nodded in silence. Both he and his pal were of the sadly-familiar type known as "bum printers." They were not bums in the ordinary sense of the word; they were intelligent, educated, and industrious men who were driven out of employment by labor-saving machines, and deprived of their own business opportunities by the centralization of capital.

One of the printers, as it was afterward learned, had at one time been editor and proprietor of a thriving newspaper not a thousand miles from the town of D—; but the downs in life had followed the ups, and when he lost his proprietorship he went back to his Eastern home, willing to take any sort of salaried position on a newspaper or in a printing-office. The writer happened to be in the grocery store when the ex-editor mentioned his experience, and on inquiry a good deal more was learned of life in Western newspaperdom—such as it is, and such as it was.

"Do you know," said the ex-editor, looking gloomily into the stove, "all I can say is that it ain't like it used to be, and it ain't like it should be. Forty years ago, just after I had learned my trade in Lowell, Mass., my father died and I got 'bout four hundred dollars for myself. All my folks were either dead or against me, so I decided to try my luck out West. I went to a little town in Illinois, and started a printing business.

"I wrote a few things, and in '58 I made some red-hot anti-slavery speeches. In these days all a man needed to know was sticking type; if he had fluent command of language, besides, he couldn't help becoming an editor.

"So up I got and started a weekly paper, with the backing of my party solid. I was a young fellow, then, and my blood was red-hot. I ran the paper for a year and a half, and all of us that were working on it—the editors and a man about town—the kind you call reporters now—were good, practical printers that had served their time.

"Well, I made money on that little sheet—more money, I tell you, than any weekly is making now in Illinois, or for that matter, I guess, in any Western State. But, as I say, my blood was hot, and when Lincoln issued his second call for volunteers, I sold out for almost nothing, and joined the army. I stayed in the service two years, got laid up with the fever,—but never drew a pension, by the way,—and then I went back to my old love. I started a-railroading and a-staging it, until I could find a good opening for a printer and a newspaper man; for I tell you that, in those days, if a man didn't know how to stick type he wasn't cut out for a newspaper man."

The veteran of many bloody and bloodless

battles again sunk into a moody silence, which he emphasized by spitting vigorously against the inoffensive stove. He was encouraged to resume his narrative.

"I won't bore you with all my experiences, and where I landed," he remarked, "but I tell you I can stick type with any of them; and when it comes to setting ads., I don't give way to none of them. That was my long suit, and I made it go. Then I landed out here in this blasted town, and started another weekly. It was the best sheet I ever put up, and it cost me twice what any of the others did; but by that time—let's see, I think it was '77—the grafters were beginning to get in their wedge, and honest printers got the worst of it. Of course, the farmers stood by me,—they always do; the city folks took my paper, and the merchants came in for ads. when I'd put my prices down to almost nothing. They told me they wanted to help out what they called 'local enterprise,' and some of them had the nerve to say they wanted to help me out—as if any paper wasn't good enough to help them out!

"As the years went by," the speaker continued, suddenly becoming more dignified in manner as well as in speech, "matters changed from worse to worse. Do not misunderstand me; I do not say that I wasn't making a fair living, but the people looked upon me as a sort of side-show. The trains from the East began to run more and more regularly, bringing the metropolitan dailies within a few hours of the time the news was hot. So they prevailed upon me to make my paper a daily. It took the better part of my earnings to try it; and then, when I started it, of course it looked Lilliputian-like compared with the bed-sheets that were printed in St. Paul, Chicago, and New York. It wasn't honest competition with an honest printer any longer; it was a case of the big fish eating the little fish. In order to keep down expenses, I had to hire men that didn't know the first thing about the printing business—just so-called 'newspaper men,' college chaps, and others, who thought they knew it all.

"The folks around here told me that what I wanted was a 'practical newspaper man' to help me, as I was a practical printer. Just think of the nerve! But I listened to them, and took in a young fellow whose father had the cash. Yes, he was practical; he was almighty practical!—and, well, you see the end of it; he's got the business, and I've got the experience."

"You had to go back working on a salary, did you?" inquired a sympathetic bystander.

The unfortunate ex-editor laughed ironically:

"Yes; I went back, and got a salary—what they call union wages, nowadays. But about that time those linotypes began to come into use, and there were more printers to the square inch out of a job than there were to the square mile a-working. My fingers weren't made for those confounded machines; and, anyway, I'm too old to start on any of this new-fangled business. They said that I was an old dub, and they'd rather have young fellows with what they call 'modern ideas.'"

This ended the interview; the old man's brooding silence became permanent. He rose from his seat, wandered aimlessly about the store, and suddenly disappeared down the back-stairway.

"There is method in that fellow's madness," remarked a middle-aged man to the group that had gathered. He was a traveling representative for a publishing house, and had toured the West for many years.

"Many a bright, wide-awake newspaper man bred under the old system, when printing constituted so large a part of the business, has been edged to the wall; and," he continued, "I can

forgive that fellow's bitterness. At the same time, his generalizations are somewhat too sweeping. There is more than one editor of a modest weekly who not only makes a good living, but who is one of the most influential men in his community. Such a man, while trained in the old school of printers, has kept abreast of the times.

"Neither is it true that the days of the country weekly are past. It is a fact that added facilities for transportation, and the strenuous efforts made by metropolitan newspapers to branch out over territory covering many hundreds of miles, have been felt by the small weeklies and dailies; nevertheless, people still look to their local paper for local news, though possibly they are not swayed so exclusively by the opinions of the local editor.

"The field for the smaller papers has changed, but they are just as good—better, in fact, and more influential in the long run, than heretofore. The weekly or the daily paper, instead of being a side-issue connected with the printing-office, has become its main support; and though the editor has an advantage if he be a practical printer, his chances for success now rest on his ability as a newspaper man. The successful editor is one who has metropolitan ideas.

"Just consider how the newspapers west of the Mississippi have developed in the last ten years. Why, outside of the five or six large cities, hardly a good paper was published, and now first-class publications are springing up everywhere, while the old ones are improving. Railway facilities, smaller farms, and increasing population give these journals a much larger field for circulation.

"Yes," the speaker remarked in conclusion: "the old-time Western newspaperdom—the little printing-office, and 'we' the editor, the staff of type-setters, the subscriber who pays in potatoes and barley—all these are rapidly passing away. But the business has improved vastly. Of course, this has destroyed much of the romance—the foam of poetry has sizzled away, but it has left the more nourishing prose."

THE TWO PRAYERS.

There are two hearts that are so close to mine
That every throb of either of the two
Mine own can feel, as doth a clinging vine
The flutter, that the breezes oft renew.

Of leaves not hers, but closely intertwined
Among her own. And these, by night and day,
Affect my heart, and influence my mind,
And modify the very prayers I pray.

One makes me pray, "Oh, may I love him more,
Although his baseness and his sin be great.
Lord, help me to forgive him o'er and o'er,
And fill my heart with love, lest it should hate!"

The other makes me pray, "May I love less
This heart that beats so purely at my side.
I love too well, too deeply, I confess;
I would be pardoned, Lord, and purified."

One looks not up in love to God or man,
But, striving for itself—a strife in vain—
Wins but the overthrowing of each plan,
Impenitence, impatience, gloom, and pain.

The other almost makes my heart forget
That there is wretchedness on earth, or sin—
An isle in God's still-flowing goodness set,
Where all is peace and purity within.

And God doth partly grant these prayers of mine—
For, of myself, the one I could but hate;
The other, were it not for aid divine,
I could but love with love too passionate.

And in the one I sometimes see a trace
Of loveliness unblighted hiding still;
And from the other, through God's wondrous grace,
I learn to meekly say, "Not as I will."

But still these two petitions I must bring,
Day after day, to God, lest even now
These sins again to sudden life should spring,
And leave their wrath and might marked on my brow.

MARY M. CURRIER.

Wentworth, N. H.



Loyal Words of a Nez Perce Indian.

When Chief Joseph was permitted to return to the West after his notable campaign and his capture and release from prison, he called upon old Timothy, a noted member of the Nez Perces tribe. The old man was feeble and blind from age, but the young chief greeted him and said: "I am Joseph, the son of your best friend. I come to offer Timothy my friendship. I know my father would be pleased to know that I remembered his best friend."

Thomas Beall, who was present, thus interpreted Timothy's reply:

"You are Joseph! You are the son of a Nez Perces chief! I am once in my life thankful that I am blind, that I may not look upon your face. Joseph, your hands are stained with the blood of women and children; in your breast beats the heart of a murderer. You are a traitor to the Nez Perces tribe and to the Government of the United States. I am glad that God has spared me the pain of looking upon the face of a royal Nez Perces who wears the brand of a murderer and traitor.

"Why did you come back to my home? We did not want you to come among our people. You are the first traitor to the United States flag in whose veins coursed Nez Perces blood. Why did you come back? Our people do not want you to live among them. Go away! Do not curse this fair land with your presence. Go away! Go where I may not hear your voice again. I am blind now, and I would rather be deaf all my life than to hear your name spoken again."—*Lewiston (Id.) Teller.*

A Wildcat and Bear Story.

"Shorty" Magee, an old-time prospector over in the Bigfoot District south of town, is reported to possess an unusual pet,—a genuine wildcat, commonly known as a bob-cat, which he caught in the mountains when it was quite small. The Boulder (Mont.) *Age* says that the cat has grown now to full size and that it is quite tame and even affectionate, climbing upon his master's shoulder and purring and otherwise showing its fondness for him. But it is afraid of strangers, and generally hides under the bed when anyone comes to see him.

Speaking of "Shorty" Magee reminds one of an incident that happened over his way a few years ago. As reported, Mr. Magee and Dennis Smith, who now lives in Boulder, were out in the hills and ran across an unusually big bear, which showed fight to such an extent that each of the men climbed a tree. After they had made the ascent, the bear sat down fighting mad about midway between them, and waited for a scrap. Dennis finally got tired, and shouted over to his neighbor:

"Holler, and shake your tree, Shorty, so the bear will come that way and I can come down and get my gun."

"Oh, holler and shake your own tree," says Shorty; "you're bigger than me."

But they both finally escaped, the bear getting tired, and going away in disgust.

A Monte Carlo at Cape Nome.

Cape Nome, Alaska's city of golden sands, is to be the scene of the most stupendous theatrical

and gambling enterprise ever inaugurated in this country. It will be set on foot as soon as a private steamer can arrive there next spring, with forty of the best variety theater performers in the United States, and all the paraphernalia for the biggest gambling-house in the Frozen North.

On the property selected will be erected a building fifty feet wide, 140 feet deep, and three stories high. The ground floor will be devoted to a big saloon, with a theater in the rear. It is probable that an immense gambling-hall will be placed in the second story, and the third will be used for lodgings.

The building will be constructed in Seattle, and will be handled in such a way that it can be taken to Nome by steamer and be put up ready for business. The scenery for the theater will be purchased in Chicago from a famous firm of scenic artists; and to run the saloon there have already been purchased 100,000 cigars, costing \$8,000; 100 barrels of whisky, of the distillation of the spring of 1893; 500 cases of champagne, and 500 barrels of beer. More than \$12,500 has been put into liquors.

"The theater," the proprietor says, "will be one of the best in the country. It will be a typical Western variety theater, and fitted from top to bottom in the best style possible. I shall book forty of the best variety performers in the United States, and give Nome people as good a show as can be seen in the best theaters in the East. We shall sail from Seattle April 25 on our own steamer, and get down to business as soon as possible."

The enterprise has been so far carried through by one man, unassisted, and he expects it to be one of the biggest money-making propositions he has ever undertaken. That it is the greatest of the kind on record there is no doubt. The steamer alone cost many thousand dollars, and everything else is being done on a similar scale of magnificence.

Life in New Mining Countries.

Speaking of the new mining regions in British Columbia, a correspondent says that in a country of so much drinking and gambling men attend pretty thoroughly to their own damnation, and some one else must look to their salvation. While there are clergymen of several denominations at Rossland, the English church parson is the clerical character of the place. This is an old Cambridge man, a great oarsman and football player in his day, who has been in British Columbia for twenty years, and is known far and wide as Father Pat.

Father Pat is distinctly Western timber for a Western land, prides himself on being one of the boys, and will take his whisky at the bar with you whenever you ask him. By sheer force of character he made himself respected and loved in the rougher days of British Columbia, when a man of more dogma and less strength of body would have failed. In those days his physical fights were many, for the miners thought one parson much like another. It is said that one of his first experiences was the attempt to hold services in a saloon. There was no other place in the camp in which to hold the meeting, so he walked into the largest saloon in the place, one Sunday morning, and remarked that he was going to hold a service there. After the miners had got over their daze, one big fellow stepped out:

"You don't hold no service here unless you lick me first," he remarked.

"All right," said Father Pat, cheerfully, and he squared up to him.

As the miner was as strong and as clumsy as a bull, and knew rather less of boxing than an elephant, he was knocked out inside of two minutes. Then another came out, and after

him a third, and when they had been thrashed in succession, their fellows not only cheered the parson, but helped him rig up a church in the saloon, and the freedom of the camp became his.

So the stories go of him in many cases. The miners in those days couldn't understand a parson, but, "be-gum, a parson that can fight like the devil is all right," as one said. In these more advanced days, when afternoon teas are heard of in British Columbia mining-camps, there are those who object to this kind of minister, who say that he can't preach, and knows nothing of doctrine; that he shouldn't drink, and that it's wicked to fight. But the miners still seem to think that a parson is about right who will sit up all night with their sick children, or ride twenty-five miles to nurse a man with a broken leg, even if he doesn't care anything about ritualism.

Thus, though a pioneer like Father Pat has seen great changes in twenty years, they are nothing to the coming changes of the next twenty. The amount of Eastern and English capital invested in British Columbia is prodigious, and the Province is being opened up with amazing rapidity. With the extension of the Canadian Pacific lines will come a much greater population, and women, in particular, will probably go into the country in far greater numbers than heretofore. At present there is a keen demand for honest female labor in Southern British Columbia, the country depending entirely on Chinamen for cooking and domestic service. For this work they get anywhere from \$20 to \$35 a month, and women domestics would command like prices.

These Chinamen, while cleanly and industrious, are, as a rule, surly fellows, and liable to startle housekeepers by their vagaries. One Rossland woman, for instance, had occasion to teach her Chinese cook how to make a new cake, and for the first time made it herself before him. The recipe called for six eggs, and after she had opened four there chanced to be two bad ones, which she naturally threw away. Some weeks after, during which time the cook had made the cake excellently several times, she happened to be in the kitchen when he was at it again. The Chinaman opened four eggs, then threw two away, and then went on.

"What did you throw those eggs away for?" she asked.

"Ah, me do likee you," said John, with a surprised stare. And it turned out that he did it each time he made the cake. So much for their imitative faculty.

Another woman of Rossland had a puppy given her, which she turned over to her Chinese servant to look after.

"John," she said, "this puppy has just been given to me. I want you to take him into the kitchen and be very careful of him."

"Me understand," said John.

At dinner, that night, John brought in a covered dish and set it before his master.

"Me heap careful," he remarked to his mistress, as he raised the cover with a pleased smile on.

Under the cover was the puppy, neatly cooked. Such Oriental peculiarities as these hardly encourage housekeepers to consider their China boys, as they call them, complete substitutes for the servants of their Eastern days.

Tales of the Hills.

"There has been a tremendous revolution in firearms since my earliest recollection, when they used flint locks," said Lee Hoyt, a veteran hunter and prospector, to the *Pioneer-Times* of Deadwood, S. D. "If the new Winchesters and Krag-Jorgensons had been out in the early days of the Black Hills, the buffalo would not have

lasted six months. A man could have gone out after a herd and kept at it until he had killed every one. We used to hunt them with the Sharp's rifles and needle-guns. I had an old Sharp's that weighed sixteen pounds, and I have packed it many a mile after different kinds of game. It was a long-range gun for those days, and the Indians used to say it would 'shoot to day and kill tomorrow,' but it was mild compared with the Krag's and other modern guns.

"The only time I was ever badly frightened when out hunting was by an old buffalo 'spike,' or a bull with one horn," continued Mr. Hoyt. "It was out on the Little Missouri, and I broke the needle of my gun. The 'spike' made a run for me, and I just got away and that was all. I had been working the herd for a couple of hours, to get them away from a little knoll.

"A buffalo is a peculiar animal. He is never easy when near a hill. He is always expecting something to come over the hill, and he watches it continually; but you can get him far enough, and then you have him at your mercy. You can go up within a hundred yards of him, and

outs fifteen feet across. My horse was just over a little raise, and I had just got into the saddle when the old 'spike' charged me. But the horse was trained, and he was off at a run about the time I got hold of the horn of the saddle. Some of my men had seen me running, but as they only saw the upper portion of my body, they thought it was some other man on horseback, stampeding my herd. They asked me why I had not shot him—for it was a common thing for one hunter to take a shot at another man for running in on his herd. I told him that the man they saw was me, making a get-away from an old bull, and that I had no kick coming if the herd did stampee.

Western Shepherds and Their Faithful Dogs.

It only needs an emergency to develop the fact that heroes are all about us. The man we shake hands with so tamely in the morning, with scarcely a thought of the heart that beats within his bosom, may go down to heroic death before another sun rises.

There were many illustrations of this during an October blizzard on the ranges of Montana last fall. Out in Teton County, in the northern part of the State, the sheep and cattle industries reign supreme. There are great herds of the

the biting cold, warned them of death, yet they struggled on.

A day or so afterward, when the storm had ceased and relief parties had been sent forth, nine herdsmen were found who had lost their lives in endeavoring to find safe refuge for their bands of sheep. They had stayed with the poor animals till the last, and then, exhausted and overcome by the elements, had lain down to die—every man a hero, every man worthy of the trust reposed in him. And with the men were the dogs—faithful too. One herdsman had two dogs, one of which was found guarding his master's body, while the other followed and tried to take care of the sheep. Another shepherd was found within 200 yards of his camp and safety, and across the dead body was stretched his dog, trying to warm and to shield him.

These tragedies are not uncommon on the great ranges. Men who are employed to herd cattle and sheep expect to do their duty—it is the exception when they do not. They do not murmur when storms come and peril threatens; they go out to meet both, for their first thought is of their flocks and herds, and how to keep them from harm. With a horse and a dog for companions—one as full of courage and devotion as the other, they spend their days and nights in solitude, knowing not what fate has in store for them on the morrow. They are brave men, every one of them; and when they die as those nine herdsmen died in that



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG—A PASTORAL SCENE ON THE PLAINS OF MONTANA.

keep piling his mates up, and he will not see you if you keep down low, for he is always looking at the hill, although it may be a mile away or more.

"I had been shooting into this herd for several minutes, when the 'spike' concluded to lead the herd off. I thought I'd stop him; so I shot him in the paunch. That made him sick and pretty mad, and he went up on a little sand-hill and took a look around. He spied me, and started my way. I tried another shot, and my gun snapped. I threw out the cartridge and inserted another without looking down, with the same result. When I threw out the third cartridge, I saw that the cap had not been dented. I knew what the trouble was, so I let all holds go and ran.

"All I had on was a pair of moccasins, trousers, and shirt. I did not even stop for my hat, and I surprised myself running. I cleared wash-

former—vast droves of the latter, and all are guarded by the shepherds and shepherd dogs. The cruel storm came up in the night. For days and days the weather had been so mild and pleasant that blizzards were unthought of, and the herdsmen were content to leave their flocks in the open places.

But the storm came, and with it all the horrors of cold, darkness, and intense suffering and exhaustion. The men went out into the night to drive their sheep to the shelter of their respective camps, and the dogs went with them. The sheep were alarmed, too, and they huddled together for protection against the fierce blasts. It was hard work driving them—they did not want to move. But the faithful shepherds did their duty. They were expected to care for the sheep; and all through the night, or as long as nature permitted, they labored to save the lives of those helpless herds. The blinding snow,

October storm on the plains of Montana, under their names should be inscribed all that can be written of heroic deeds in any walk of life.

.....
TREASURING A DEADLY SOUVENIR.—While making a trip through the Yellowstone Park last summer, a Valley City, N. D., man picked up a piece of queerly-colored rock, and brought it home as a souvenir. It was placed in a collection of curios on a table, where it has since remained. A few days ago his little three-year-old son laid hands on the bright-colored rock, and naturally tried to bite it. He was successful in getting a small piece of it in his mouth, and three hours later the child was dead. A sample of the rock was forwarded to Professor Ladd at the Agricultural College for analysis, and he found that there was sufficient arsenic and mercury in a piece of the rock as large as a pea to kill two men.

A WILD RIDE IN IDAHO.

By O. R. Moore.

As memory turns to the scenes and incidents of youthful days, I vividly recall a perilous adventure with a trio of Western road-agents on a rough and lonely mountain-trail in the gold regions of Central Idaho. The remembrance of that thrilling experience, even after the lapse of nearly forty years, still serves to turn the blood cold in my veins when I think of my narrow escape with life and gold.

The spring of 1862 opened with the great placer-gold excitement at flood-tide in the marvelous diggings of Central Idaho. A youth of eighteen, I had reached Lewiston in the capacity of clerk in the mercantile house of Hartless & Company. At the head of Snake River navigation, Lewiston enjoyed all the advantages of a distributing point of miners' supplies for the various rich camps in that part of the territory, and my employers were extensive dealers.

Lewiston had sprung into life through the exciting discoveries of the previous year in the mountains to which it was the gateway. A typical mining town of rude logs huts and hastily pitched tents, money flowed like water. Almost every variety of humanity contributed to its life and bustle; and all were soldiers of fortune—many with honest motives, many with dishonest ones.

With the opening of navigation on the river, a large consignment of flour was delivered by the first steamer to my employers. The winter had been long and severe, and this staple of life was exhausted in the distant mountain camps of Florence and Oro Fino, both thronged with hungry miners, penned in for months by the deep snows. As theirs was the first shipment to arrive, the firm expected to realize handsome profits by hurrying the cargo to the leading camps. Packers were eager to break the monotony of winter quarters, and transportation by mule-train was quickly provided for.

For lack of a more suitable man, I was assigned to represent the firm with the cargo to Florence, 110 miles distant in the rugged Salmon River Range. Young in years though I was, the Western wilds had been my cradle and school. With that confidence born of frontier life, I rode out of the river town behind a cavalcade of fifty-eight mules, each burdened with 400 pounds of the precious breadstuff, under charge of "Spanish George," a noted packer of the time.

It was a sunny morning of early spring. The burdened mules stepped nimbly on their first trip of the season; the jolly packers laughed and sang at their delight in emerging from winter quarters; the bells tinkled sweetly on the balmy air; fragrant wild flowers scattered perfumed breath on the way, and all seemed auspicious for a pleasant and successful trip. Mounted on my favorite saddle-pony, "Billy Bowlegs," whose fleetness and endurance I had often severely tested, I little dreamed of the terrible race for life before me.

The greater portion of our way was but a mountain-trail. Over high plateaus, steep, sharp ridges and lofty divides; across turbulent streams with rocky beds, swollen by melting snows; through deep canyons and dark ravines, where shafts of sunlight seldom penetrate; and

along dizzy mountainsides, where one false step might have sent horse and rider or mule and cargo crashing to jagged rocks or foaming stream below, the pack-trail wound a narrow, sinuous way.

But, beyond the ordinary adventures of such an expedition, we reached, on the evening of the seventh day, the foot of the principal range, almost at the very summit of which lay Florence Camp, about twenty miles distant. To my dismay, the mountain was yet buried in several feet of snow. Progress with the pack-train was at an end. The cargo was unloaded at a small feed-station near the snow-line, a station kept by a grizzled old German, known as "Honest Jake." The train returned to Lewiston, leaving me alone with the valuable cargo to await the opening of the trail, or to get it up the mountain as best I might.

The dilemma was not a pleasant one. Delay meant large loss. But "Captain John," a friendly sub-chief of the Nez Percés, whose reservation we had crossed, learned from the returning packers of my predicament. He had frequently served freighters in the same plight, and in a few days appeared with an offer to take the flour into Florence for \$1,000 in gold. The terms were accepted, and the chief returned home—to come back to me on the second day. Accompanied by more than one hundred of his stalwart tribe, each supplied with snow-shoes, and ropes for lashing their loads, two fifty-pound sacks of flour were swung to each man, and the toilsome journey up the rugged mountain began, with half my stock. Strong, and expert with the snow-shoes, nightfall found this novel pack-train enjoying a costly feast at my expense at the gold-camp. The return trip was made the following day, and on the evening of the third day the entire cargo of 464 sacks, minus that eaten by the Indians, was deposited in the town.

The arrival was opportune, and the stock was warmly welcomed. Before my coming, there were more ounces of gold-dust in that famous camp than there were of flour. Miners who had hungered for their well-beloved flapjacks raised no question as to price, and within two days the entire lot had been sold at a dollar a pound. After expenses were paid, I found myself with more than one hundred pounds of gold-dust of shining dust.

Not until then did I fully realize the responsibility devolving upon me. When sent upon the mission, it had been expected that the return with the proceeds of the sale would be under guard of the pack-train. There were no express lines, and when I thought of the trip back over the lonely trail, and of the vigilant outlaws who preyed upon insufficiently protected travelers, my heart almost failed me. Chief among the gangs that infested the way in the traveling season was that headed by Dave English, whom I had known at his Oregon home. His history was one of rapine, robbery, and murder; and there could be even small doubt that he was on the watch, as the season in which hundreds of thousands of dollars would be carried out was opening. A stranger to all, I dared not trust myself to the hazard of employing a body-guard, whose mer-

cies might be no tenderer than those of road-agents. There seemed no alternative but to carry the gold out alone, and to trust to good fortune and fleet Billy Bowlegs—if I ever reached him—to carry me through in safety. Preparations were secretly made for the hazardous attempt. The gold was securely sewed in small buckskin bags. With this stowed away in a pair of decidedly disreputable-looking empty flour-sacks, I slipped silently out of the rambling town several hours before day-break on a cloudless morning, when the attention of all who were not in their blankets was centered upon the gaming-tables and the high stakes played in those days of gold. I hoped to be far on the way toward the station near the snow-line before discovery of my flight, and, if pursued, be enabled to reach my horse, on whose tireless back I would at that moment have given much to be.

Inexpert with the long snow-shoes, I knew not how I was to cross the snow-piled hills and the gulches seaming the mountainside; but I was a strong and vigorous youth, and fear lent unwonted endurance to my limbs. The way was principally down grade. With frequent halts for breath, and many backward glances, but without other adventure than occasional tumbles on the snow, the old German's cabin was reached, just before sunset, with every muscle aching from the burden of gold and two heavy pistols.

Patting the arching neck of Billy Bowlegs, my fears were for a time forgotten. The dangerous mountain had been safely crossed. Soon, however, a new terror arose. Would my Teuton host for the night rob and perhaps murder me while I slept? Though he bore the name of an honest man, I was nervously suspicious, and very careful to keep the gold from his sight. Taking a roll of blankets from my saddle at the shed, I threw them in a corner of the one small room, opposite the bunk of my host. Upon these the gold was guardedly dropped, to avoid a suspicious thud upon the floor. Probably it was my intense suspiciousness which caused me to imagine that the old German stole occasional furtive and covetous glances toward my bed—as if he knew the value beneath its head, and but waited for me to sleep to possess it. Be that as it may, the idea grew upon me that I dared not yield to the soothing embrace of the drowsy god. Wide-eyed, and pistols in hand, I lay throughout the long night, frantically resisting the almost overpowering desire to float away into dreamland. But I was undisturbed, except by the snores of my companion. Morning came to me as a reprieve to the condemned. With the first faint signs of approaching day, I awoke the old station-keeper to prepare breakfast, while my sleep-weary eyes jealously guarded the treasure.

The welcome meal hastily dispatched, I rolled the gold in my blankets, strapped it securely to my saddle, and mounted, with rising hopes, for the still dangerous ride of ninety miles which yet lay between me and safety. Once in the saddle, my spirits rose rapidly. With a hand upon a ready revolver in the holster, and an eye on my German friend, I rode cheerily down the trail.

My feeling of security was transient. Soon a heavy, cold rain was falling, and it was with difficulty that my struggling horse kept his feet on the rough and slippery trail. The gloom of the dreary day was depressing. The solitude of the cloud-enveloped mountains and water-drenched forest so wrought upon my over-strained nerves, that treacherous imagination saw in each towering rock and spreading tree a lurking-place for the villains I feared; while the occasional muffled hoot of a mountain-grouse played upon my sensitive ears in

harsh commands to halt. Bowlders, loosened by my horse's feet, and crashing to the canyons' depths, became the terrible beat of pursuing hoofs.

Progress had been so slow, in the heavy storm, that the shadows of night were gathering when the Half-way House was reached, where the mountains gave way to lovely, treeless Camas Prairie, a beauty-spot on nature's face which was made historical, fifteen years later, as the scene of the bloody Nez Perces Indian war. This station was kept by a forbidding character of unsavory reputation, who was generally believed to have been in league with the highwaymen of the trail. I had a wholesome dread of passing the night alone with him, and my plans of the morning had been to avoid the place by a detour, and make a lonely and fireless camp on the grassy prairie, at a distance from the trail, where I would be safe from the observation of pursuers. But further progress in the darkness was impossible, and shelter from the driving storm imperative.

Taking courage from the thought that, after all, I had escaped pursuit, and that the keeper of the road-house would scarcely suspect me worth the robbing, I asked for and was given accommodation for the night. The heavy blanket-roll was carried inside with as little effort as possible, and carelessly dropped in a

distance of sixty miles. The first twenty miles led over the beautiful level prairie, and almost the entire distance was covered at a swinging gallop. My eager eyes swept the country for miles in every direction. Neither friend nor foe was visible, and my fears vanished like the storm-clouds of the night. Abruptly from the prairie's western edge rose craggy Craig's Mountain. Three miles of toilsome, zigzag trail led to the summit. From the foot of the mountain, trails led back over the prairie upon either side of the main one, over which I had come, each again uniting with the principal trail several miles back.

While leisurely ascending the steep mountainside, I glanced back for a view of the grassy plain, stretching far below and away like an emerald ocean. On its broad expanse were three horsemen, one on each of the trails, each about two miles from the foot of the mountain, and riding like the wind!

My fears were realized at last. I was pursued, and I felt certain that it was no one else than the dreaded Dave English and his no less feared lieutenants, Billy Peebles and George Scott—a suspicion which afterwards proved true. They had taken different trails, with the hope of cutting me off at the foot of the mountain. I realized that my only hope was in distancing them into Lewiston, yet forty miles away. Their motto on the trail had al-

ranch, twelve miles away. So wild was the run that my overloaded pony was utterly exhausted. A second view of the highwaymen had not been gained, but I knew they were in hot pursuit, and that they would not easily abandon so rich a booty.

Mr. Durkee was alone. Hurriedly I told him of my peril, and asked for a fresh horse. To harbor me there was but to endanger his own life. Quickly my panting pony was hidden in a thick clump of bushes, and my saddle hastily placed upon a long and strong-limbed gray, with the assurance that what he lacked in fleetness would be made up in endurance, and that he was equal to the thirty-mile race, if not too hard pressed at the outset. Hurried directions were given concerning a cut-off trail which led to the right a mile beyond, and I was advised to follow it, as it was two miles shorter than the main trail, and again joined the latter ten miles beyond. There was the further safeguard that the outlaws probably did not know of its existence, and, if so, would scarcely expect me to take it.

Before the appearance of my pursuers I was away, and I easily found the blind trail. It was with a feeling of greater security that I now reined in for an easier pace, to save the long-limbed gray for the life-and-death pace which I knew must come after the junction was reached.



"Renewing his flagging energies, he bounded down the steep slope with giant strides, needing neither whip nor spur."

corner, with a request to the uncongenial host that he furnish me with dry bedding, as mine was soaked with the rain. He surlily complied. My careless manner, and the fact that his snake-like eyes rested on naught that had the appearance of value, made me safe. Completely exhausted by the fatigue and fears of two days and a sleepless night, I passed the hours in undisturbed slumber, with my troublesome roll for a pillow.

When morning came, the rain had ceased, the leaden clouds had vanished; and the sun peeped into the valley with beaming face as I rode away on the last stage of the journey, a

ways been that "dead men tell no tales," and I could hope for no mercy if captured.

It was a toilsome way up the remaining two miles of the mountainside to the flat summit which stretched away for twenty-five miles toward Lewiston, through an open forest, before again descending into the open plain. A realization that my pursuers must of necessity toll as slowly up the tortuous path as I, or break down their horses, gave me courage.

Slowly, to save my pony, I climbed the steep trail; but when the summit was at last gained, I sped with reddening rowels and at top speed over the broad mountain-top to Durkee's

Soon I saw the outlaws on the main trail, freshly mounted, and going at a terrific pace, fresh horses having been impressed from Mr. Durkee. In a few minutes they discovered, but apparently failed to recognize, me as I cantered over a low divide—on a different horse, and off the trail.

It was yet five miles to the junction of the trails. I knew I must reach that point well in advance. Crossing a high point about three miles from the junction, I perceived that my identity was at last suspected. The final struggle was on, and sooner than I expected. They evidently knew the meeting-point of the

trails, as every energy was bent by them to beat me there. But my horse had had the easier run, and, put at his utmost, none of the advantage gained by the ruse was lost when I flew again into the main trail. It was yet nearly twenty miles to my only place of refuge, however, and I saw with dismay that the heavier burden carried by my horse was telling, and that the gap was slowly but surely closing up between us.

Down the steep western side of Craig Mountain to the treeless, ravine-marked plateau undulating toward the deep-canyoned Snake and Clearwater rivers the old gray stretched—with a lead of a mile and a half, but with the robber gang riding like the relentless fiends they were! Over the plain I urged the powerful steed to greater efforts. He responded nobly, and mile after mile sped away beneath his long, but now labored, strides.

With the town five miles away, I was in despair. With a rapidly-tiring horse, and the murderous trio only half a mile in the rear, soon, I thought, their long-range revolvers would reach me. But just as hope of escape was abandoned, one of the pursuers could be observed dropping rapidly to the rear, his horse exhausted, while the others seemed to gain upon me a little less rapidly.

With this ray of hope, the top of the long hill which led down to the town, a mile and a half below, was reached—but with the determined outlaw leaders less than a quarter-mile behind! At the sight of the clustering cabins and gleaming white tents by the river's edge, my now almost exhausted horse seemed to intuitively divine that there the long race would end, and, renewing his flagging energies, he bounded down the steep slope with giant strides, needing neither whip nor spur.

Foam-flecked, with nostrils glowing red, and heaving flanks, the mettled old gray had won the race for life and gold when he thundered into the one street of the town—the foiled and cursing bandits but two hundred yards behind, and bullets from their heavy pistols singing unpleasantly about us!

Guns in hand, men ran to my aid, and the bold highwaymen turned and fled, eluding a pursuing posse in the open hills, and effecting their escape when night fell.

In the autumn of the same year, English, Peebles, and Scott murdered two brothers named Bishop, and robbed them of \$60,000 in gold-dust on the same trail over which they chased me. They fled the country, but were afterwards captured at Wallula, on the Columbia River, by a pursuing vigilance committee, and a few months later I had the pleasure of witnessing their execution for this crime.

JOSEPH'S CASTLE.

On Joseph Creek, a tributary of the Grande Ronde River, there is a wonderful natural curiosity. An almost symmetrical castle of basalt stands out in the valley as grand as any historical structure in the old world. This piece of natural architecture is perhaps 200 feet across the front, and 500 feet high. In the front, centrally located, is an arched doorway—perfect in form, and proportional to the massive structure.

A front view of this mass of basalt rock, the Lewiston (Id.) *Teller* says, impresses the beholder with its regular outlines. The great archway extends back to so great a depth that the walls are lost in darkness. It was so suggestive of security and comfort, that a pioneer settler preempted Joseph's castle for a residence. He enclosed the entrance with a big canvas, and heated the interior with big log fires. He was as comfortable for a brief period as a feudal monarch; but the heat awakened

the hibernating rattlesnakes, and these, with the bats and wood rats, made night hideous. The reptiles drove the monarch out of his castle, and it is said that he was so frightened he left the country.

This castle has its superstitions, and Indian tradition makes it the home of Chief Joseph's ancestors, which accounts for its local name. It is perhaps one of the greatest natural wonders in the Northwest; but it is in an unfrequented spot. The cattlemen are the only frequenters of the little valley of Joseph Creek. They pause and discuss the beauty of the arched entrance to the cave, the columns that are so striking, and the tower that stands 500 feet high. The castle will some day be considered one of the natural wonders of the West.

THE ROMANCE OF L'HUILLIER.

The recent semi-centennial edition of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, in which so much was said of the North Star State, calls to mind the story of that gallant Frenchman, L'Huillier, who in the dawn of the eighteenth century passed west of the valley of the Des Plaines and Rock into the St. Paul region and thence up the Minnesota River to where the Blue Earth, or Terre de Bleu, joins it, and located a fort. Among the extant papers of the old Menard family of Illinois, and also in reproductions of historical manuscripts held in Catholic archives, says Harold I. Cleveland in the Chicago *Times-Herald*, are many references to this voyage of L'Huillier, whose name is spelled half a dozen different ways, and who must have been a Munchausen of no mean repute.

L'Huillier fought in many lands for the fleur-de-lis of France before, having in a fashion displeased his majesty the king, he determined upon an exploit which should restore him to royal favor and line his pockets with gold. He consulted wandering friars and traveling priests of note who had ventured their lives in the wilds of the new world. He also studied Joliet's map of the land, prepared in 1674. He learned that the territory in which Chicago now is was termed La Frontenack; that the river now called the Illinois was then termed the Divine; and that beyond these, to the north and west, was a favored land in which peacocks strutted with diamonds in their feathers—where the sands of the streams were yellow with gold, and where, above all things, there was a certain "blue earth" which, for every spadeful turned, yielded enormous returns in nuggets and gold-dust. A traveler had actually seen this blue earth; another displayed gold taken from it; another was positive that the people who inhabited the land were peaceful, and that their women were the most beautiful man had yet set eyes upon.

These fairy tales, with many invented out of his own mind, L'Huillier conveyed to the king, together with his own determination to organize an expedition and proceed to this pleasant spot and seize all treasure for his royal master. So honeyed were his words, that we are told the king equipped him at his own expense with three galleons, and that he departed from France favored by the wind and God. A slight allusion in one of the manuscripts makes it appear that L'Huillier carried several fair women in his expedition, and if this be true, they probably came to compare their own charms with those of the denizens of the wilds.

It was the first intention of the bold warrior and sailor to enter the new country by the way of the St. Lawrence, Lake Frontenack (now Ontario), thence proceeding by easy stages through the other lakes until he reached a river flowing from the Divine stream into the land where the wonderful earth was. But ill winds, and dis-

asters of travel so common in those days, carried his boats to the mouth of the Mississippi, and he proceeded up that by slow stages to where the Minnesota and the Mississippi join at St. Paul. Some of the comments made by him of what he saw are interesting:

"This is an exceedingly God-favored land, although the inhabitants thereof display much ill feeling at our approach. I have very much great trouble in keeping watch at night, lest we be surprised."

"Such tops of great hills as we come to are covered with strange flowers of exceeding wonderful colors. I did see a hill-top this day that was much as if it was in flame, so bright were the colors of the strange plants upon it. Never in all my days have I seen trees of such size. I nightly praise the virgin that our course be by this noble stream."

"Strange beasts come down to the bank of this stream and watch us pass, and many fearful sounds come out of the forest, as if wild birds were there. My men have killed a fowl (possibly a duck) the flesh of which was most tender and did please me greatly."

"I have much care in holding the spirits of my men, who believe we have come to that from which we can never return. Truly, France seems greatly distant."

What month was upon the land when L'Huillier turned the prow of his boats into the Minnesota and passed up that stream into the land of the Sioux, is not known. Crude maps guided him on his way, indicating fairly where he was to discover the junction of that marvelous Terre de Bleu stream, where the rich blue earth was to be had for the shoveling of it. Great was his own discontent and that of his men, when they came to that spot, to find that the beautiful women, so much enlarged upon in France, were either lithe, low-browed Sioux girls, or fat squaws of the same tribe. Still, these women were kindly, and their warrior lords offered no serious opposition to the approach of the strange white men.

L'Huillier found himself in a region of myriad streams. What are now the Rapidan, Le Sueur, Blue Earth, and Minnesota rivers, were coursing by with abundance of water. Lakes were at every hand. Game was plentiful, and the forest scenery was exquisite.

The little band disembarked about one mile up the Blue Earth River from its junction with the prouder Minnesota. There they built a fort, and there the galleons were moored until freighted with the precious earth, which was found in great quantities. The gold, nor the copper, nor other mineral wealth was not discoverable in it, but the grumblers were assured that the chemists and assayers in La Belle France would find it.

Time moved on, and the galleons, loaded as was supposed with untold wealth, loosed their ropes, the old fort was abandoned, and the face of L'Huillier was set toward home. His earth was tested, found valueless, and he passed away as the Terre de Bleu romancer of his time.

Years afterward, little white boys playing in the blue earth by old Fort L'Huillier, found that scratches on the legs, chapped skin, and small cuts were readily cured by applications of this earth, and that is all it ever was good for.

ALASKA'S GREAT MINE.—The Treadwell mine in Alaska is still holding its wonderful reputation as a producer. The last monthly report shows a run of 540 stamps for twenty-nine days, crushing 56,699 tons of ore from which was realized \$93,026, and 1,219 tons of sulphurets of a value of \$52,553, making a total bullion value of \$155,750. The working expenses being about \$39,000 for the month, the net profits amounted to the neat little sum of \$116,750.

A NEW STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Ninety-one years ago this month, on Feb. 12, 1809, a Kentucky cabin became the birthplace of one of America's immortals. At that time, and in that humble place, God gave the nation its greatest and most pathetic figure—illustrious Abraham Lincoln. On the evening of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, while occupying a box in Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., he was shot by John Wilkes Booth, a fanatical actor, and expired early on the following morning, April 15.

The characteristics of this great and good man have become known throughout the civilized world. His tall, gaunt, ungainly form, homely countenance, shrewd mother-wit, and far-seeing judgment, combined with an almost intuitive grasp of the vital questions of the times in which he bore so conspicuous a part, constituted him the best type of an era in American history which closed with the Reconstruction period.

Abraham Lincoln's name and fame are associated with many a good deed. He is remembered for his incorruptible honesty, for his address at Gettysburg, for the interest he manifested in the boys in blue, for his broad statesmanship and remarkable mental and physical resources. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," he passed away securely enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen and in the estimation of the world. Of all the great deeds of his life, however, perhaps none surpasses in goodness and greatness the one here related:

During the last years of the Civil War, Mr. Lincoln, unusually busy with the many perplexing questions of the day, gave orders that no one should be admitted to see him except upon important business. Entering his drawing-room, one morning, he found a very plain-looking old woman waiting to see him. He never learned how she got in; she was there, however, and she had a request to make of the President. Her husband and two sons had enlisted when the war began, and, as she had no other children, she had been left alone in a little New England village. In the second year of the war her husband had been killed; and now she had received word that one of her boys was sick in the hospital, and she wanted to get Mr. Lin-

coln to let him come home. Of course she did not know how every many counted at the front; she only knew that the President could let her boy go home if he wished to. Mr. Lincoln thought the matter over for a while, and then gave her an order for the boy.

A few days later he again met the old woman, in the same room. The outlook was very dark for the Union, in those days, and the President was sorely troubled.

"Well," he asked sharply, "what do you want now?"

"Mr. Lincoln," said the little old woman, "when I got there I found my boy dead."

For a moment the head of the nation looked at her in silence. She did not speak again, but waited quietly for the President's reply.

the prairie as a rule, but generally in old riverbeds, or on the shores of small lakes that lie far below the level of the plain. Sometimes boulders are found in considerable numbers on sharp ridges or mounds, and all the loose, water-worn stones have evidently been deposited by ice, when the vast prairie region was deeply covered with water.

When ice formed on the distant shores of the mainland, or about islands, storms or currents may have loosened large bodies of ice in the spring; the ice, moving off, carried with it large quantities of stone, round which the ice had formed in winter, and, as the ice melted, the boulders dropped to the bottom, sometimes forming ridges which still, at great intervals, show above the general surface of the

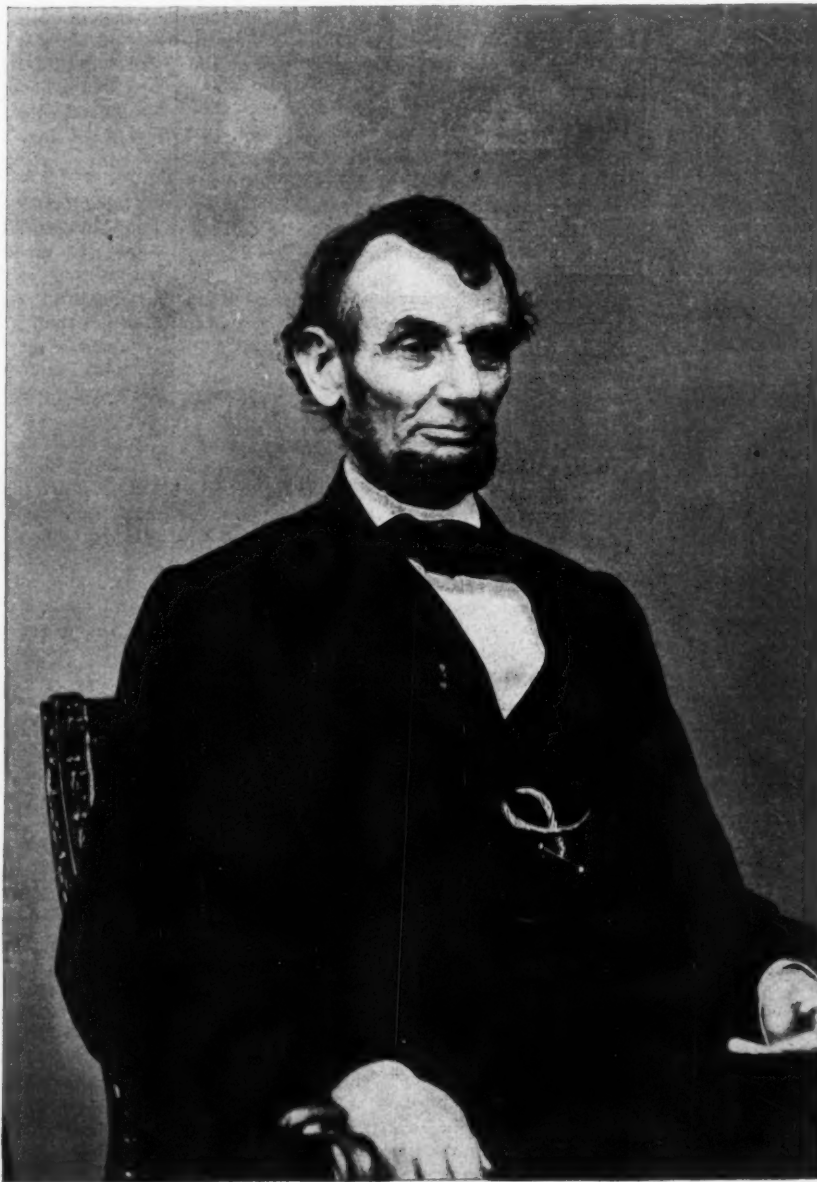
prairie. When ages had passed, and the water became shallower, the ice, in large quantities, ceased to float, and the mud, which now forms the rich soil of the prairie, commenced to form. The boulders were buried deep down in the deposit.

As years rolled on, the large rivers which have their rise in the Rockies and were draining the prairie country as they swept towards the great lakes, cut their courses deep down in the earth, washing out great numbers of boulders all along their pathway. About two hundred feet below the surface of the plain there are evidently immense quantities of boulders in many places, for in the smaller lakes, and in the lakes of the Pembina, prodigious numbers of boulders have been deposited along the shores. The stones were picked up by the ice from the bottom of the lakes by ice forming when the water was low; when the water rose in the spring the ice moved off, carrying the stones on the under side, and when forced by the wind against the shore and broken up or melted, the stones were dropped in a kind of wall round the lakes, in some cases almost resembling the work of man. In large ravines, where the water has cut deep into the soil, many boulders lie scattered or half-buried in the soil by falling earth.

In some parts of the Province, particularly near Birtle, large limestone boulders have been

found, hundreds of tons in weight. On the upper surface of these stones large and deep grooves have been cut by the passing of icebergs that carried other stones frozen onto the underside. These strangely-marked-rocks were found in the valley far below the general level of prairies.

The boulders found in Manitoba are chiefly limestone and granite. In every case, the stones are much water-worn, although resting deep down in the earth.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WHOSE BIRTHDAY WAS CELEBRATED ON FEBRUARY TWELFTH.

"I know what you want now," he said softly. "You want that other boy. And you shall have him," he added, as he sat down and wrote an order for the other boy's discharge.

ROBERTSON HOWARD, JR.

THE BOWLERS OF MANITOBA.

In Manitoba there are no rocks near the surface of the ground, but in some places there are many boulders. These are not found on



Hiawatha Up to Date.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Said the warning old Nokomis;
"Go not Eastward, go not Westward,
For a stranger whom we know not."
Thus dissuading spoke Nokomis,
And young Hiawatha answered:
"Only this, dear old Nokomis,
Sure our people have no maidens,
Not one worth a bit of wampum.
Far across the Gitchee Gumee,
Far across the big Sea Water,
Dukes have come and nabbed these maidens."
Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"Surely you can find a maiden
Here among our own dear people,
Even tho' they haven't wampum,
Haven't beads and shells to burn, sir!"
Smiling answered Hiawatha:
"Yes, but they are all new women,
All are wearing dizzy bloomers,
Riding bikes and clad in bloomers.
I don't want to wed a maiden
Clad in bloomers, loud old bloomers.
In the land of the Dakotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women.
She is not of these new women—
Never saw a pair of bloomers."
Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dakotahs;
That is where they make divorces."
Laughing answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed in far Dakotah;
For if I don't like the maiden,
"I can easy get divorced, see?"
"Very well, then," said Nokomis,
"You know best, my Hiawatha;
Go and wed this Minnehaha,
Give the laugh to old Nokomis.
Yes, the laugh—the Minnehaha!"
Straightway Hiawatha did so,
Wed the maiden, Laughing Water;
And to make divorce more certain,
If divorce should e'er be needed,
Lived they after in Sioux City,
In the land of the Dakotahs.

GEO. V. HOBART.

A Convincing Argument.

We do not know whether this story is true or not, but it is told by one who ought to be able to swear to it. He says that the homeliest man in Congress is Eddy of Minnesota, who rather glories in the distinction of ugliness, especially as all his other characteristics are enviable.

During his last campaign, his enemies charged him with being double-faced. He met the charge in a manner which disarmed all criticism. "Great heavens!" said he to his audience; "do you think that if I had two faces I would wear the one I am showing you now?"

A Composition on Dachshund Dogs.

A Duluth boy who is in the fifth grade of the public schools of that city read a composition on dachshund dogs as follows:

"The dochshund is a dorg notwithstanding apperencis. He has fore legs, two in front an' two behind, and they ain't on speekin' terms. I wunst made a dockshund out of a cowcumber an' fore matchis, an' it lookt as nacheral as life.

"Dockshounds is fairly intelligent, considerin' thare shaip. Thare brains bein' so far away from thare tales, it bothers them sum to wag the lattur.

"I wunst noo a dockshound who was too im-

pashunt to wate till he cood signal the whole length of his body when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale thet when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an' when the tale seen it shake it wood wag. But as fer me, gimme a bull-pup with a peddygree."

Over in Wisconsin.

In a pretty Wisconsin town, not far from Milwaukee, there is a "spite fence" which cuts off a view across a number of beautiful lawns. The man who lives on one side of it evidently feared that the fence would bring down on his head the condemnation of his neighbors. Not wishing to be unjustly blamed, he has therefore painted on his side of the fence, in letters that can be read a block away, these words:

"He built this fence. I didn't do it."

The man on the other side also had no idea of letting a false impression get out. Accordingly he has painted on the other side of the high barrier:

"I had to do it."

Strange Coincidences.

"Speaking of strange coincidences," said the talkative man, "I ran across one this afternoon that I do not think has ever been duplicated. I was taking lunch in a down-town cafe today, and at the table next to me were seated four men. They were strangers to one another, but under the spell of what the waiter had set before them they were talking like old friends.

"By Jove!" said one of them suddenly, 'this is my birthday!'

"Why," said another, 'so is it mine!'

"Mine, too," said the third.

"And mine, too," added the fourth man.

They stared at one another for a moment, and then the first man said:

"I am fifty-three today."

"Why, that is my age," exclaimed another.

"Mine, too," said the third man.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the fourth man, 'that is my age, too!'

"A strange thing about my birthday," said the first speaker, 'is that I once broke my arm upon that day, and since then my arm always pains me upon that day.'

"What birthday was it?" asked the second man, in a strange voice.

"My seventh," answered the first man.

"Gentlemen," shouted the second man, 'I broke my arm on my seventh birthday, and ever since upon that day my arm has pained me!'

"I have had the same experience," returned the third man.

"And I, also," said the fourth man.

"I fell from a hay-mow," said the first man.

"So did I," came from the three in one voice.

"Gentlemen," said the first speaker, 'it lacks but one thing to complete this strange coincidence. Upon my birthday I always find myself unable to speak the truth.'

"It is the same way with me," promptly replied the second man.

"Here, too," said the third.

"And the fourth man broke the spell by asking what it would be."—*Spokane (Wash.) Outburst.*

Downed by a Ruse.

Bachelors are not usually credited with much knowledge of the care of children, but it is evident that they sometimes have original methods. A middle-aged gentleman of that state of life went in to see his married sister, and found her trying to amuse her little boy, who was about five years old.

Not long after he arrived she stepped out of the room to attend to some household matter

or other, leaving him alone with the child. The boy eyed him dubiously for some minutes. He was a spoiled child, if ever there was one, and had no idea of making promiscuous acquaintances.

The bachelor tried to make the little one laugh, but all he got for his antics was a sour look. Finally, without warning, the child burst out crying.

Here was a quandary, to be sure. The man didn't dare to pick the boy up and soothe him. His attempts in a verbal line were dismal failures. What should he do?

Finally a thought struck him.

"Cry louder," said the man.

The child obeyed.

"Louder yet," urged the bachelor.

A yell went up that would have done credit to an Indian.

"Louder still," insisted the man, and the boy did his best to obey.

"Louder!" fairly howled his uncle.

"I won't," snapped the infant, and he shut his mouth with a click, and was quiet for the rest of the day.

A Swede's Revenge.

The witness was a stupid-looking Swede. The cross-examining attorney was a smart young man whose object was to disconcert the witness and discredit his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?" was the first question.

"Yahn"—very deliberately—"Pederson."

"John Peterson, eh? Old man Peter's son, I suppose. Now, Peterson, answer this question carefully! Are you a married man?"

"Ay tank so. Ah was married."

"So you think because you got married that you are a married man, do you? That's funny. Now tell the gentlemen of this exceptionally intelligent jury whom you married."

"Who ah married? Ah married a woman."

"See here, sir; don't you know any better than to trifle with this court? Of course you married a woman; did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?"

"Yes. Mah sister did."—*St. Paul-Globe.*

He was a Rank Outsider.

A few days ago a doleful-looking youth walked into Justice Irwin's office, justice for East Kittitas, and, laying a dollar on the table, said, "I want to ask a few leading questions."

"Go ahead," said the justice.

After unloading his mouth of a wad of tobacco, he began:

"Supposing I am engaged to a girl and I go back on her; what can she do?"

"Sue you for a breach of promise."

"If she goes back on me, what can I do?"

"Hunt up another and marry her before she has time to go back on you."

"But suppose I buy the girl a new dress and a pair of kid gloves; what then?"

"Then she is that much ahead."

"And buy her mother an umbrella!"

"She can keep dry."

"And her father a stovepipe hat?"

"He can go to church."

"Suppose I go and slap the girl's ears and make her think I am going to beat her to death if she doesn't marry me?"

"Then her dad will dump you in the nearest mud-hole, and have you arrested for assault."

"It seems, then, that I have no redress?"

"No; in this case the law is in the woman's favor. A man is bound by the law to support his wife, but a woman is not bound to support her husband. For that reason you can't sue a woman for breach of promise to marry. If the girl went back on you, as you say, it is your own fault; you kept her waiting too long. If you

want to get married, find a woman you think will suit you, pop the question to her, then give her three days to make up her mind if she will marry you or not. If you are too bashful to do that, you had better go to Ireland, where there are more women than men, and you will soon find one that will ask you to marry."—*Ellensburg (Wash.) Localizer.*

The Petrified Man.

Up in the Upper Geyser Basin is a petrified man. He is five feet seven inches in height, and weighs 356 pounds. His owner made this lucky find in the Missouri River, and charges twenty-five cents per head for all who desire to take a look at the man of stone. There is some skepticism on the part of those who have not seen the petrification; but those who have are unanimous in their verdict. It is a sure enough petrification, or it would not be allowed within the precincts of the park, so carefully controlled by the military. The National Park is in no sense a Midway Plaisance or a side-show. A wonder has got to be a natural one, or it doesn't exhibit there.

While we were doing the park in the guise of a threshing-hand looking for a job as straw-bucker, we went with a friend to view the petrification. As soon as we saw the remains, we knew that it was petrified, for the owner took a club and biffed it over the body with a resounding whack. Our friend, however, seemed to be full of doubt and mistrust. He said to

many tourists in the park from Gallatin County at present; but if there are, please spread the word around that General George Washington is dead. It seems sad that so many people should be kept in entire ignorance of important happenings in our national history."

"You probably mean natural history," replied Double-u, "but we will let that pass. What I wish to remark is this: Was the man we now see lying before us, stone cold in death, so hard up that he solidified and died, or was he a hard-shell Baptist?"

The exhibitor pulled the cloth over the petrification, and said that there would be no show until the Gallatin Valley folks all had to leave the park in order to pick their potatoes.

—A. K. Yerkes, in *Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

The Drummer's Santiago.

Some Eastern commercial paper prints the following good Pendleton, Ore., story, as related by a traveler:

"It is a case of a doctor refusing to take his own medicine," remarked the story-teller, "and will be appreciated by everyone who has witnessed the attempts of many men to work up an acquaintance with a girl on a train. The drummer I refer to boarded a train the other day at — station, and asked the prettiest girl in the car if the seat beside her was engaged. Finding it wasn't, he sat down, put up his sample-case, and prepared for conquest.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him

"You don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, won't you? Wouldn't you rather sit next to the window, and have me describe the landscape to you?"

"No, please," he murmured; "I am doing well enough."

"Can I buy some peanuts, or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy. Suppose I slip my arm around your waist. Just lean forward a trifle, so that I can."

You'll—you'll have to excuse me," gasped the wretched drummer; "I don't think you really mean it."

"You look so tired!" she pleaded. "Wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down, and I'll tell you stories."

"No, thanks! I won't today! I'm very comfortable," and the poor drummer looked around helplessly.

"Your scarf-pin is coming out. Let me fix it. There!" and she arrayed it deftly. "At the next station I'll get you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call on you?" and she smiled an anxious prayer right into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer; and he hauled down his grip-sack, and made a bolt for the door, knee-deep in grins showered upon him by his fellow-passengers.

"Strange!" murmured the girl to the lady in front of her. "I only did with him just what



TRIPPING THE "LIGHT FANTASTIC" IN A WASHINGTON MINING CAMP.

the owner, with an innocence that was awe-inspiring:

"Why, His Jibs is dead, ain't he?"

"Oh, yes," replied the owner; "he has been dead many years. He has turned to stone. See! he is perfectly hard."

"How sad," replied our friend, Double u R. C., almost ready to shed tears. He must have been a very hard case."

The exhibitor gave Double-u a sad, melancholy look, and said: "I hope there are not

before he could get his tongue unkinked. "Most bewildering day, isn't it?"

"Y—yes, miss," stammered the drummer. He was in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match, and the position of catcher didn't fit him as tight as his pantaloons.

"Nice weather for traveling," continued the girl; "much nicer than when it is so cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?"

"Oh, yes; thanks," murmured the drummer.

"Glad of it," responded the girl, cheerfully.

he was making ready to do with me, and, big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I really think women have stronger stomachs than men; besides that, there isn't a smoking-car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing." But she settled back contentedly, all the same; and at a convention of drummers, held in the smoker that morning, it was unanimously resolved that the seat was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

A CHARMING PLEASURE RESORT IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

By Ben Brokke.

Up on the top of the vast stretch of clear, sandy table-lands 500 to 600 feet above the level of Lake Superior and known to geology as the "Sandy Barrens" of Douglas County, is a spot that needs all of one's powers to describe. Ordinary language is fit for ordinary phenomena—such, perhaps, as craggy and crumbling rocks and dangerous-looking precipices, glens, gulches, and canyons—the marks of the wrath of nature, caused, it may be, by internal explosions of noxious gases, earthquakes, eruptions, and transformations of divers description.

But here are evidences of nature's kindness—of work done in her most affable moods. These beautiful hills of clean sand (insoluble silica, the principal ingredient of glass), shaded by magnificent pines, balsams, and varieties of hardwoods, and dotted with cool, clear, mirror-like lakes, rising several hundred feet higher than the mighty "Gitche Gumees"—modestly, gracefully, and gratefully, as if to kiss the hand of Nature's God.

Out of these clean hills gush innumerable springs of sparkling waters which father countless trout-streams—now chiseling their way toward the timber-trimmed borders of Upper Lake St. Croix, the placid bosom of which divides her twin children—the one playfully rippling down the region of the Great Lakes for thirty miles to Lake Superior, 500 feet below; the other swelling the navigable waters of the Mississippi Valley. Both streams are perhaps known more extensively to pursuers of fur, firs, and feathers than any other streams in the Northwest.

On the banks of this phenomenal lake; on the divide between the slopes, and midst the pines and balsams, is the cozy little town of Solon Springs, formerly known as the lumbering town of White Birch, it having until recently been the headquarters of several heavy logging operators, the relics of whose camps yet remain, the traces of whose "blazing" on the trees are still visible, and the echoes of whose noisy onslaught almost exist in the atmosphere.

But the lumber camp has passed away; it has been supplanted by cottages and summer homes. The driving "capstan," the "batteaux," and the "boom" have resigned in favor of the steam yacht, the electric launch, or the gasoline "cracker-jack." The "tussie" of the poor "lum-

ber-jack" has given way to the lunch-basket of the visitor or to the satchel and kodak of the tourist. That horrible "cross-haul," and the perplexing "round turn," so very annoying to the forest tenderfoot, have chosen greener pastures. The day of the "bull-cook" is past. The "cookee" and the "road monkey" have folded their tents and silently stolen away. Now, in-

the pleasure-boats on the calm evening air, tending to show that evolution is budding, and that from the prosy backwood's logging-camp chance is evolving the poetical and the ideal pleasure and health resort.

Professor Chamberlain, of the Wisconsin State University, when working on the geographical survey of the State, analyzed the soil of these sandy barrens, and found it to contain ninety-six per cent of insoluble silica, and no organic matter. It is the cleanest tract of land in the United States—perhaps in the world. (See page 307, Vol. 1, "Geology of Wis.") As water will partake of the elements of the soil through which it passes, there can be little doubt of the validity of the claims of Duluth and Superior physicians, that this sand produces the purest natural spring-water on earth. Professor Woolman, of the Duluth high school, uses the Solon Spring water as the standard to



AN OLD-TIMER ON THE UPPER ST. CROIX, WIS.

stead of cars of logs, there are being shipped cars of water. Sauntering tourists stroll about the sandy beaches and groves, during the pleasant summer days. The echoes of the guitar, the banjo, and the mandolin, mingled with rich, mellow voices of cultured vocalists, ring out from

compare other waters by. The water has been tested by several experts in such matters, all of whom agree that nothing so pure, so soft, and so natural can exist anywhere else.

Prior to this, several gentlemen from Eau Claire, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Superior, forming what was known as the Pine Tree Club, built club-houses on the banks of this lake and down the Brule. The fame of this well-known stream spreads even to Europe—as being a "deuced good place for trout, don't you know." The proprietor of the springs, Mr. Tom Solon of West Superior, prompted by the geological reports and the striking cleanliness of the sand surrounding the springs, entered the land embracing them (a half-mile of the shore of the Upper St. Croix), and at once proceeded to have analyses made of the water, and to call public attention to it—facts concerning which were known only to a few scientists, and only for scientific reasons. He has constructed a galvanized-iron plant in the spring, by means of which the water is loaded for shipment by its own force. These springs were called by the Indians "Muskekee Waubo" (medicine water), and many years ago, at the time of the Sioux



THE SOLON COTTAGE AT SOLON SPRINGS, WIS.

invasion of their territory, this locality was the scene of many a hand to hand conflict with war-club and tomahawk, the Chippewas finally rallying their braves, and driving the stubborn Sioux clean out of the St. Croix Valley. St. John's Island, in the Upper St. Croix Lake, now a summer resort, was the rendezvous for mothers and children during these battles; and while here, upon one special occasion, was born the present aged Indian, St. John, now residing in Superior, and from whom the Island takes its name. The "tom-tom" drum is still in evidence at the moccasin dances. Often in the still night can be heard from some hill-top the monotonous echoes of that historical instrument, accompanied by the shouts of glee from the dancers, who delight in gathering round the fires and indulging in their favorite pastime as well now as when their less civilized progenitors rallied to fight the Sioux.

The grocers' associations of Superior and Duluth make this place ring with merriment on the occasions of their annual picnic outings. These auspicious occasions are now looked forward to by Head of the Lake business men and their families with more anticipations than any other event in those busy commercial centers. The grocers' picnic day is a holiday by common consent and by everybody's choice. Trains of fourteen to eighteen coaches, loaded to their full capacity, will steam out of each city, every passenger bent on having the best time of his life, and generally succeeding. The practical meet the ideal. The busy grocer is on dress-parade. A common feeling of jollity pervades the atmosphere. To come to the grocers' picnic is to be a good fellow, and everybody goes. Business men in other lines close their places, and go to Solon Springs. The bankers pull "tug of war" against the butchers for a dozen of watermelons—donated as a prize by some Southern commission house; the normal school-girl, the society belle, and the country maid run a foot-race—for, perhaps, a box of soap; the doctor, and the lawyer's wife, waltz for the prize; while the traveling drummer teaches his aunt to dance the two-step.

Everything goes, on these occasions, as also on all similar occasions by civic societies, etc., that visit the place in a body. Nor are the feather-trimmed sons and daughters of the forest dead on these mix-ups. Bedecked with beads and buckskins, paint and ornaments, they have their own part in the programme—and in turn exhibit their war-dances and gyrations, to the great amusement and historical

instruction of their more cultured visitors.

The lover of rod and gun can find no equal to this place for his favorite sport. The Brule flows north, the St. Croix south. All kinds of bass, pike, trout, as well as pickerel and bullheads, are caught in abundance. A sturgeon over six feet in length was taken from the Upper St. Croix by P. E. Waterbury some time ago. Ox Creek, Moose River, and a dozen small trout-streams are easily available—besides the lake and the two principal outlets, the Brule and the St. Croix. Hunters and fishermen radiate from here in every direction, telling their stories on their return. It is a sort of hub around which that fraternity circulate; while at the same time it furnishes a refined and cultured resort, sequestered and exclusive, for those who desire to visit it only for its balmy air and health-giving waters. It is not the only charming nook in the great Northwest, as a matter of course, but there are few that equal it in general attractiveness, and none that exceed it.



CAPTAIN HAGERMAN'S HOTEL AND RESORT AT SOLON SPRINGS, WIS.



A GLIMPSE OF THE WATERBURY AND LUCIUS COTTAGES AT SOLON SPRINGS, WIS.

AN UNDERGROUND CITY.

Under the city of Calumet, Mich., is another city, the underground Calumet & Hecla mine, which is truly as much of a city as that on the surface. From 3,000 to 4,000 men live there half their time, and it is always inhabited. Its streets are called shafts, and its lanes and boulevards are called "drifts" and "stopes." During the day thousands of miners are at work there. They go down into the mine at early dawn, and live a mile or so from the surface for twelve hours. During the night other men, an equal number of them, take their places, and all the time thousands of men are constantly inhabiting the underground city. They take their meals with them, and eat in the main street or in a nook in one of the by-streets. Only on Sunday is the city almost deserted, but even then the police are on guard, and the pumpmen on duty.

The Calumet & Hecla mine furnishes the best example of an underground city on account of its being the most extensive of all the mines in this vicinity, and because it is somewhat different from the others. Most of the shafts dug into the ground from this city are run straight down, one of them having now attained nearly a mile in perpendicular distance,

but the Calumet & Hecla is different. Only one of its twenty-five shafts runs straight into the ground. The others are all cut into the earth at an angle of forty-three degrees, and run down at that angle for a mile and a half in many of the shafts. This is on account of the dip of the vein of copper. The vein is tapped from the surface at nineteen different places, which run in a straight line on the surface, and which line is the guide from which the streets of the city of Calumet on the surface as well as underground are run.

In this way the whole underground has been tunneled out, in the twenty years that the mine has been operated, until at the present time all the ground is a veritable network of immense tunnels. All this is completely fitted with a railroad system, the main line of which is in the shafts and the branches and spurs running into the levels on either side of the shafts. It is all completely piped with water-pipes, a pumping station being at each level. In many parts of the mine electric-lights are also used, but some of the older miners are afraid of electricity under ground, and will not work where the wires are run. They fear that falling rock may some time cut the wires or pull off the insulation, and will not go back on the old candles.

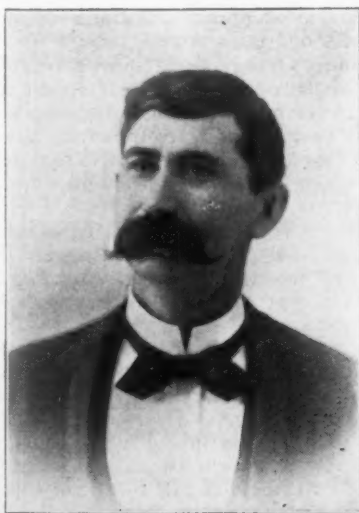
The one perpendicular shaft in the Calumet runs down a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The sinking of this shaft was the greatest piece of modern engineering known. The management figured that if the copper vein dipped at an angle of forty-three degrees from surface and kept on for a great distance down, it would certainly be caught by running straight down from the surface if a shaft were sunk a distance from the others. This was done, and, after three years of sinking and encountering nothing but earth, the copper was struck. The miners working from a drift in the perpendicular shaft and those working from the other direction came together one day, and the picks struck within an inch of the surveyors' underground estimate. Now a man can go down the shaft at the Calumet Hotel, run down half a mile in the perpendicular shaft, cross over in a drift, and come up on surface two miles from where he started on the top of the ground—the most novel underground promenade in America.

QUATRAIN.

No ocean ever yet was crossed
By circling in the quiet bay,
Nor fair new countries greet his sight
Who drops his anchor at half-way.

Iowa Falls, Ia.

FLORENCE A. JONES.



T. F. SOLON, PROPRIETOR OF SOLON SPRINGS.

A CHARMING PLEASURE RESORT IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

By Ben Brokke.

Up on the top of the vast stretch of clear, sandy table-lands 500 to 600 feet above the level of Lake Superior and known to geology as the "Sandy Barrens" of Douglas County, is a spot that needs all of one's powers to describe. Ordinary language is fit for ordinary phenomena—such, perhaps, as craggy and crumbling rocks and dangerous-looking precipices, glens, gulches, and canyons—the marks of the wrath of nature, caused, it may be, by internal explosions of noxious gases, earthquakes, eruptions, and transformations of divers description.

But here are evidences of nature's kindness—of work done in her most affable moods. These beautiful hills of clean sand (insoluble silica, the principal ingredient of glass), shaded by magnificent pines, balsams, and varieties of hardwoods, and dotted with cool, clear, mirror-like lakes, rising several hundred feet higher than the mighty "Gitche Gumeé"—modestly, gracefully, and gratefully, as if to kiss the hand of Nature's God.

Out of these clean hills gush innumerable springs of sparkling waters which father countless trout-streams—now chiseling their way toward the timber-trimmed borders of Upper Lake St. Croix, the placid bosom of which divides her twin children—the one playfully rippling down the region of the Great Lakes for thirty miles to Lake Superior, 500 feet below; the other swelling the navigable waters of the Mississippi Valley. Both streams are perhaps known more extensively to pursuers of fur, firs, and feathers than any other streams in the Northwest.

On the banks of this phenomenal lake; on the divide between the slopes, and midst the pines and balsams, is the cozy little town of Solon Springs, formerly known as the lumbering town of White Birch, it having until recently been the headquarters of several heavy logging operators, the relics of whose camps yet remain, the traces of whose "blazing" on the trees are still visible, and the echoes of whose noisy onslaught almost exist in the atmosphere.

But the lumber camp has passed away; it has been supplanted by cottages and summer homes. The driving "capstan," the "batteaux," and the "boom" have resigned in favor of the steam yacht, the electric launch, or the gasoline "cracker-jack." The "tussle" of the poor "lum-

ber-jack" has given way to the lunch-basket of the visitor or to the satchel and kodak of the tourist. That horrible "cross-haul," and the perplexing "round turn," so very annoying to the forest tenderfoot, have chosen greener pastures. The day of the "bull-cook" is past. The "cookee" and the "road monkey" have folded their tents and silently stolen away. Now, in-

the pleasure-boats on the calm evening air, tending to show that evolution is budding, and that from the prosy backwood's logging-camp chance is evolving the poetical and the ideal pleasure and health resort.

Professor Chamberlain, of the Wisconsin State University, when working on the geographical survey of the State, analyzed the soil of these sandy barrens, and found it to contain ninety-six per cent of insoluble silica, and no organic matter. It is the cleanest tract of land in the United States—perhaps in the world. (See page 307, Vol. 1, "Geology of Wis.") As water will partake of the elements of the soil through which it passes, there can be little doubt of the validity of the claims of Duluth and Superior physicians, that this sand produces the purest natural spring-water on earth. Professor Woolman, of the Duluth high school, uses the Solon Spring water as the standard to



AN OLD-TIMER ON THE UPPER ST. CROIX, WIS.

stead of cars of logs, there are being shipped cars of water. Sauntering tourists stroll about the sandy beaches and groves, during the pleasant summer days. The echoes of the guitar, the banjo, and the mandolin, mingled with rich, mellow voices of cultured vocalists, ring out from

compare other waters by. The water has been tested by several experts in such matters, all of whom agree that nothing so pure, so soft, and so natural can exist anywhere else.

Prior to this, several gentlemen from Eau Claire, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, and Superior, forming what was known as the Pine Tree Club, built club-houses on the banks of this lake and down the Brule. The fame of this well-known stream spreads even to Europe—as being a "deuced good place for trout, don't you know." The proprietor of the springs, Mr. Tom Solon of West Superior, prompted by the geological reports and the striking cleanliness of the sand surrounding the springs, entered the land embracing them (a half-mile of the shore of the Upper St. Croix), and at once proceeded to have analyses made of the water, and to call public attention to it—facts concerning which were known only to a few scientists, and only for scientific reasons. He has constructed a galvanized-iron plant in the spring, by means of which the water is loaded for shipment by its own force. These springs were called by the Indians "Muskekee Waubo" (medicine water), and many years ago, at the time of the Sioux



THE SOLON COTTAGE AT SOLON SPRINGS, WIS.

invasion of their territory, this locality was the scene of many a hand to hand conflict with war-club and tomahawk, the Chippewas finally rallying their braves, and driving the stubborn Sioux clean out of the St. Croix Valley. St. John's Island, in the Upper St. Croix Lake, now a summer resort, was the rendezvous for mothers and children during these battles; and while here, upon one special occasion, was born the present aged Indian, St. John, now residing in Superior, and from whom the Island takes its name. The "tom-tom" drum is still in evidence at the moccasin dances. Often in the still night can be heard from some hill-top the monotonous echoes of that historical instrument, accompanied by the shouts of glee from the dancers, who delight in gathering round the fires and indulging in their favorite pastime as well now as when their less civilized progenitors rallied to fight the Sioux.

The grocers' associations of Superior and Duluth make this place ring with merriment on the occasions of their annual picnic outings. These auspicious occasions are now looked forward to by Head of the Lake business men and their families with more anticipations than any other event in those busy commercial centers. The grocers' picnic day is a holiday by common consent and by everybody's choice. Trains of fourteen to eighteen coaches, loaded to their full capacity, will steam out of each city, every passenger bent on having the best time of his life, and generally succeeding. The practical meet the ideal. The busy grocer is on dress-parade. A common feeling of jollity pervades the atmosphere. To come to the grocers' picnic is to be a good fellow, and everybody goes. Business men in other lines close their places, and go to Solon Springs. The bankers pull "tug of war" against the butchers for a dozen of watermelons—donated as a prize by some Southern commission house; the normal school-girl, the society belle, and the country maid run a foot-race—for, perhaps, a box of soap; the doctor, and the lawyer's wife, waltz for the prize; while the traveling drummer teaches his aunt to dance the two-step.

Everything goes, on these occasions, as also on all similar occasions by civic societies, etc., that visit the place in a body. Nor are the feather-trimmed sons and daughters of the forest dead on these mix-ups. Bedecked with beads and buckskins, paint and ornaments, they have their own part in the programme—and in turn exhibit their war-dances and gyrations, to the great amusement and historical

instruction of their more cultured visitors.

The lover of rod and gun can find no equal to this place for his favorite sport. The Brule flows north, the St. Croix south. All kinds of bass, pike, trout, as well as pickerel and bullheads, are caught in abundance. A sturgeon over six feet in length was taken from the Upper St. Croix by P. E. Waterbury some time ago. Ox Creek, Moose River, and a dozen small trout-streams are easily available—besides the lake and the two principal outlets, the Brule and the St. Croix. Hunters and fishermen radiate from here in every direction, telling their stories on their return. It is a sort of hub around which that fraternity circulate; while at the same time it furnishes a refined and cultured resort, sequestered and exclusive, for those who desire to visit it only for its balmy air and health-giving waters. It is not the only charming nook in the great Northwest, as a matter of course, but there are few that equal it in general attractiveness, and none that exceed it.



CAPTAIN HAGERMAN'S HOTEL AND RESORT AT SOLON SPRINGS, WIS.



A GLIMPSE OF THE WATERBURY AND LUCIUS COTTAGES AT SOLON SPRINGS, WIS.

AN UNDERGROUND CITY.

Under the city of Calumet, Mich., is another city, the underground Calumet & Hecla mine, which is truly as much of a city as that on the surface. From 3,000 to 4,000 men live there half their time, and it is always inhabited. Its streets are called shafts, and its lanes and boulevards are called "drifts" and "stopes." During the day thousands of miners are at work there. They go down into the mine at early dawn, and live a mile or so from the surface for twelve hours. During the night other men, an equal number of them, take their places, and all the time thousands of men are constantly inhabiting the underground city. They take their meals with them, and eat in the main street or in a nook in one of the by-streets. Only on Sunday is the city almost deserted, but even then the police are on guard, and the pumpmen on duty.

The Calumet & Hecla mine furnishes the best example of an underground city on account of its being the most extensive of all the mines in this vicinity, and because it is somewhat different from the others. Most of the shafts dug into the ground from this city are run straight down, one of them having now attained nearly a mile in perpendicular distance,

but the Calumet & Hecla is different. Only one of its twenty-five shafts runs straight into the ground. The others are all cut into the earth at an angle of forty-three degrees, and run down at that angle for a mile and a half in many of the shafts. This is on account of the dip of the vein of copper. The vein is tapped from the surface at nineteen different places, which run in a straight line on the surface, and which line is the guide from which the streets of the city of Calumet on the surface as well as underground are run.

In this way the whole underground has been tunneled out, in the twenty years that the mine has been operated, until at the present time all the ground is a veritable network of immense tunnels. All this is completely fitted with a railroad system, the main line of which is in the shafts and the branches, and spurs running into the levels on either side of the shafts. It is all completely piped with water-pipes, a pumping station being at each level. In many parts of the mine electric-lights are also used, but some of the older miners are afraid of electricity under ground, and will not work where the wires are run. They fear that falling rock may some time cut the wires or pull off the insulation, and will not go back on the old candles.

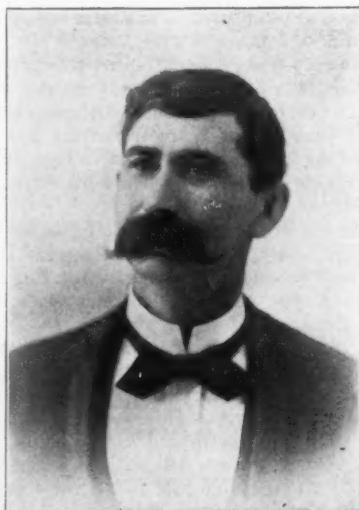
The one perpendicular shaft in the Calumet runs down a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The sinking of this shaft was the greatest piece of modern engineering known. The management figured that if the copper vein dipped at an angle of forty-three degrees from surface and kept on for a great distance down, it would certainly be caught by running straight down from the surface if a shaft were sunk a distance from the others. This was done, and, after three years of sinking and encountering nothing but earth, the copper was struck. The miners working from a drift in the perpendicular shaft and those working from the other direction came together one day, and the picks struck within an inch of the surveyors' underground estimate. Now a man can go down the shaft at the Calumet Hotel, run down half a mile in the perpendicular shaft, cross over in a drift, and come up on surface two miles from where he started on the top of the ground—the most novel underground promenade in America.

QUATRAIN.

No ocean ever yet was crossed
By circling in the quiet bay,
Nor fair new countries greet his sight
Who drops his anchor at half-way.

Iowa Falls, Ia.

FLORENCE A. JONES.



T. F. SOLON, PROPRIETOR OF SOLON SPRINGS.

STORYETTES.

By Victor H. Smalley.

IF I EVER MARRY.

"If I ever marry it will be to either an American girl or an English girl," said a young French journalist to me one evening as we were sipping our beer in a little brasserie on the Boulevard St. Martin. I have been in the habit of frequenting the place of late, because the music is good and because it is a sort of Bohemian resort where I always meet somebody to try my bad French upon, someone who will not grin at me as if he did not know what language I was speaking. I had taken a liking to this particular fellow because he chatted in a frank, hearty way, and told me a lot of things about Paris life. I was surprised at his remark, and said, "Why, I thought you were so good a patriot that you believed that the handsomest and best-natured women in the world are to be found in your own country."

"There are handsome ones enough here in France, and no doubt there are good-tempered ones, but none of them are faithful. I have had some sad experiences in that direction. Indeed, I have sometimes thought of making a *feuilleton* for *Le Soir* out of one or two of those experiences, but the subject is too old and worn."

"Tell me the story, Pierre," I begged; and I called the waiter to fill up the glasses.

"Well, I am not old enough to grow reminiscent, but I will tell you this one story as a warning. While I was a student on the other side of the Seine in the old Quartier Latin, my father allowed me two hundred fifty francs a month for my expenses. That was not much for two to live upon, and you know that most of the students manage in some way to live *a deux*; but Lisette was a very economical girl, and we always had a few francs left when the monthly remittance came. She was the best housekeeper I ever knew. She could make good soup out of a bone and an onion, and could get up a fair meal for us both out of five sous' worth of meat and a couple of potatoes. We had a petite apartment of two rooms and a cuisine. We picked up a little furniture at auction sales. We did not use a petticoat for a curtain, as Beranger's sweetheart did in his little poem, 'A Vingthans,' for we had two very respectable shades; but we had to resort to some funny expedients, when I brought a friend to dine, to make the crockery go round. I was deeply in love with Lisette, and believed she possessed all womanly virtues. She was good-hearted and affectionate, and I thought her completely devoted to me. I was only twenty-two, and I was foolishly happy. Probably I was also what you Americans call 'green.'"

"'Fresh' is the word we use now; but go on."

"After two years of this *coulour de rose* sort of existence, something happened. All that time I had hardly spoken to another woman. I spent every evening at home, except when we went to the ten sous' gallery of some theater to see a new play. In short, I was *parfaitement rangee*. Then my father had some improvement in his income, and wrote me that he should add twenty-five francs a month to my allowance. Lisette and I had a charming little supper to celebrate the good news, and we agreed that we could now afford to move into a better street and to buy a few more dishes. The next day we set out to hunt another apartment. We

found one looking out on the Luxembourg gardens with which we were delighted, and, as our month would soon be out, we decided to move at once.

"Next morning we got our scanty belongings loaded into a van—all but our only valuable possession, a sketch in colors which we believed to be a genuine Corot. We agreed that this was too precious to be trusted with the chairs and tables on the van, and Lisette suggested that I should carry it and follow the load on foot to our new home, which was about a mile distant. She climbed up with the driver, and we set out. I was pretty tired and walked slowly, and I soon lost sight of the wagon. When I arrived at the new home I expected to see the van at the door being unloaded, but I saw nothing. I waited in the loge of the concierge hour after hour. Twilight came, and the lamps were lighted. I grew sick with apprehension, fearing that some calamity had occurred. Finally I was forced to seek a lodging in a hotel *garni* close by.

"Well, the end of the story is that I never saw the girl or the furniture again. The sergeant at the police station laughed at me and told me that the girl had no doubt set up a new menage with my furniture and another fellow. Now you have one reason why I mean to marry an American girl. Such treachery could not happen in your country, *n'est ce pas?*"

"My dear fellow," I replied, "the whole affair, from beginning to end, would be impossible in America."

A SUMMER-RESORT CONFIDENCE.

It was on the broad, cool veranda of the spacious Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island. Scores of fashionably-costumed guests were enjoying the cool, invigorating breeze wafted from that big body of water in front of them, Lake Michigan. The orchestra was in the midst of a dreamy waltz from Strauss, and the environment was one of peaceful languor.

Occasionally the quiet serenity of the place would be happily interrupted by a burst of laughter from a group of young men and women lounging on the steps leading up to the porch from the driveway below. A troop of two, laden with pretty, fresh-looking girls in white, and lazy, lolling fellows in blue serge, rattled by, and a few horsemen and women went slowly past.

A girl stepped out from the office and walked slowly down the veranda, glancing from right to left in search of a vacant chair. She appeared to be about twenty years of age, and was slightly tall and very fair. Her face was decidedly pretty, having "Gibsonian" features. Her hair was almost golden—Titian, some would call it. She walked gracefully, and attracted considerable attention as she passed along the piazza.

An unoccupied rocker finally caught the girl's eye, and she settled down into it with a little sigh of contentment. Seated directly at the right of the girl was a woman of striking appearance. The "chappies" referred to her as "stunning;" the middle-aged men called her an "out-and-out beauty," while the old, gray-whiskered fellows rolled their eyes ecstatically and said nothing.

The object of this astonishing amount of admiration was a brunette in the true sense of the word, and divinely beautiful. She was of about medium height, and a trifle above the medium weight, but the slight superfluity of *avoir du poids* only accentuated her charms. Her finely-shaped head was set upon a throat so symmetrical, so proud and white, that she appeared to be taller than she really was. Her almost perfect figure was exquisitely rounded and propor-

tioned. Her complexion was of the Southern type, olive, with a delicate tinge of rosy hue. Her eyes were the most attractive of her many charms. They were large, and as luminous and dark as a starless night. A fringe of long jet lashes almost hid them from sight. Her hair was rich and black, and was coiled loosely at the back and parted in the center, falling down over her small ears in profusion. The fashionable dress could not wholly destroy the Oriental look of this fascinating being.

As the blonde girl seated herself, her dark-haired neighbor eyed her curiously, penetratingly. The glance was returned, and both smiled in a friendly manner. Soon they were in the midst of an animated *tete-a-tete*, the girl doing the talking, while her companion proved to be a good listener.

The girl said she was from the North, from St. Paul. She was the only daughter of rich parents, and had just arrived at Mackinac. No, she hardly knew any one, and did feel a trifle lonely. Her parents were ardent "clinch" players, and were at that moment deeply engrossed in that pastime.

They made a striking couple, these two women of such different types of beauty, and were freely commented upon by the passers-by. The girl chatted away volubly, and was surprised to find herself making a confidante of her new friend. The large black eyes seemed so friendly and sympathizing that the girl opened her heart in a way that all girls do. She had been away from home so long, had been so apart from her chums and intimates, that she felt happy in the possession of a new friend who seemed so interested in her girlish adventures and confidences. At first she spoke only of her school days at Smith, but was soon telling of her love affairs, an ample amount always being the property of every winsome miss who has passed her twentieth birthday.

"But I am really and truly in love now," went on the girl, coloring prettily. "I met him on the 'Manitou' on our way here from Chicago. He is very handsome, and is quite a good deal older than I. I first saw him in the dining-room; he sat opposite me, and was so polite and courteous in handing me things that were out of my reach. He looked at me rather persistently, I should think. Once, when he passed me the salad, our hands touched, and I fancied that he tried to squeeze mine.

"That evening we played cards, as usual, and I went out on the deck to enjoy the beautiful night. It is simply glorious on Lake Michigan after dark. I drew up my chair at the stern of the boat, behind a big wheel which is never used, and began to doze and dream of—well, I did think of him.

"Suddenly I felt a thrill shoot through me, and I actually believe my heart almost stood still. I knew he was near me. Although it was so dark that I could scarcely see my hand in front of my face, yet I was positive that he was approaching. Presently I heard his voice, and he said:

"'Pardon me, my little friend, if I seem rude; but I am lonely, and you do not appear to be very well entertained, either. May I not sit down and chat with you? Misery loves company, you know.'"

"Oh, I knew I should have sent him away; but I didn't, and we sat and talked over an hour. He was so interesting, and seemed to be very cultured and a great traveler. He spoke of Paris and Calcutta in the same breath, and amused me very much with his reminiscences. How I did hate to go in! But I knew that I had already broken too many rules of propriety, so I bade him good-night, and went to my state-room.

"Did he kiss me?" The girl averted her face, and her lips trembled as she answered frankly, "Yes; and I am not sorry, either."

"Well," she continued, "I did not see much of him the next day; I was with my people almost all the time. I caught a glimpse of him at the dock, when we landed, and he raised his hat when he shook hands with me, and said: 'Good-bye, little girl; we shall meet again.'"

"I saw him a few minutes later as he jumped into a carriage, and—"

Here the girl stopped suddenly. Her hands, clasped together, trembled perceptibly, and her face was suffused with a carmine blush. She was looking towards the driveway, where a horse and rider came slowly up the path. The rider was a man of about forty. His brown, curly hair was streaked about the temples with gray. He was tall, looked every inch an athlete, and rode his horse with the ease and grace of a trained trooper. His riding dress was of perfect fit and cut.

The dark-eyed woman followed the gaze of her companion, and when she caught sight of the handsome man her face lighted up with an amused smile, and she waved her hand familiarly. The rider tipped his hat, and smiled.

"There!" faltered the girl; "that is he."

"Who?" asked her new friend.

"Why, he whom I met on the boat—the man I love!" returned the girl.

"Ah, my dear," said the brunette, smiling compassionately at the young girl as she rose to meet the subject of their conversation, who was now approaching them, "you mustn't mind him, you know."

"Then you know him?" cried the girl.

"Slightly," was the smiling response; "he is my husband!"

MISTAKES OF MINERS AND PROSPECTORS.

A writer in an Eastern mining paper shows that it is just as easy for miners and prospectors to use bad judgment as it is for managers of developed properties.

When R— was a booming camp, the writer says, the C— mine was looked upon as one of the best prospects in the country. About \$1,500 worth of work had been done on it, and it did look fairly well. Then a new cut and shaft were started, and they struck it rich. The gold could be seen in the rock fifteen feet away. The boys were millionaires at once. A representative of monied men was on the ground shortly after. He first offered \$60,000 cash—that is to say, he would go and get his money, and be back within four days. No agreement was signed, but it was understood that it was "a go."

This individual had scarcely left camp when No. 2 came along, and after a brief inspection of the mine-workings, and a longer inspection of the bunch of rich rock, offered \$200,000, payable in two weeks. He only wanted to go to San Francisco to get the money. Fearing he might back out, the owners of the claim put this latter proposition in writing.

Four days later No. 1 returned with a well-filled valise; but the boys could do no business with him. They told him that if he would raise the price, they would throw the other fellow off. He would not raise, but left in disgust, and, sad to say, the other man never came back.

The boys did a little more work, dug out their pocket, realized about \$1,600 on it, and then the property remained idle for a long time, and was finally jumped by outsiders. Another similar instance was where four partners were offered \$90,000 for a prospect, but they insisted on \$100,000. The capitalist was firm, however, and no transfer was made. Four years later, after a great deal of development, the claims were sold for \$14,000.

TOLO.

AN INCIDENT OF THE NEZ PERCES WAR



The golden hills of Florence
Were crowned with lasting snow,
Though green was all the rugged
way
That marks the Salmon's flow;
And Camas bloomed one journey
north—
The gem of Idaho.

Recurrence of encroachment—
The white man will not heed
The rights of savage heritage.
That antedates his creed;
And treaties are but flimsy things,
When set against his greed.

The same old, weary story,—
The savage will not yearn
For civic rights; the ancient
The changeless serves his turn;
And, vengeful for his ravished rights,
He seeks to slay and burn.

Chief Joseph rose resentful,
And called on all his band—
Joseph, of that Nez Perces tribe
Which held the envied land;
And, scornful of seductive gold,
Fiercely the war-flame fanned.

Then craftily by Howard
He slipped, and woe to all
Who dwelt around the Camas plain,
And heard no warning call!
While scattered squads of Howard's men
Resisted but to fall.

His bloody course by Salmon,
And westward thence had sped—
By the broad plains of Oregon,
Joseph his band had led;
That land had known his cruel deed—
Blood of unnumbered dead!

Fiercely beyond the mountains,
To wage unhindered fray—
Beyond the fair Blue Mountains,
Down Umatilla way;—
The bloody annals of the West
Had never matched that day.

Tolo, an Indian woman;
"Tolo"—forgotten name!
They dwell, in many a peaceful dell,
Who think neglect no shame;
Though but for her were massacre—
A thousand homesteads' flame.

For her no tribal fealty
Could hush the human cry—
To save from red destruction
Those that were doomed to die,
Could Joseph with marauding band
Fiercely to westward fly.

In Florence' jumbled basin,
In those ripe days of gold,
Men gleaned for their exertions
More than a hundred-fold—
A thousand souls athirst for gain,
But they were strong and bold.

To them, at midnight's silence,
Far up the lonesome trail,
Stole Tolo—on the mission
That must not, should not fail.
By giddy brink, by snowy sink,
Her spirit did not quail.

The hoarse cry of the cougar—
The wolf, the prowling bear,
The nameless dread of woods at night,
And terror,—all were there;
While deadlier danger lurked behind,
Were but her tribe aware!

But miners in the morning,
That dug for Florence' gold,
Heard from her stole lips the words,
The warning Tolo told;—
That Joseph marched by Salmon's flood,
Which they must haste to hold!

There lies a pass by Salmon—
By fair Blue Mountain way,
And here a few men bold and true
An army's march might stay—
Like to the place by Tempe's vale,
The famed Thermopylae.

Here, like a pine that blocks a trail,
The miners grimly stood;
And, rudely checked, the warriors swept
Backward, a baffled flood.
They might not sweep that rugged pass
When faced with hardihood.

Then said to them Chief Joseph:
"Lo, open up the way,
And I will only speed my band,
I will not seek to slay."
They answer sent: "Lo, if you come,
You come; but here you stay."

Checked in his westward movement,
'Twas eastward, 'twas retreat
Across the grim, grand Bitter Roots—
Turning, anon, to meet
His now alert antagonists
And drive them in defeat.

Not bolder even Xenophon
And his ten thousand Greeks;
Many will mention Joseph's deed—
Not one of Tolo speaks,—
Left to a stranger's tongue to tell,
It breaks, the silence breaks.

For who remembers Tolo—
"Tolo"—forgotten name?
They dwell in many a peaceful dell
Who think neglect no shame;
And she is poor, and old, and gray—
Forgotten. Such is fame!

Pierce City, Idaho.

L. A. OSBORNE.

IN MEMORIAM.

The cold December sleet sweeps o'er the mound
Wherein we laid our friend but yesterday.
He knows it not; although it stirs our hearts
To hear the mourning of the winter wind,
And see the drifting snow that beats against
The window-pane in furious blasts,
And know it covers deep the new-made grave.
We know he is at rest, and minds it not,
And sleeps as though he were a child again,
Within his mother's arms—lulled by the storm;
And yet the grave is cold, and dark, and deep,
And as we think of him we dearly loved,
We wish it might be otherwise—that we
Again could clasp him in our arms, as in
The days gone by, and tell him all our love.
It cannot be. The lighted taper burned
Until the end, and, flickering, went out.
His work, whatever it was, was done; and we
Must be content, and hold it for the best.
His earthly life is closed;—but there, beyond
The veil, through which we cannot see, we hope,
And, stranger yet, we do believe, that He
Who giveth life hath simply called His own
To realms of future bliss and happiness.

St. Paul, Minn.

GEO. W. DREW.

SWEETHEART, TO THEE.

When the rosy flush of morning
Gilds the mountain and the lea,
Herald of a day of beauty,
It is then I think of thee.

When at noon the sun's bright splendor
Warms the ever-restless sea,
Lazy purling o'er the pebbles,
Then I'm thinking still of thee.

When, at twilight's mystic hour,
From the cares of day I'm free,
When the stars are faintly gleaming,
All my thoughts are still of thee.

When the night her robe of darkness
Spreads o'er mountain, vale, and sea,
When the world is lost in slumber,
I am dreaming still of thee.

Spearfish, S. D.

MABEL CLAIRE LOUTHAN.

DISCONTENT.

Never a bark comes to the shore
With sails that are white as those at sea,
Never a day holds half the joy
As comes with the day that is to be.
Never a rose blooms half so sweet
As the one we careless threw away,
Never a love to come can be
So sweet as the love of yesterday.

Iowa Falls, Ia.

FLORENCE A. JONES.



The Saw-Mill Man's Dream.

A saw-mill man had a dream, one night,
Several years ago,
When every saw-mill man in the land
Was weighted down with woe,
And it was a very pleasant dream
Of things as they ought to be,
And the saw-mill man came in one day
And told the dream to me.

He dreamt that night of his debts, he said,
As he'd often dreamed before;
Only, that night they'd all been paid,
And bothered him no more.
And he could buy logs so very cheap
It made him smile to see;
"The very best logs that ever I saw,
Or ever will saw," said he.

He dreamt he sat on a hard wood throne,
In garments rich and rare;
And buyers came a-trooping in,
Buyers from everywhere.
And they doffed their hats and bent their knees,
And humbly pressed their claim
To any kind of stock he had.
At any price he'd name.

They'd let him make the grade, they said—
They'd pay for the lumber green.
But he dreamt he treated them coldly;
He dreamt that he acted mean.
When he thought of the years that had gone before,
When he nearly starved to death,
He raised his prices every day,
While the buyers held their breath.

Then he dreamt that in a sneering way
He took their proffered gold,
And gave them a little mill-run stock,
None of it ten days old.
But all of it went for ones and twos—
All went shipping dry,
And he dreamt that when he was hungry,
A nigger brought him pie.

He sent his boys to the colleges;
His girls to a boarding-school.
He bought a grand piano,
And a grand piano-stool.
He dreamt he lived on the best there was,
And smoked three-for-a-half.
It tickled him so that you must know
He woke up with a laugh.

But as he told that splendid dream,
He wept in sheer despair.
I did what I could to cheer him up,
And lighten his load of care;
I let him smoke my pipe that day—
"Twas all that I could do.
"I'll give you an ad. some day," he said,
"If ever that dream comes true."

This winter that man came in again,
Dressed in the height of style;
A diamond glistened in his shirt,
He wore a brand-new tile.
But he shook my hand in the same old way,
And said, "Steve, howdy do!
I just dropped in to leave that ad.,
Because that dream's come true."

A SAW-MILL MAN.

Developments in Montana.

With a large amount of easily-watered lands added to the domain in Eastern Montana on the south line, and a fine tract of land brought under settlement by a new canal at Hinsdale on Milk River, an Eastern Montana project on the north; and the Bitter Root canal reclaiming thousands of acres on the west-south, and the Flathead Valley on the west by north offering opportunity for home-making, Montana will make more rapid strides in agricultural development this year than was done last year. And then, in addition to the new homes

to spring into existence, the improvement of those already begun will continue to progress.

Montana farmers have made a good showing in the last few years in growing tame grasses, increasing the hay product per acre, in planting orchards, and in a number of ways calculated to add substantially to the State's wealth. The fencing era is also at hand, and soon will come the era of better dwellings, bigger barns, pure-bred stock of all kinds, better farming; and great will be the achievement. Yes, the outlook for Montana farming, and for stock-and wool-growing, orcharding, etc., is very promising, and we look to see this year eclipse anything the last decade has known.—*White Sulphur Springs (Mont.) Husbandman.*

The Romance of Irrigation.

There is a romantic side to the irrigation of land which can only be appreciated by those who have, through their labor, caused the arid plain to burst into greenery, flower, and fruit. It must have been upon the irrigator—upon him who caused two blades of grass to grow where one grew before—that the blessing was called down, for it is he who accomplishes this miracle more than the man who spends his time in dry weather praying for rain, and in wet weather praying that the rain may cease.

In the Western arid and semi-arid country, the Rapid City (Black Hills, S. D.) *Journal* observes, the few streams flow hurriedly, as though to escape the heat and dust about them and to quickly reach the sea or moister climates, where the sun's rays are not so greedy of the river-bed's precious burden. On either side, the rolling land stretches away for countless miles. Its vegetation is spare and harsh. Great reaches of bare ground tell of the unsuccessful struggle of life against the deadly drouth. The sky is always blue and clear, with a steely glint which gives no intimation of pity. The nights come cold and dewy, but the gentle moisture of the darkness is but a tantalization, for at the first peep of the brazen sun above the low horizon it is gone, and by noon even the meadow-lark and the grasshopper succumb to its discountenancing stare, and give no sign of vitality.

In the winter the cold is sharp, the driven snow finds no lodgment, and rustles over the ground with the noise of dead leaves stirred by the wind. From the north there is no refuge, and on the arid plains of the great West the fierce blasts of winter have full scope for their terrible play. All life is gone. It is a world apparently dead!

From over the edge of that low eastern horizon comes a canvas-covered wagon on one of the early spring days. It is dragged along by weary horses that have lost all ambition except to reach a camping-place. It is driven by a man whose face is drawn in anxious but determined lines, and his glance is far ahead along the road he is making for himself. In the wagon is a tired woman, whose dream is of a home—a place to stay for more than one night. With her are the children, with curiosity and hope in their sunburned faces, and with little thought that they, in years to come, will hold the honored place of pioneers in the minds of neighbors yet to come.

The wagon reaches the low bank of the swiftly-moving river. The man's face lights up with eagerness. It is here he will build for himself, and for those with him. He looks not to the sky above for water, for there it is in the river before him! He needs but a glance at the river to tell him the story of the deep and fertile loam and the splendid subsoil. He strips the harness from his horse, unloads his family from the wagon, and says:

"It is here that we will stay." And he or

his children are still there, but with what a difference!

With sturdy arm he turned the river from its bed. He carried its waters broadcast upon the drouth-stricken land until it cried "enough!" for fear of drowning. The grain, the grass, the trees, sprang up as if by magic. In the midst of all there came a home—such as the wife had dreamed of. About this home came others, then churches, schools, libraries, and then they called it a town. Then came the railroad; but in all this prosperous hurry and bustle, there was no such real joy as when the hardy and adventurous founder of that town first saw the waters of that river slowly spreading over the scorched earth and filling each crack and cranny until it ran over into the next one; for this all came from the labor of his hand, and the result was beautiful to look upon.

Activity in Western Farm Lands.

Activity in real estate is very marked for this season of the year. Especially is this true of farm-lands, not a day passing in which numerous transfers are not made. Real-estate men say that there is a great deal of inquiry from outside parties for desirable farms, many letters having been received, from substantial farmers in Illinois and adjacent States, asking information as to prices, location, etc.

Land values are firmer than ever before in the history of the valley, and conveniently located farms that have been well kept up are bringing prices heretofore unheard of in this section. As a rule, the more substantial farmers are all acquiring more land as rapidly as possible, and this fact serves to keep prices in the neighborhood of where they properly belong.

It is a potent fact that land in the Red River Valley has always been greatly undervalued, which, to a great extent, was caused by the immense quantity of it thrown upon the market at once. As the country has become settled and the farmers are in better shape financially, many of them have been buying a quarter-section, year after year, till in many localities there is not a farm for sale. In these places, when a piece of land is offered for sale the bidding is spirited and the price is run up to more than double what would have been offered for it a few years ago.

Land values have increased to such an extent that, where a farmer has a clear title to his land, though it be but 160 acres, and owns the necessary stock and machinery to properly run it, he is considered well off, if not rich. It should not be inferred that there is any scarcity of good farms that can be bought for far less than their real value, but the opportunities are rapidly being taken advantage of; and for this reason, other conditions remaining the same, the advance in prices during the present year will probably exceed the advance made in any one year previously.

An examination of the books of Register of Deeds Nelson, at any time, will show that good farms are bringing good prices, and that in many cases spot cash is paid for them. In the deed given E. E. Lien by F. E. Tufte as guardian of the Ole S. Opsahl estate, and filed recently, covering the S. W. ¼ of Sec. 24, town of Northwood, the consideration was \$4,000 cash. The north half of Sec. 2 in Chester township was purchased by C. H. Baldwin of Emerado, from George B. Quackenbush, the consideration being \$8,000. Hundreds of other instances might be cited to show that land is land in North Dakota. Cheaper lands can be had in the outlying townships where railroad facilities are not so good, but it is only a matter of a few years when branch lines will be constructed by the roads wherever necessary, and the land

thus tapped will be as valuable as that near the railroads now.—*Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.*

Prosperity in the West.

Third Vice-President J. M. Hannaford of the Northern Pacific, says: "I have been connected with the Northern Pacific for the past twenty-seven years, and I regard its prospects

"The land on which they are living now is worth, say, \$50 per acre. They are selling this, and buying land at \$5 per acre. The man who has 100 acres in Iowa or Ohio can sell it, and with the money purchase five times as much land in North Dakota. This is what they are doing. None of those who will settle in that State next spring have bought less than 160

gration into the Gallatin and Bitter Root valleys. The inhabitants there, however, devote their attention to raising hay, oats, barley, and potatoes, and for these they find a ready market in the great mining towns of the State.

"Out in Washington, conditions similar to those in North Dakota prevail. We have now established in the Yakima Valley, on irri-



VIEW OF CABBAGE AND ONIONS PLANTED BETWEEN ROWS OF RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES AND CURRANTS ON M. A. THAYER'S FRUIT FARM, PHILLIPS, PRICE COUNTY, WIS.—LAST YEAR MR. THAYER HAD ABOUT EIGHTY ACRES ALL IN SMALL FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

today as the brightest they have ever been. There is a great flood of immigration all along our line, and any one can see that it means more traffic for the road. We have got to carry what they raise to market, and bring them the products of the factories. The more settlers, the more crops to export and products to import. That looks logical, and it seems to be a conclusion from which it is not easy to escape.

"To illustrate what I say, let me give you a single instance. Next spring at least 4,000 families will move into North Dakota alone, and settle along our line. We know, because they have been already on the ground, have bought their lands, and in some cases have done a portion of their spring plowing, or built houses. They have gone back to their old homes to winter, but they will be on hand early in the spring. The demand for land is steady and good. Sales are being made every day, not for speculative purposes, but for actual improvement.

"Our immigrants come mainly from Ohio, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Illinois, and they are a very superior class of people. For the most part they are American-born, though probably the majority of them are of foreign extraction. They are men who settled in these older States at an early day, and have acquired a competence. When they moved to the farms they now occupy, land was cheap. As the State became settled up, their lands have appreciated in value sufficient to make them small fortunes, and they are now selling out and reinvesting in the hope of turning another addition to their accumulations.

acres, and not a few have purchased a whole section. What I have said of North Dakota applies with equal force to Washington, and, though in a less degree, to Idaho.

"These immigrants will raise wheat and flax. Three thousand new farms mean a large increase in productive acreage, and it ought to follow that the number of bushels raised will be correspondingly augmented. Quite a large number of settlers are going down into the southwestern counties, where the land is not so well adapted for wheat-raising; and these are going to devote themselves to raising stock and to diversified farming, for which both the soil and climate are favorable. They will make money, too, and it will be but a few years before those who are prudent and good managers will be as well fixed as is necessary.

"The acreage of wheat next year will be considerably in excess of this year, if I may judge by the preparations that have already been made. The farmers have not been slow to take advantage of the extraordinary weather the past fall, and if the land on which it is now their intention to sow wheat is all devoted to that purpose, the number of acres sown will be greater than last year. There is no reason why the influx of settlers should stop so long as there is an acre unoccupied in the State. In many respects the State is an excellent one in which to live. There are but two seasons—summer and winter—the former so warm that a crop of wheat can be raised in ninety days, and the latter not colder than the winters to which many of the inhabitants of States farther south are accustomed.

"In Montana, there is considerable immi-

gated land, a colony of Dunkards, who are doing well, and we hope to make a considerable addition to the colony next year. On the Jamestown Northern branch of the Northern Pacific are a number of colonies made up almost entirely of this sect, and they are proving an excellent class of settlers.

"With the extinction of the forests of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, the lumber on the Pacific Coast is becoming a source of traffic that promises at no distant day to become merely a question of equipment. Our shipments at present average about 2,500 cars of lumber and shingles per month, or 30,000 cars per year. All of this is Eastern-bound traffic. Westward, the growing trade with the Orient is assuming gigantic proportions, and this loads our cars that are Westward bound. All this is practically new business, and it is growing heavier every day.

"Summing up the situation, I can feel nothing but optimism of the most cheerful sort over the outlook. Business is being created all along the line. What is true of our line is also true of the Great Northern and the 'Soo.' We are all opening up new and productive territory, and the settlers are flocking in. They make business for us both ways. The lumber of Washington loads our trains East, and the products of our mills and factories fill the ones West. Some years will naturally be better than others; the railroads are the first to feel the effect of a crop failure; but these, happily, are not of frequent occurrence in the country through which our road runs. In short, the business of the roads is in a most satisfactory condition."

"FROM NOWHERE TO NOWHERE."

"From Nowhere to Nowhere" is the subject of an article recently sent out through the associated press from Lewiston, Idaho. The article commented on the construction of the Pacific & Idaho Northern Railway, which starts at Weiser on the line of the O. S. L. Railway, and heads north along the Weiser River to the great Seven Devils copper-mining district, which has been reviewed in a series of articles in this magazine. The article in question was not justified by the facts; it was evidently sent out to mislead the public regarding this richly-endowed region, and the railway enterprise which will be the means of developing this and the surrounding country.

The Weiser Valley, situated at the mouth of the Weiser River, which is the starting point of the Pacific & Idaho Northern Railway, is one of the finest of the many valleys of the West. It is a great fruit and grass country, and the climate is all that can be desired; and the tributary country along this new line of railway will furnish an incalculable amount of freight for the road. A very good description of this region was given in the November NORTHWEST and in subsequent issues; it is therefore unnecessary to go into detail here, but it is desired to review, in a general way, the many resources of this great region, which will be tributary to the Pacific & Idaho Northern as projected, and which at the present time is a virgin country, practically unexplored.

The line of the road is established as far as Whitebird, on the Salmon River, and the apparent objective point of the road is to connect with two or more of the great transcontinental lines on the north. The road is completed to the new town of Cambridge, in Salubria Valley, forty and one-half miles from Weiser, and the grading for the road is practically completed as far as the Peacock mine in the Seven Devils District.

The Heath, Ruthburg, Marshall Lake, Sommers, Rapid River, Salmon Meadows, Whitebird, Florence, Thunder Mountain, and Buffalo Hump mining districts, and the great Long Valley placer-fields, besides the great Seven Devils copper-mining district, are directly tributary to this road, and will furnish it with an abundance of freight. Then, in addition to all these great and well-known mining districts are the cattle, sheep, fruit, and small grain and lumber industries that will furnish traffic for the road.

The building of this road has already brought this country, called "nowhere" by the Lewiston correspondent, into prominence, and already several prospecting parties have been outfitted and have gone into the mountains to explore for the precious metals hidden therein. All the mining-camps mentioned are taking on new life, and everything points to an active year of development for 1900. All classes of mining men may find what they desire to seek in this region. There are gold, silver, lead, copper, coal, and iron in abundance, and all that is required is capital to develop—the primary requisite which the claim-owner usually lacks. He may be willing to work faithfully to the end, but at best his efforts will develop the mine superficially.

Thunder Mountain, Buffalo Hump, and War-

ren districts are where the great rush will be this season. Over four hundred claims were staked on Thunder Mountain last fall, just before snow; several hundred were located in the Buffalo Hump, and several in Warren. The activity in Warren is noted especially. The season has opened there, and the camp has taken on decided liveliness. Several companies have been formed, and are supplying capital for the development of the many rich gold leads in this camp.

Warren is one of the most promising gold-camps in the West. In past years it has produced over \$10,000,000 from placers. Now the source of all that gold—the quartz-veins—is being developed. This has resulted in a number of good-paying mines, which have already yielded \$50,000 to \$300,000 each. Valuable strikes and discoveries are constantly being made. It is a fine and safe field for investment and mining operations.

Ambrose Stewart and George S. Gabbert, of Spokane, representing a large syndicate from that hustling mining city, spent the most of the summer of 1899 in the Warren District, investigating every known quartz prospect in the camp. During this period of investigation they looked over and secured the Silver King mine, which was worked by the Spaniards in early days. When they went to examine the property they had decided not to have anything to do with it, and had started back to Warren, when, in passing the end line of the claim, they discovered an outcrop of rich quartz,

mining-camps where they decide to locate. The mere fact that several of them have decided to locate in Warren, speaks volumes for that district.

The Iola mine, which is operated by a Chicago company that was interested in the property by the late Captain Nat D. Moore, formerly of the Lake Superior Region, is producing a large quantity of bullion monthly, and has attracted a great deal of attention lately owing to the discovery of a large body of quartz in their workings which averages \$45 of free-gold to the ton.

The Little Giant mine has been worked for the past sixteen years by George Reibold, with wonderful success. He started without a dollar, bought his supplies on time, and commenced to extract ore at once. He has produced upwards of \$350,000, and has a modern five-stamp mill, assay outfit, hoisting-plant, and saw-mill, all of which are run by water-power, excepting the hoisting-plant. There are several other properties of merit in the district, which might be mentioned, but space will not permit.

From discoveries made last fall, Thunder Mountain District appears to be another Klondike save only in this, it is confined to one mountain. The Caswell Bros., who have been at Thunder Mountain for about five years, constructed crude reservoirs on the mountain's side during the fall of 1898. In the spring of 1899 they caught enough snow-water to make a forty-eight hours' run of the rich ground



WARREN, ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING GOLD-CAMPS IN IDAHO—IN PAST YEARS IT PRODUCED \$10,000,000 FROM PLACERS, BUT NOW THE SOURCE OF ALL THAT GOLD, THE QUARTZ VEINS, IS BEING DEVELOPED.

hitherto undiscovered, containing many thousand dollars of free-gold to the ton. They quickly and carefully covered up their find, and, proceeding to camp, found the owners of the mine and secured option on this and adjoining claims, together with a very valuable water-right, for less than \$2,000. The next day they went to work to develop their find. They had gone but a few feet with a crosscut, when they cut the vein about twenty-five feet below the surface, encountering ore fairly splattered with gold, the assay value of which was \$2,781.24 per ton. They continued work for about two weeks, when winter set in, and they came out to make preparations for active development work in the spring.

Mr. Stewart went East and interested Richmond, Va., capitalists in the deal, they paying \$100,000 for one-half of the property, and placing \$10,000 at the disposal of Mr. Stewart for development purposes. He is now at the mine, arranging for active work during the coming year. Since Messrs. Stewart & Gabbert and their associates have located in Warren, several other Spokane firms have expressed their intention of locating in the district this summer. This means a rush for Warren, which, no doubt, will result in a boom of no mean proportions, as the Spokane mining men are well known for their enterprise and push in

deposited on the mountain, and from this short run cleaned up thirty and one-half pounds of gold. They saved the tailings, and made a test of two tons of the rock in an old stamp-mill on Salmon River, which gave returns of \$8.50 of gold to the ton. Thunder Mountain is a great porphyry hill, all of which is gold-bearing. It became so well advertised throughout the United States last fall, that there is sure to be a greater rush into this camp next spring than Idaho has ever seen. In fact, several prospectors have gone in on snow-shoes this month, via Salmon Meadows and Warren. This will be a subject for a separate article in the near future.

The fact that the promoters of the Pacific & Idaho Northern have put up the cash for the construction of the road thus far, without selling bonds, building it as an independent line, without traffic arrangements with any other line of railway, shows their faith in this region, and that they are aware of its resources—large bodies of the finest timber, grazing- and fruit-lands, besides the vast mineral belt. It may be truly said that this region is an empire within itself, and that the completion of the railway as projected, and the development of the mineral districts by capital, will show to the world that this "nowhere" section of Idaho is one of the richest in the West.



BEAUTIFUL THIRTEENTH STREET, ONE OF FARGO'S MOST CHARMING RESIDENCE THOROUGHFARES.

FARGO, THE CHIEF CITY BETWEEN SAINT PAUL AND HELENA.

By Major A. W. Edwards.

There are people, of course, who do not know of the Northwest. Down South there are people who live in cabins and who shudder when they hear of the country of snow and ice. But the Northwest, partly because of the snow and ice, is a country of homes. The home is the unit of the best civilization, therefore the best civilization is to be found where there are pleasant homes. The people who do not know of the Northwest, are the only people who do not know of Fargo; and the folks who do not appreciate elegant and comfortable homes, are the people who would not be interested in hearing about Fargo.

This is not to be a history of the metropolis of North Dakota. It is not necessary to describe the paved streets, the electric lights, the rows of handsome brick business buildings and the hundreds of fine residences. Every modern city of 12,000 inhabitants has these things, and if those of Fargo are a little cleaner, a little more up to date, a trifle better fitted with modern comforts, it is because Fargo was burned up a few years ago, and in rebuilding care was taken to get the newest and the best. It goes without saying, also, that there are first-class hotels, where one can have as comfortable quarters as in St. Paul or Minneapolis; for it would hardly be the right thing to invite people to come to look over the handsomest young city on the continent, if it had no public place for their entertainment. Nor is it necessary to speak of our solvent banks and our wholesale houses—in rare, new, perfect quarters. Other cities have these—although, perhaps, Fargo being a distributing center for a large area of territory, our wholesale establishments are more complete than is usual in cities of this size. But there are only two cities in the United States—Kansas City and Minneapolis—that have as large a trade in agricultural machinery, and in neither of those cities are the machine men more comfortably or elegantly housed. The quarters wherein Fargo machine men do business represent an investment of more than a million dollars, and every agricultural ma-

chine or implement that is worth speaking about has its agent here.

There are more than the usual number of newspapers—three dailies, a number of weeklies, and a monthly or two; and our educational facilities are far above the average of cities of the same size. The Agricultural College—a State as well as a national institution—and the Fargo College are institutions to be proud of, and complete the educational circle. Of course, there are churches of all denominations; but Fargo, being the home of the Catholic bishop, as well as of the Episcopal bishop, the church-building example set by one and followed by another has given us beautiful places of worship—including a cathedral, new and imposing. The Masonic Temple, for the accommodation of the Masons of the State, is another fine, new, and convenient building, quite worthy to be written down. And Fargo, being the home of

the United States Court, has a splendid Government building, with ample accommodations for the post-office as well as for the several court officials. Speaking of the post-office reminds me that the figures for mail handled and business transacted by the Fargo post-office are larger than the figures of cities many times larger—just as the bank-clearances of Fargo indicate a city of ten times its population. This is because Fargo is the practical center of the State. Everybody in North Da-

kota comes to Fargo, and nearly everybody does business here.

Fargo seems a fortunate place to do business in, as is attested by the successful business men now engaged in business here. In the early days, when the writer came to Fargo, there were a score of men who came here seeking their fortunes; each year others came—none of these bringing with them more than energy, brains, a determination to succeed, and very little capital. The country has fulfilled the expectations of these merchants and business men. They have realized their hopes, and can be reckoned among the well-to-do men of a prosperous commonwealth.

Fargo is fortunate in its location and in being the railroad center of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the C., M. & St. P. systems and their branches. This centering of railroads makes Fargo easy of access from all



AN ENTRANCING SCENE ON THE FAMOUS RED RIVER, AT FARGO, N. D.

parts of the State, so that conventions—political, religious, and business meetings—are as common in Fargo as one can well imagine. Business men, society men, and politicians all realize that Fargo is a comfortable place to come to. The railroads make their connections with reference to Fargo,—it is the end of the divisions on all of the roads,—and the hotels are accustomed to taking care of crowds. As a shopping-place, Fargo is especially convenient. There are several large department stores carrying heavy stocks, and the people of North Dakota, and from quite a distance in Minnesota, come here to do their trading. The telephone connects the city with many of the surrounding towns, which is another useful adjunct to business—and the railroads make their time-cards with reference to the accommodation of their patrons from the outside who want to do business in the larger place. There is also telephone connection with St. Paul and Minneapolis, 250 miles away, and if business requires, the Fargo merchant can hold conversations with the business people of those cities.

Really, the people of Fargo do not themselves realize how much they are indebted to the fire of 1893—which, at the time, seemed a great calamity. But the fire had much to do with the city's present prosperity and handsome appearance. It was the cause of the building of brick and stone buildings, thus reducing the cost of insurance very materially. The new brick blocks demanded paved streets and stone sidewalks. The paved streets were a temptation to the people to have horses, carriages, and bicycles, and the parade out Eighth Street and up North Broadway in pleasant weather, is daily testimony to the town's prosperity. The better business blocks, the paved streets, and the stone sidewalks called for better residences, and hundreds of fine homes resulted. And again the climate comes in as a factor, resulting in homes containing comforts of which Southerners know nothing; that is, those Southerners who live and remain in the South; for be it known that some of Fargo's best citizens are from way below the Mason and Dixon line.

When it is remembered that Fargo, but a few years ago, was a village of shacks and tents, treeless, and so muddy when it rained that you could hardly go from one place to another place, it is hard to realize that this well-bowered and beautiful city is the same community. The mud was something to remark about. It was black, deep, and sticky. It stuck to one's clothing like grease. It stiffened up and killed the horses that dragged through it. But this mud was the very foundation of the country's wealth. It was rich mud. It would produce wonderful crops. The farmer who came from another country was dumbfounded at the results. It was marvelous. But it is more wonderful today than it was then. We have paved the streets, and do not think about the mud any more in Fargo; but out in the country it lies just as black, just as rich, just as wonderfully productive as it was twenty years ago. This soil does not need stimulation, nor coaxing. All that is necessary is to give it a chance, and golden grain-fields are the result. So that the basis for Fargo's fortune is in the richest lands of earth, by which Fargo is surrounded.

This is of the utmost importance in selecting a home—a permanent abiding place. No city can be prosperous without a prosperous country to draw upon. The city builded upon the sand is overturned, destroyed, and obliterated; while the city whose hope is in the splendid rich fields of golden grain, grows and flourishes. Fargo has become a city far beyond the dreams of its most ardent lover, because it is the commercial capital of a rich country—not only a rich country, but a comparatively new

country. The lands are more than rich, they are cheap; not only cheap, but to be bought on easy terms. The Star of Empire is fulfilling its prophesied destiny. Eastern and Southern farmers are looking for the richest acres—and they are looking for them to Westward. Many of the best and most conservative of them do not want to be pioneers; they want to emigrate in comfort, and to find a comfortable abiding-

other parts of the United States can grow wheat; but only North Dakota and Northern Minnesota can produce No. 1 Hard wheat. This hard variety of wheat is the true bread-making material, and, as has been said, all others are mere imitations. So the wise farmer comes to the richest lands, reached by comfortable routes, and finds not only the advantages of a new country, but better civilization, and better sur-



IN FARGO'S BUSINESS DISTRICT, LOOKING NORTH



FRONT STREET, FARGO, AS SEEN FROM HOTEL WALDORF.

place at their journey's end. These farmers—thousands of them annually—select North Dakota for the reasons given, and because the combination of climate and soil insures a class of superior products that will always bring the best prices, for the simple but important fact that less favored countries cannot compete with them. For instance, in the matter of wheat:

roundings than those which he left behind him.

Fargo lays claim to men of thrift, men of enterprise, men of energy, for similar reasons. The manufacturer of the products of flax comes to Fargo because he is at the center of the flax-growing region, and because, besides, he is in a metropolitan city where all the comforts of living are found, and where he finds at hand all

the commercial accessories which are necessary to his business. Not only this, but the country, and consequently the city, is growing. And this induces the merchant to look Fargo over, if he is seeking a location. This brings a score of new merchants every year, and these merchants do not overcrowd the trade. There are new customers coming as well as new merchants. Nothing is filled up. Nothing is overdone.

when a new merchant comes to the city. The other merchants in this line are not filled with jealousy, nor do they greet him with words of discouragement. This is not, perhaps, because our merchants and manufacturers are more generous than their brethren elsewhere, but because their experience has taught them that, in a wonderfully progressive country, not only does the business of the located business men

of them have been here since village days—and they have been coming ever since, and adding their portion of help. Even the latest comer feels as if he were in his own city. He is made welcome. He misses the spirit of narrow jealousy. Even the men with whom he is going to compete in business welcome him. He feels, at once, that he is a part of the city, an individual among his peers.

So the newcomer, as well as the old resident, feels a pride in the city, and at once commences to help to make it a more desirable place of residence. This pride in Fargo extends all over the State. There used to be rivalries and jealousies. That was before Fargo was well ahead as the leading city. But now, the precedence of Fargo being established and beyond question, the country—as well as the other cities—takes a part in the pride in Fargo. Meet them anywhere,—and you do meet them everywhere,—and they bear testimony to the excellence of Fargo.

Cold statistics or barren facts do not convey the full impressions of North Dakota's chief city. That the post-office receipts are away above the receipts of other cities with larger populations; that the bank-clearances are so large; that there are so many secret societies and so many social organizations; that there are colleges, a cathedral, and churches; that there are prosperous business enterprises and large manufacturing and distributing concerns tells a part of the story, but it does not tell it all. It may be that the general and individual prosperity accounts largely for the facts of the spirit of amity and pride that prevails, but it does seem as if, besides that, there must be some other factor. Like attracts like. And it may be that the good fellowship that has existed among the business men and residents of Fargo generally, from the beginning, has brought more of that kind together. It seems so to one thoroughly acquainted with Fargo people; and this is not because of old acquaintance, for the new ones who come seem to fit into the same groove and to be worthy to be members of the same community.

It would not do to pass by a most peculiar feature of Fargo—that is, that it is a prohibition city. There is neither rowdiness nor drunkenness in the streets of Fargo. When it was proposed to abolish saloons and drinking-places in the city, the business men generally were opposed to it. The spirit of "hustle" was in the air in Fargo, then as now. Business men had been accustomed to being surrounded by saloons. They were educated to believe that saloons meant business. It was almost a proverb that a "dry town" meant a dead town. And if the question could have been settled by Fargo alone, it would have been settled differently. But the matter being put to vote in the State, prohibition prevailed, and, after the usual battles between law and order and the other element, saloons disappeared.

Then came a season of "blind pigs"—and they, too, have passed away. But the disappearance of the saloons did not have the least ill effect. The desirable locations vacated by them were immediately occupied by business ventures of different character. There has never been a time since when there were store-rooms enough. Property owners keep building all the time, but the buildings do not stand idle. Every merchant in Fargo that has been here a little while, is in better quarters than the place in which he started. Hundreds of merchants own their own buildings, but there is always a tenant ready for a new building at a fair rental. The citizens who opposed prohibition the hardest are now in favor of it. The practical workings of it have put to flight the theories that were held concerning the disasters to follow the abol-



LOOKING NORTH ON BROADWAY FROM FRONT STREET.



A VIEW OF NORTH BROADWAY, FARGO, N. D.

There is a spirit of conservatism with all the hustle and enterprise. Things are moving rapidly, but they are moving safely. The mayor of Fargo can give you a long list of mercantile and manufacturing institutions that will pay in Fargo. Fargo business men invite competition, because there is more trade in every line than they can take care of. Nobody marvels

thrive, but opportunities are created for others.

Another fortunate possession of Fargo is the fact that everybody in the State is proud of the handsome city. The citizens of Fargo are especially so. It would perhaps be impossible to find another city with so few malcontents. Everybody praises the city. They are proud of it. They have all helped its growth. So many



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF FARGO'S BUSINESS DISTRICT.

ition of saloons. Very few of the business men, if any, would vote to restore them.

In speaking of this matter of prohibition, the writer of this article desires to say that he was not a prohibitionist, and that he does not now intend to discuss the merits of that question. He simply records the fact of how prohibition has worked in Fargo. Across the river, in Minnesota, the city of Moorhead has many saloons. Of course, men from Fargo visit these places. But Fargo is cleaner, brighter—a better and more decent city, without the saloons. The merchants sell more and sell better goods. The people who toil wear better clothes and have better homes. The wages of the laboring man, as a rule, go for the benefit of his family. If there is a question about the taxes—if the business men pay higher taxes, which is by no means certain, they receive more profit with

which to pay these taxes. The money which used to reach the treasury of merchant and city by way of the saloon, now goes directly. And, besides, there was the tax of the saloon itself—no inconsiderable matter, as every merchant who does business where saloons prevail can attest. So that, speaking entirely from a practical standpoint, Fargo has benefited greatly by the enactment of prohibition—a benefit which is shared by every man, woman, and child in the community.

Who can predict the future of Fargo? Judging by its past and present, Fargo is to be a great city. It is far enough away from St. Paul and Minneapolis—it has the location and the prestige, and nothing can prevent its advancement. It is a city of achievements; but perhaps its greatest achievements are yet to come. There are many business enterprises to be es-

tablished here—there are many manufacturing industries yet to center in Fargo. The men who establish these will be the same sort of bright business men that have given the city its present enviable reputation. They, too, will be Fargo builders. The spirit of the enterprise that is our rich possession will be in them. Every addition to Fargo, in the very nature of things, will be an addition that will give impetus to farther growth and wider development. Every settler that locates in North Dakota will contribute toward the increase of Fargo's importance. The destiny of the city is sure. The rapidity with which it will progress depends upon the business men who are to come. The present men have shown of what stuff they are made. They will continue to press forward. Nor is the quality of the help to be given by newcomers at all in doubt; the problem is as to numbers.

In writing these few words about Fargo, the writer has been careful to keep within the truth. It is hard to say too much for a city that has won in the race as Fargo has, and if enough has been said to cause scrutiny and investigation, it is not too little.

FARGO ADDENDA.

Former editions of this magazine bear testimony to the fact that what Major Edwards says in the foregoing article is true. But he has not exhausted the subject, by any means. The statistics that are so tiresome to general readers have been carefully avoided by him, yet we venture the belief that many cold-blooded men of affairs will wish that he had added a few paragraphs bearing more distinctly on commercial and industrial matters—especially the present volume thereof. For instance, it is not enough to say that Fargo ranks as the third largest distributing point in the country in the line of agricultural implements; a business man will want to know that the local sales of these products for 1899 amounted in the aggregate to \$6,454,572, a gain of \$1,154,162 over 1898. In wholesale mercantile lines proper, the total sales for 1899 were \$4,271,442, a clear gain of \$419,641 over the preceding year, thus making a grand total of \$10,726,000 for Fargo's wholesale trade in 1899.

Other signs of progress are shown in the Fargo clearing-house transactions. In 1898 these amounted to \$14,677,849, but in 1899 they rose to \$17,921,159, a gain of \$3,243,310. In 1898 the bank deposits subject to check aggregated \$1,659,924; for 1899 they amounted to \$1,765,691. All financial conditions in the city are very encouraging. There are probably as few business failures in Fargo, year in and year out, as in any city in the country of the same size. The reason has already been given. The rapid growth of town and State combine to make mercantile investments both safe and profitable. Business is not overdone. There are customers for every dealer, and all merchandise is paid for promptly.

The bankers are busy men there; and so are the real-estate dealers. No city in the West has so many reliable land agents. They transact an immense annual business, especially in farm-lands. All of them act as agents for non-residents—buying, selling, leasing, renting, managing, etc. Among the leading Fargo firms of this character is Whitney & Wheelock. Mr. Whitney—A. G. Whitney of St. Cloud, Minnesota—is one of the largest individual real estate operators in the Northwest. In his offices are listed over 200,000 acres of choice farming-lands in Central and Northern Minnesota and North Dakota, all for sale on long time and most favorable terms. "I believe in the future of the



BROADWAY, FARGO, DURING A DRESS-PARADE, THE RED RIVER NATIONAL BANK IN THE FOREGROUND.



HARVEST SCENE ON THE WILLIAMS FARM, STUTSMAN COUNTY, N. D., SHOWING FIVE TWELVE-FOOT HARVESTER KING BINDERS AT WORK.

Northwest," he said the other day, "and have great faith in the development of its farm resources." Mr. Wheeler makes a specialty of handling his own property, and also acts as agent for non-residents and others—in both the sale and purchase of farm properties anywhere in the Northwest. He also appraises land, and sells choice mortgages—which are considered among the safest and most profitable investments of the day. As he bears a high character for integrity and honorable dealings, it is not surprising that he has built up a large and prosperous business.

When you go to Fargo you find yourself in a wide-awake center. Thrift is in the air. You notice that the place is not overbuilt. The brick blocks are built for use, not merely to look at. There are no sky-scrapers there. Most of the business buildings are two stories in height, neat in appearance, compact in design, and occupied by live business concerns. Plate-glass fronts are in evidence, and artistic window displays. Enter the stores, and you will see that large stocks of all grades of goods are carried. The finest furniture is exhibited, the latest and richest fabrics in dress goods, and so on throughout the whole list of products that are used or worn by the people of a thoroughly progressive community.

A growing industry in Fargo and in the State at large is founded on flax culture. In 1879 the State produced 26,757 bushels of flaxseed, in

1889 the yield had increased to 164,319 bushels, and last year the flax acreage was nearly 600,000, and the estimated yield 7,200,000 bushels. Fargo has a large linseed-oil mill and flax-fiber mills, and other fiber-mills have been established in



R. S. LEWIS, FARGO, N. D., VICE-PRESIDENT RED RIVER VALLEY NATIONAL BANK, AND PROPRIETOR OF THE 5,000-ACRE LEWIS FARM.

favorable parts of the State. The straw is equal to the best grown, and it will not be long before every bit of it will be in marketable demand for purposes of manufacture. The flax crop put millions of money into the pockets of North Dakota farmers last year, but they will realize very much more from it in the not distant future—when the straw as well as the seed shall be harvested and cared for as a pure money product.

RED RIVER VALLEY WHEAT.

At a recent session of the Minnesota State Historical Society, Geo. N. Lamphere of Moorhead, Minn., read a very interesting paper on "The History of Wheat-Raising in the Red River Valley." He showed that the beginning of wheat-growing in the valley was in the Selkirk settlement north of the boundary line and near Fort Garry. The first crop of wheat was harvested in 1820. The grain was cut with scythes or sickles, tied in bundles with willow withes, flailed on the barn floor, and cleaned in the wind, women and children assisting.

No wheat was grown south of the boundary line until 1871. Then, or possibly the next year, Charles Bottineau, living four miles from

Neché, north of the Pembina River, seeded to wheat ten acres which he had cultivated as a garden. The yield of wheat, he asserts, was fifty bushels to the acre. In the winter of 1871-72, Henry A. Burns, a settler at Moorhead, gathered 500 bushels of wheat along the Minnesota River, and hauled it hundreds of miles on sleds to Moorhead. The following spring he distributed it among the farmers of Clay and Norman counties in Minnesota, and of Cass and Trail counties in Dakota. This wheat was sown, but, owing to the grasshopper scourge, no more than the seed was saved. In the fall of 1873 Mr. Burns shipped the first carload of Red River wheat to Duluth.

No wheat was grown on the Minnesota side of the valley north of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the speaker said, except near Moorhead, until in 1878, when the Manitoba, now the Great Northern Railway, was completed to St. Vincent. Railways have been the most important factors in settling the country, although the bonanza farms—immense illustrations of possibilities—were influential.

In 1870 the population of the valley's twelve counties was about one thousand; in 1900 it is 350,000. The assessed valuation of the valley, less than half of the actual value, is now \$100,000,000. The crop of 1898 exceeded 48,000,000 bushels, worth, to the producer, about \$29,000,000, and, altogether, about \$39,000,000—an annual flood of wealth beside which the golden output of the Klondike sinks into comparative insignificance.



EVAN S. TYLER, REAL ESTATE AND GRAIN, FARGO, N. D.



G. S. BARNES, GRAIN AND COMMISSION, FARGO, N. D.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR NORTH DAKOTA.

A gentleman who came from North Dakota recently says that the State is almost certain to become as famous for its flax as it has already become for its No. 1 hard wheat. Last year some 600,000 acres were sown to flax, and the output was in the neighborhood of 7,200,000 bushels of seed. We say seed, because until the last few months no steps were taken to create a market value for the straw. It was burned as refuse. Now all that is to be changed. A powerful company has entered the State for the purpose of establishing fiber-mills and tow-mills with which to convert the flax straw into useful commodities.

Representatives of this company—The French-Hickman Flax Fiber Company, Lim-

soley for the fiber. The raw material being assured in unlimited quantities, the company entered into negotiations with Fargo business men, received a valuable grant of three blocks of land and certain other encouragement, and at once began the erection of a huge flax-fiber mill. Now the plant is practically ready for operation. It will cost not less than \$35,000, and its monthly capacity will be 1,000 tons of flax straw. The plant covers about eight acres, and now furnishes employment to twenty persons.

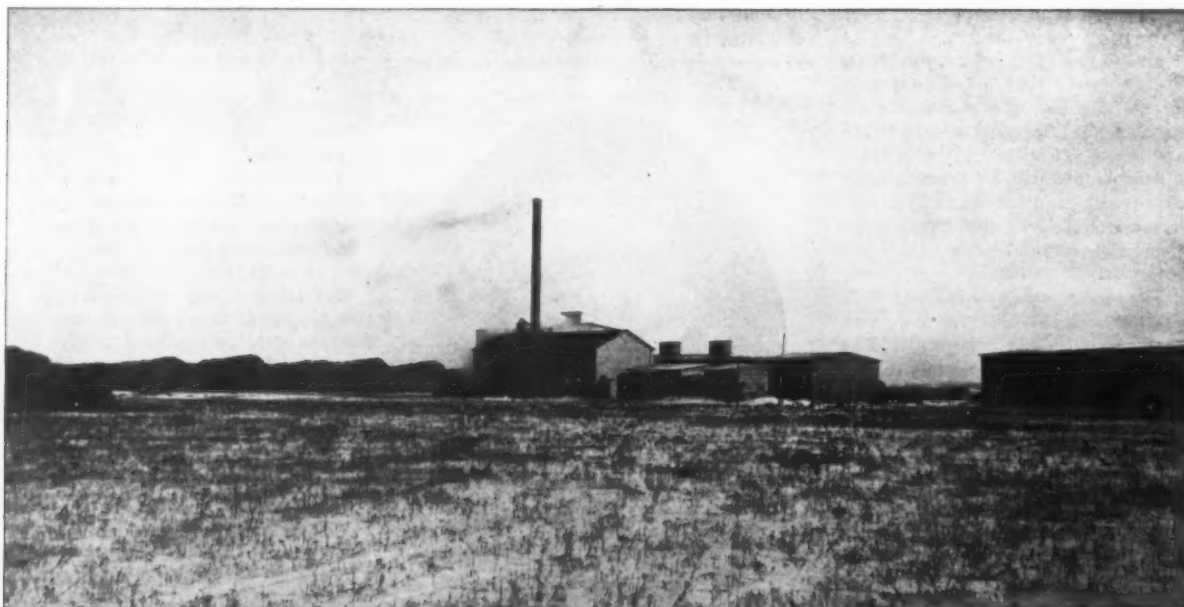
Northern Pacific and Milwaukee tracks run direct to the works, and every convenience is at hand for the transaction of a large and growing industry.

Just what this plant means to Fargo and



THE FRENCH-HICKMAN COMPANY'S BIG MILL PLANT AT NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

plants elsewhere, especially in Niagara Falls and Fargo. By a chemical reduction process the flax-fiber is made into pulp and then converted into high-grade linen writing-papers. Our illustrations give some idea of the magni-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE FRENCH-HICKMAN COMPANY'S FLAX-FIBER MILL PLANT AT FARGO, N. D.

ited, of London and Boston—visited North Dakota last spring. Experts examined the straw to determine its adaptability to the manufacture of paper under the Hickman patent, and pronounced it as fine as any straw cultivated

North Dakota it is difficult to estimate. To the city it means a new enterprise which, running night and day, will give employment to a large force of operatives and make the town a market for thousands of tons of flax-straw. To the

State at large it signifies added value to farm products and a new source of wealth to farmers and commonwealth alike. Instead of being valueless, the straw will now be worth several dollars a ton. It will not all be utilized at first, but it is a beginning. It is one of a chain of fiber-mills and tow-mills that will in time cover the flax-growing area of the State and add thousands of dollars to farmers' bank accounts.

The French-Hickman Company also has agencies in Paris and St. Petersburg. Its American headquarters are in Boston, although it has extensive

tude of the North Dakota works. The fiber-mill is 40x200 feet in dimensions. It is two stories high on the north sixty feet, and eighteen feet in height at other parts. The storage-shed is 38x192x18 feet in dimensions, and will be used for the prepared product. The boiler- and engine-house is 28x76 feet in size, contains two 100-horse-power boilers for burning waste stuff, and a 180-horse-power Corliss engine to drive the mill machinery. From the stacks north of the mill the straw is carried, by traveling forks operated by steam, and stored in the two-story section, whence it is fed into the breaks. When the fiber is finally ready, it is baled under pressure and stored in the warehouse until ready for shipment to the parent mill at Niagara Falls.

The capacity of the mill is sixty tons of fiber per day. It will be in charge of T. R. Atkinson, who takes great pride in the venture, and is very enthusiastic respecting the future of the industry in North Dakota. It is the largest flax-fiber mill in the Northwest, and its operations will be watched with interest by everyone. The French-Hickman Co. has no connection with any other fiber companies or tow-mill concerns. It has large resources, controls valuable patents, and enjoys an enviable reputation.



INTERIOR OF THE FLAX-FIBER MILL AT FARGO, N. D.

SMUGGLING IN MONTANA'S EARLY DAYS.

A number of Montanians watched with interest the recent election in Canada on the question of prohibition. They are the men who were engaged in smuggling whisky into the Northwest Territories until a year or two ago, and they hoped that prohibition would again carry the day, and thus enable them to engage in their risky but lucrative trade.

In 1873, a correspondent says, the Canadian Government awoke to the fact that it had a large and promising country north of Montana which needed looking after. Up to that time the Hudson's Bay Company had virtually controlled the whole Dominion between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, but an annual increase of whisky-traders from the south had so demoralized its Indian trade that its great warehouses remained empty throughout the year, the robes and furs going south in the wagons of the whisky-traders. The company therefore called on the Government for aid, and laws prohibiting the introduction of malt and spirituous liquors into the Northwest Territories were immediately passed, and an organization now familiarly known as the Northwest Mounted Police was sent out to enforce them.

The police, on their arrival, immediately began the erection of a post, which they named Fort Macleod, about which a little frontier town soon sprung up, peopled for the most part by Americans from Montana. Now, Montanians are and always have been a dry people; something had to be done to quench their thirst, and a few adventurous spirits began to smuggle in whisky to allay it. The liquor was purchased in Fort Benton, for not more than \$3 a gallon, and sold in Fort Macleod for fifty cents a drink, \$5 a bottle, or \$15 a gallon. And such was the thirst of the town that, although a stream of smugglers was always on the trail, it was never assuaged.

In those prohibition days it seemed the height of everyone's ambition to be able to keep a keg of whisky on hand and to get frequently and comfortably drunk. When a man started in to drink he was not satisfied to go it alone, but must call in all his friends; consequently, at times the whole town got drunk together, and everything in sight was drunk up. When the whisky ran out, the Jamaica ginger was tackled; next, Florida water and cologne, and sometimes the extract of vanilla and lemon.

It must not be inferred that the mounted police did not try to stop the smuggling of liquor from across the line, and the illicit trade in the towns. They were always on the lookout, and caught many offenders. In the summer-time they camped out and rode the line, halting all travelers and examining their baggage. Winter and summer, they patrolled the towns day and night; but, in spite of their vigilance, the people generally had plenty to drink.

One of the most noted of the old-time smugglers was a man named E. Ornom. He had been in the business a long time, and, in spite of the utmost efforts of the police, he had never been caught. In the fall of 1886, Ornom crossed the line one night with 100 gallons of liquor loaded on pack-horses, ten gallons to the animal. He traveled over the prairie all night, and when near Belly River one of the horses fell and broke a leg, and another went so lame that he could not go on. By making a double

trip from the place of the accident to the river, Ornom managed to get all the whisky cached in the brush by daylight; and then, turning out his pack-animals to graze, he rode down to the Blood Indian camp, several miles below, to try to purchase two fresh ponies. He had only \$12 in cash with him, and the Indian he was trying to buy the horses from would not part with them for less than \$30. Ornom hated to leave any of his liquor behind, for he had contracted to sell the whole 100 gallons to a certain saloon-keeper in Macleod, and had only two days remaining in which to deliver it. So, after sizing up the Indian, he finally told him that he would give the \$12 and one gallon of whisky for the two ponies. Mr. Lo joyfully accepted the offer. Ornom then asked him for something to put the whisky in, and then, having got a gallon keg, he rode off, telling the Indian to meet him at a certain point at sundown with the ponies.

Now, the law declared, and well the Indians knew it, that a person giving information leading to the capture of a whisky-smuggler or dealer should receive half the fine. This particular Indian was very dry, and longed to feel the promised whisky burn its way down his throat; but he concluded, finally, to inform the police. "Why not?" he reasoned. "I'll get at least \$150, and with that I can go across the line and have a good, long, comfortable drunk." Thereupon he mounted his fleetest horse, and struck out for the nearest police-camp.

Night was coming on when Ornom and the Indian met at the appointed place, and exchanged their several wares. The Indian took a very long swig from the keg, coughed, patted his abdomen, and said: "Heap good!" Ornom led the ponies away, occasionally looking back over his shoulder to see if the Indian was following him, but the Indian had disappeared down the trail through the brush. Arrived at his cache, Ornom quickly saddled his horse, and had nearly finished packing the third load when a dozen policemen suddenly confronted him with leveled guns, and ordered him to throw up his hands. As they had the drop, he complied, and in a few minutes a team was driven up, his liquor was loaded into a wagon, he was told to mount his horse, and the cavalcade started for Fort Macleod. He made one attempt to escape, but got a bullet in his thigh, and was finally landed at the fort.

When the physician at the fort examined the prisoner, he found that no bone was broken. The bullet had simply made a bad wound in the flesh. Ornom complained of much pain and weakness from loss of blood, and was placed in the hospital, where he was well cared for. Here he lay for several weeks, and three times a day he had the pleasure of seeing his horse led to water from the stable just opposite. It is a mystery that will never be explained, but the fact remains that one evening, when the police were at supper, Ornom's horse was saddled and bridled and tied outside the door, and, somehow or other, the prisoner got on him and rode swiftly out of the yard and through the streets of the town southward—out upon the brown prairie. The police rushed from their mess-tables, at the sound of the leaping horse, just in time to see the half-clad rider pass through the open gate and vanish down the street. They lost no time in mount-

ing and following, but their pursuit was hopeless from the beginning. Ornom had several miles the start of them, and ere long they lost all trace of him in the darkening night. Just at daylight the next morning, the smuggler rode up to a trapper's cabin seven miles south of the line, and rolled off his horse in a faint.

Several years after this adventure Ornom concluded to make one more trip with whisky into the Canadian country. Police, as usual, were stationed all along the line, and in the town of Lethbridge, his objective point; but he thought that he was not likely to meet any of those stationed at Fort Macleod, who knew him. This time he took a four-horse team and wagon, and his cargo was twenty kegs—about 200 gallons—of whisky and brandy. He hired a man to drive the team, and himself rode ahead on his faithful old horse as the advance guard and scout. Crossing the line about 11 o'clock in the morning, five or six miles east of the Sun River and Fort Macleod road, he wound his way through the broken hills down to St. Mary's River, passing within a few miles of the police-station on the latter stream. At 5 o'clock he drove into the field of a cattleman, rolled his whisky into the high grass of a slew, and then moved up to the ranch-house for a short feed and rest.

The moon rose that night at 10 o'clock, and as soon as it appeared above the horizon the team was hooked up, the liquor reloaded, and they started on. About five miles from Pothole coulee the road forks, but these branches meet again some miles the other side of the coulee. Ornom intended to take the right-hand fork, but as he was some distance ahead, the driver swung into the left-hand one. Ornom kept on, however, supposing that the wagon was following him, and when he reached the brink of the hill looking down into the Pothole, he was startled to see a group of police tents down in the bottom. Turning, he took the back track, and was greatly relieved to find that the team had taken the other road. However, they met with no adventures that night, and, just as the sun was rising, they rolled up to a friend's ranch, seven miles from Lethbridge, and buried the liquor in his garden, not omitting to draw several gallons from one of the kegs for the rancher's use.

And now the most difficult and dangerous part of the trip was to come—the selling of the whisky. The rancher made a trip to town, and found two firms willing to buy it at \$11 a gallon, the liquor to be delivered and placed in their cellars. Ornom then moved into town, and every night the teamster packed four kegs on horses to the railway-track ditch near the station, and near morning, when the town was apparently asleep, Ornom shouldered them one by one and carried them to the cellars of his customers. A detail of police were supposed to patrol the streets nightly; but they must have slept part of the time, for the last keg of the stock was safely delivered. Bright and early one morning the smuggler and his outfit started for home, but before leaving he wrote a note, which he asked the rancher to mail that evening. The next morning the commanding officer found the following epistle in his mail:

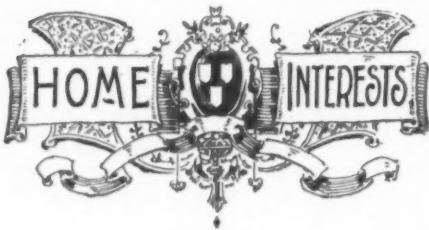
LETHBRIDGE, June 12, 188—

Major —, Commanding Officer N. W. M. P., Lethbridge, Prov. Alberta, Canada.

SIR: I have just sold 200 gallons of liquor in your pretty little town. There isn't—or wasn't while I owned it—a drop of water in it, and I advise you to sample it. It's really good stuff.

I leave this morning for free Montana, taking with me \$2,000 worth of your pale-green currency. Please catch me—if you can.

ORNOM.



Bone Jingle.

Every one knows the helpful little rhyme beginning with "Thirty days hath September," and the pupils who are grinding away at anatomy will perhaps find this one of some similar value:

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they are all in place.
How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.
How many bones in the human ear?
Four in each, and they help to hear.
How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.
How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.
How many bones in the shoulders bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.
How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each forearm.
How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.
How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.
How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.
How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.
How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the knee-pan, please.
How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each we can plainly see.
How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.
How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms are put.
How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and they are no more.
And now altogether these bones may wait.

In Praise of the Commonplace Man.

The commonplace man who has no talents is the saving grace of an evening nowadays. He never even seems to be bored by the things he hears and by the people about him. He just listens with a pleasant expression, denoting how thoroughly—I might almost say how easily—he is entertained. He advocates no reforms, makes no after-dinner speeches, indulges in no puns, is not witty and knows it—rare endowment!—and he doesn't mind taking homely and unattractive women down to supper. The men never run after him to be a feature at stag parties; he belongs to no club, has no views, never poses, never stays out nights, and no one ever calls him brilliant.

But when it comes to the home life, this commonplace man is one of God's noblemen. Have you never seen the children dashing up the street to meet him when he comes home at night? Does he ever forget to buy the baby's shoes, and doesn't he always have nickles in his pocket to be converted into juvenile prizes at a moment's notice? Make no mistake about this kind of a commonplace man. Probably he will never go to Congress, but he will go to heaven. And some say that's even better.—*Harper's Bazar*.

How Guests Dread Company Dinners.

Writing on "Making Company of Guests," Edward Bok, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, considers it a curious fact that American housewives are so loath to believe that a dinner with fuss and feathers is dreaded by the vast majority of people. The highest compliment we can possibly show a guest at dinner is to let

him partake of an ordinary meal; to let him come quietly in and "be one of the family;" yet this is the very compliment which we withhold from him. Instead of giving a guest what he would relish most, we give him what he really enjoys least.

Let a hostess be ever so graceful and tactful, let there be years of experience on her shoulders, yet nothing can conceal from her guests that the dinner which she is serving is other than an unusual one. It is a formal affair, and no amount of grace can make anything else of it. For nothing speaks so loudly nor so unerringly as a formal company dinner. Every course shows it; every movement of the waitress proclaims it; every piece of china fairly cries out the occasion.

And, of course, no one at the table really enjoys it. The guest certainly does not, because he knows he is being made company of, and that feeling is always enough to offset every enjoyment. The hostess does not, for she hasn't the time. Her eyes are for the table and her servants; not for her guest.

When Not to Keep Books.

She decided that the only way to run a house economically was to keep a set of books; so she made all necessary purchases, including a bottle of red ink, and started in.

It was a month later when her husband asked her how she was getting along.

"Splendidly!" she replied.

"The system is a success, then?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I'm sixty-six dollars ahead already."

"Sixty-six dollars!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! You'll be rich before long. Have you started a bank account?"

"No-o; not yet."

"What have you done with the money?"

"Oh, I haven't got the money, you know. That's only what the books show. But just think of being sixty-six dollars ahead!"

"Um, yes. But I don't exactly see—"

"And all in one month, too!"

"Of course; but the money? What has become of that?"

"I don't exactly know," she said, doubtfully. "I've been thinking of that, and I think we must have been robbed. What do you think we had better do about it?"

He puffed his pipe in solemn silence for a moment, and then suggested:

"We might stop keeping books. That's easier than complaining to the police."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

An Aladdin Stove.

I called on Pen de Scribe the other day, and I was therefore much astonished to see a Franklin heater standing unconnected in a corner of the parlor.

"Why do you have that thing here? Isn't the flat steam-heated?" I asked, with the familiarity of an old friend.

"That," said Pen, with evident pride in his possession, "is my Aladdin stove. It is worth its weight in silver."

My face showed its astonishment, for the stove wouldn't bring fifty cents as old iron, and would have been dear at five dollars when new.

"What is the history of the affair?" I asked.

Pen said, "I suppose the stove would have been like any other stove of its kind, ugly and inefficient, but it had to be put up; then my wife and I had our first quarrel."

"Well, after I had finally got the stove hot and cooled down myself, I wrote the 'bicker' up in the form of a dialogue and sold it to a weekly for more than the original cost of the stove. Well, it was a most refractory sort of stove, always losing a leg, or smoking, or dropping its

pipe, and I got to writing up our fallings out over it and selling them readily; and I think that sometimes, when the larder was low, my wife made the old thing misbehave in order to provide material for our tongues, and later my pen; and, somehow, I never had any trouble in selling my stuff, although my essays on art (which are my life-work) always hang fire. Finally I collected all the things that I had written apropos of housekeeping with a mulish stove (and I guess the public must own lots of similar stoves, for 'home dialogues' have been popular from the start), and last month, when it reached its fifth thousand, we decided to leave the country and come to town, and we brought the old stove for the sentiment of the thing."

"Well, but if you don't use it any more, I suppose its Aladdin-lamp qualities have departed."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Pen, "for I don't like it in the parlor—"

"And I won't have it anywhere else," said Pen.

"I see," said I; "so you've started a new series of dialogues."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Crusts from a Bachelor.

At thirty, marriage is a feast; at forty it's the bill.

More lies are told in parlors than in downtown offices.

In only one particular are all women, the world over, alike; they all like chocolates.

The reason grown people hate to have children ask questions, is because they can't answer them.

Every unsuccessful man's wife knows of a dozen successful men who haven't half her husband's ability.

The day before a woman goes to stay all night with another woman, she scratches out the number of her shoes.

Men who have committed no crimes, sometimes lie awake nights and can't sleep; but the women don't believe it.

By some strange transformation, the halo around a young man's head becomes a pair of horns after he has married.

A woman's mouth, when it is in repose, shows her character; when it isn't, it is generally showing some other woman's character.

A compliment with no foundation of truth, paid to a girl when she is sixteen, will still be cherished in her heart when she is sixty.

A girl is grateful for a Christmas gift in a more graceful way than a boy, but she is also the one who knows to a penny what the gift costs.

Some women whose tresses look as though they never had been combed, try to show that they have been by the number of combs worn in them.

When you meet a woman with a grievance, you might just as well give up all thought of doing anything but listen to it for the rest of the day.

The proper place to keep money is in a sugar-bowl, but if you want to be absolutely secure, keep your money in your stocking, and wear the stocking.

Women like to compare themselves to fawns at bay, surrounded by a pack of hounds. Still, natural history fails to relate that fawns ever get out and chase the hounds.

Some men seem to pass through life on an angle. They are always dissatisfied—always nagging themselves or some one else. They are sour whenever one meets them—on the street-cars, in stores, or as callers. Why is it that such men do not die early?

When a pretty woman utters a swear word it is considered "so chic;" when a plain one does

the same thing, with greater incentive, she is condemned as "rapid." Thus again the power of beauty is illustrated.

It is given as a reason why none of the girls in a certain Minneapolis family are married, that their mother tried to save the soul of every young man who called upon them. No young man wanted his soul saved bad enough to call the second time.

How to Curl Straight Hair.

In the curling of hair there is a certain knack to be acquired before attaining that much desired result, so dear to every owner of straight locks—the naturally curly look. Even a pretty face is improved by the addition of curls, and a plain one is softened and made more attractive by turning the harsh outline into a wavy mass, for the faces are few that can stand the classic severity of a Grecian coiffure.

The question, therefore, is how to manage one's unruly locks, how to supply, to the best of one's ability, what nature has denied—the pretty, rippling tresses which will elicit from some good-natured acquaintance the remark that she always "thought your hair was naturally curly."

First, there are numberless appliances for turning one's head into a bristling porcupine by night. When a girl surveys herself in her mirror before retiring and catches a glimpse of a disfiguring halo, which even the addition of blue bows will not render becoming, she sighs reflectively considers the discomfort of sleeping on knobs of hair, and takes the inevitable—the curling irons. To obtain most satisfactory results a tight curling is not advisable. That destroys any possible look of nature's handiwork—and surely straight locks are preferable to "frizzes."

A very important factor is that of curling the hair artistically, for there can be no illusion about a beautifully curled pompadour while the back hair is uncompromisingly straight. If a low style of coiffure is worn, it is only necessary to curl the front and sides; but where the hair is dressed high, it is most important not to neglect the back of the head. This will at first be awkward work, but will grow less difficult with practice, and nothing is prettier than a soft outline at the nape of the neck.

A Woman's Opinion of Women.

"Do you know, I think that plain women have the best of it, after all," remarked a woman recently who is so undeniably pretty that she can afford to talk despondently about it.

"Take the woman in business, for instance. Who would worry about a pretty woman's success? A man admires her for her appearance, or else doesn't think about her. His sense of chivalry isn't troubled, because he thinks every one else will be nice and considerate to a pretty girl. So far as business is concerned, he doesn't think about her at all. He considers, on principle, that a pretty woman isn't useful or clever. On the other hand, a very plain woman, who has neither beauty, style, nor manner, is apt to rouse his sympathy. She may not want it, of course, but he unconsciously thinks, 'Well, here's a girl with odds against her. I'll give her a chance.' If she proves clever, it doesn't come as such a surprise as when the pretty woman proves that she is not entirely devoid of intelligence.

"The men distrust the pretty woman, and women envy her, and she always gets credit for being designing and vain, whether she is or not. All of this does not render her position in

life very genial, if she is poor and comparatively alone in the world; and if she adds graces of mind and charm of manner to beauty of face and figure, she is not apt to make many well-meaning friends."

"Seems to me you are rather bitter this morning," observed the pretty woman's friend. "Which 'spiteful cat' has been criticizing you now, I wonder?"

"None. They don't bother me very much. I was just thinking of the trials and woes I have had which are directly traceable to what people call my 'piquant face.' If I were handsome, it would be different. I could be majestic and

cillage by buying glue and dissolving it in water.

When a pipe springs a leak, rub the place over with soap until the plumber arrives.

In recipes, "one teaspoonful" means rounded up as much above the spoon as the bowl rounds below.

A hairbrush should be frequently washed in ammonia water, and dried by standing it on its bristles in the sun.

A lamp should be filled quite full every day, and, thus used, will burn one wick many times as long as if it were only filled with oil when absolutely required.

If lamp-wicks are soaked in vinegar and thor-



A BEAUTIFUL SCENE ON THE RED RIVER AT CROOKSTON, MINN.—By courtesy of the Crookston Journal.

awe-inspiring, then; but I'm only just ornamental enough to look useless in an office or a schoolroom, and not sufficiently dazzling to pose as a professional beauty. I don't care to be a typewriter or to go on the stage, and in all other professions good looks seem to be a drawback.

"I mean it. They may enable one to get positions easily. But do they help one to keep them? I tried teaching small children once. Their mother accused me of flirting with her husband—a short, stout, apoplectic man of fifty—because he remarked in her hearing that I was a fine-looking girl. Men—the most of men whom my sisters have married—don't marry really pretty girls. They marry plain girls with pretty points, girls whose looks depend a great deal upon the way they dress their hair or put on their clothes. The average man fights shy of a beautiful wife. I shall probably end by marrying an old gentleman who wants an attractive person to preside at the dinner-table."

And then she sighed and put on her hat—without looking in the mirror.

Useful Bits of Information.

Chloroform will take ink-stains from wool. Camphor takes out many stains from wood. Hot alum-water will drive away croton bugs. Salt is the best cleaner of greasy kitchen utensils.

Soapbark, boiled in water, will remove grease from woolen materials.

Gloves should never be mended with silk, but with colored cotton thread.

A toothbrush should always stand so that it may drain when not in use.

Blonde women need a little borax to keep their locks golden; brunettes need ammonia.

Two rounded tablespoons of flour, coffee, or powdered sugar are each about an ounce.

You can make your own—and stronger—mu-

roughly dried before using, there will be no smoke.

Flour, meal, sugar, salts, spices and soda should always be sifted before measuring.

The appearance of a table is of as much importance in the eyes of a man as a well-cooked meal.

In laying away knives, apply a little sweet oil very lightly and wrap in tissue paper. This will prevent rust.

To give imitation lace the yellowish tinge so much admired in real articles, steep it for a few moments in weak tea.

No child suffering from eczema should ever be washed with soap, as it is too irritating. Use, instead, oatmeal gruel.

Apply a little lard to dirty hands before washing them with soap and water. It loosens the dirt and keeps the skin soft.

The juice of half a lemon in a glass of water without sugar, taken night and morning, is excellent for torpid liver and biliousness.

Never use pure mustard poultices for children. Their skins are too delicate. One spoonful of mustard to two of linseed meal is a good mixture.

When a nutmeg is old, it has no oil. If you are in doubt about it, pierce it with a needle. If good, oil will immediately spread around the puncture.

Proper Heating of the House.

Seventy degrees Fahrenheit is a good temperature at which to keep the house. If the ventilation is so arranged that the impure air passes out, and there is a proper supply of pure air, all the healthy members of the family will feel comfortably warm. It is a mistake to make one or two rooms hot and keep the rest of the house at a much lower temperature; no better system could be devised for producing colds.—

Ladies' Home Journal.

IN CROW WING COUNTY, NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

By E. T. Gundlach.

"Westward, ho," has been the cry for many, many years. The young man looking for opportunities, and the older-settled business man with cash to invest in a growing country, have both had their eyes on the rich soil that lies beyond the Mississippi River. Though for half a century capital and labor have been pouring into this territory, it is generally recognized, if not fully appreciated, that its resources are just in the initial stages of development.

Nor need one pass far beyond the Father of Waters to find such opportunities. All through Minnesota are districts which deserve the careful scrutiny of the investor and of the young man looking for farm-lands. As an example, let us take Crow Wing County, in which the flourishing city of Brainerd is located.

"Do you know," said R. R. Wise, one of the hotel-keepers of that town, "the people are just beginning to realize what can be made out of this section. Why, only yesterday I took a drive out into the country, and, surely, he that runs may read. Timber and timber, farms and farm-lands. I tell you, we may not build up a Chicago here, but when it comes to solid resources this section is perhaps as good as any in the country."

This sentiment is common among people living in the town and throughout the county. Brainerd is located within a hundred rods of the Mississippi, and is almost the exact geographical center of the State. One hundred and thirty-six miles to the southeast lies St. Paul, and at an almost equal distance to the northeast is Duluth. Fargo is 138 miles northwest. No healthier community is found anywhere, for the country all about lies on a level plateau with good natural drainage. By geographical location the city is assured of a development of local trade, together with that prestige which comes from larger commerce with the great centers. But it is the surrounding county upon which the hopes of Brainerd are really based. As Colonel Halsted, editor of the *Brainerd Tribune*, said in a recent article: "Brainerd has thousands and thousands of acres of hardwood near her doors that have never been touched. The world is very ignorant of the undeveloped resources of this part of Minnesota, and there is no limit to the num-

ber of wood-working institutions that could be made to pay here."

At present the city does not possess the number of manufacturing enterprises which its size and location warrant. The Northern Pacific shops, employing a large number of men, are here, and also some smaller factories; but manufacturing as a whole is still in embryo. It has been estimated that 300,000,000 feet of logs annually go down the river at Brainerd. To see these piled up, log over log, spread sometimes over the entire width of the wide Mississippi, is alone sufficient to inspire one with a feeling that here is indeed a country with resources. Comparison with towns in the East, where the farm-lands are poor, the water facilities and chances for transportation limited, and the

a local organization which is particularly well housed. The leading hotel is the Arlington,—which is so perfectly equipped that it is a standing surprise to some of the gentlemen who come from "way down East" and expect to see Indians with tomahawks meeting settlers at the grade crossing.

Crow Wing County has an acreage of 600,000. As implied above, its notable feature is the great extent of its unopened timber-land. It is generally hardwood timber—some of it in the river bottoms, other portions of it upland. There are also fertile and well-grassed brush-lands; while natural meadows, interspersed with small lakes and running streams, are numerous and notable. The winters are cold, but dry and very healthful, causing much less dis-



O. P. ERICKSON, SHERIFF OF CROW WING COUNTY, MINN.



JUDGE G. W. HOLLAND, BRAINERD, MINN.



W. A. M. JOHNSTON, CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT, BRAINERD.

timber-lands practically exhausted, will readily show that business enterprises have but begun. Comparison, also, with less distant districts, such as Wisconsin, would prove that the great West, with its unopened money-bags, begins not at the Rockies, but a thousand miles to the east.

Brainerd has a population of nine thousand. There are three busy business streets, and many residences of fine architectural design. The high school is a splendid building harboring a corps of the best instructors. The Crow Wing County court-house is another structure of which the residents are proud. Churches of nearly all denominations flourish, while the Y. M. C. A. has

comfort than in districts farther South, where the cold is moist. The snowfall is comparatively light, and the residents assert that blizzards are to them unknown.

Wheat, oats, barley, rye, flax and beans are raised on the farms, and also some corn; but root crops flourish especially. Irish and sweet potatoes grow in great abundance, so that they often spring from seed left in the ground over winter.

Live stock and animals? Well, "there's all kinds," as one huntsman expressed it. The native grasses are so nutritious that the stock thrives without solid grain food, and the farmers are not troubled with difficulties for water supplies. Like the men, the animals are healthy—such diseases as hog cholera are absolutely unknown. In this connection it might be said that the huntsman—he who hunts for sport and he who shoots game for profit—will find Crow Wing County a sort of paradise. Game abounds, thanks to the stringent laws for the protection of game. Even the much-abused prairie-chicken still finds a home here and, during seasons, may be shot; while moose and deer are annual products of the soil—like sweet potatoes and peanuts.

In conclusion, one should mention that the whole country in this section is being settled by the most energetic and enterprising class of citizens—those attracted by the invigorating climate and the diversified resources. The farmers are far above the average in intelligence, and the townsfolk are hustling business men. Hon. J. H. Koop, the mayor, has given the city a very efficient administration. The man who holds the county's purse-strings is John T. Frater, who has served as county treasurer ever since 1888. He was born in Ohio, and has lived in Brainerd seventeen years. The sheriff of the county is Ole P. Erickson, who is now serving his second term. He is a native of Sweden, came to the county just before Mr.



JOHN T. FRATER, OF BRAINERD, MINN., TREASURER OF CROW WING COUNTY.



COL. A. J. HALSTED, PROPRIETOR "TRIBUNE," BRAINERD, MINN.



THE ARLINGTON, A POPULAR CARAVANSARY AT BRAINERD, MINN.

Frater did, and has served as president and treasurer of the Brainerd school board. A Mahlum, the county auditor, was elected in 1898, and is a hard-working official. The clerk of the district court is W. A. M. Johnston, elected in 1898 and serving as deputy since 1892. He is also land agent for the St. Paul & Duluth Railway Company. Another public man, and one of the leading citizens of the county, is Hon. G. W. Holland, who has been judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District for twelve years past. He graduated from the Wisconsin University in 1868, and was admitted to the bar in '71. In that year he became attorney for Crow Wing County, an office which he held until he became judge.

Business interests cannot be mentioned in detail, but there are a few names that ought to be written down. Of the two banks, C. N. Parker is president of one—the Northern Pacific Bank, and Hon. A. F. Ferris is president of the First National. Mr. Parker is also connected with many other business enterprises in Brainerd. The real estate market is very active. Prominent among these men are Messrs. Keene & McFadden, who conduct a large real estate and insurance business, and R. S. Elder—one of the best-known land dealers in the Northwest.

In the photographic line,—if one is curious to know the maker of the many fine town, country, and woodland views seen in Brainerd,—A. M. Osphal is prominent. He came to the place about a year ago, and his artistic work has already captured the public eye. All in all, there is no better business town, and no more energetic lot of business men, in the whole State. There are excellent papers, unsurpassed social advantages, and the promise of a future that will surely add thousands of progressive people to town and county alike.

GARDEN VEGETABLES IN ALASKA.—Capt. Wm. R. Abercrombie, who was sent by the U. S. Government, some three years ago, to explore certain parts of Alaska, says that one hundred fifty miles above the mouth of the Copper River is dense vegetation, luxurious grass, and three or four kinds of edible berries. The mouth of Copper River is a wide delta containing sandbars and shallows, while sixty miles up the mouth are the Miles Glacier and the Childs Glacier. Finding it impossible to navigate the Copper River, his party went around by Prince William Sound. In his experimental garden at Valdez he raised pease, carrots, turnips, lettuce, radishes, and other garden stuff. Port Valdez was his base of supplies from Seattle, the supplies being packed in by pack-trains.

THE STORY OF A COAT.

You may think I dreamed it. Perhaps I ought to think so myself; but there hangs the coat—good English melton, dark-blue and tailor-made—to attest, in part, what I assert. Besides, I am too busy a woman to dream. I do “finishing,” at fifteen cents a garment. I am like a mother-robin, having three little, hungry mouths opening for me to fill at meal-time.

I know I was never wider awake than on the afternoon in question. I had been to take work home. It threatened rain. In the dreary suburb where I lived, goats browsed among nettles, porches sagged, windows had their eyes bunged-up with pillows. The whole frowsy, sliphod place suggested that citizens and tramps alike must sleep in their clothes. Drunken workmen stood in groups—abusing the rich, or consigning their employers to a locality said to smell of brimstone.

I had to pass through a short lane where a side gate stood open, and there were trees on the other side of the fence.

At this point a man sauntered up, tossed me a coat, and, quick as a wink, vanished among the trees. I was as one stricken dumb. Before pitching me the coat he twirled it round by its hanger in an off-hand, lofty, confident sort of way, apparently to convince me that it was not stolen. But his smile was the most reassuring, it being so cheerful and benignant that he might have been bestowing upon me a blessing.

I felt like a fool, and I know I must have looked it—standing there holding a man's coat as though it had fallen from the clouds! How should I hide it? I was afraid to throw it away. Every eye must have been staring at me. I peeped slyly at the windows, doorways, and overhanging porches, but no one appeared to notice.

Bewildered, almost imbecile from fright, I turned off at a path leading down a steep gully where a trestle-work was in process of construction. What determined this course was the most natural thing in the world. I had felt money in the small, outside pocket!

Money! Please remember that I was a half-starved mother whose fingers had to bleed for the few pennies and dimes she earned. I knew that, had the garment tongue, it might tell of crime, robbery—murder, perhaps, in this rough, ill-guarded place.

But money! It meant shoes for the children—meat—more of a dream to me than the wildest adventure could possibly seem! Oh, for a quiet corner where I might examine every pocket! Inside were books. If one should

prove a well-filled pocket-book! I became mad to investigate. Now and then a man slouched by, and a few of them eyed the coat suspiciously.

I appeared to wander for hours, like one lost and who makes no headway, but only goes round and round in a circle. Nowhere quietude, so that I could be alone; and the awful money-fever parched me till my mouth became dry and my flesh seared and withered. I felt as I imagine plants must feel in drouth-time—only they have no thoughts to torture them.

“Will I ever get home? Where am I?” I asked myself again and again. All at once I came upon a gathering—a picnic, I suppose. My knees sank under me. I could hear my heart pumping for life. I skirted the crowd, feeling their eyes scorch my back, and then I climbed a lonely hill. Near the top stood a tramp, right in my path. He was a dirty, driving sot, whose clothes looked anxious to say good-bye to him. The creature impressed me as having been buried and dug up again; he smelled like a vault.

Had he spoken, I would not have trembled so. But he just reached out and hugged me to him so tightly that I could scarcely breathe. When he let me go, still without speaking, I staggered a little way, and sank down. Oh, what a disgust I had for myself! There hovered about me a flavor of strong cheese, garlic, rum mixed with the taint of either a tomb or a dungeon. A graveyard was near; no doubt the beast had slept to leeward of some moldy, old mausoleum.

But the coat? Ah, what did the coat matter? I tried to think in which direction home lay. Absent-mindedly I slipped my hand in the small, outside pocket. The silver was gone, and one book was missing—pocket-book, most likely. Well, what difference could it make? I got home, somehow.

“What did you bring us, mamma?”

“Nothing!”

“I answered my children vaguely, and treated them as though they belonged to somebody else. I don't know when I came to myself, but when I did I reached for the coat, which I had thrown across a chair.

I found two bank-books, on different banks, the name “A. J. Maxwell,” and a memoranda, jotted down in a hasty scrawl, which read:

“One thousand dollars due July 1. Must go to city June 30.”

And this was June 30!

At each bank \$500 had been entered after above date, on debit side.

If A. J. Maxwell ever turned up, I am not aware of it. His cash balance was only seventeen dollars. At both banks he had represented himself as a traveler, giving a foreign residence, where, it seems, nobody had ever heard of such a man.

And now, what I am always asking myself when I bend with aching back over the stitching, or stoop to caress my children, is who got that money? Was it the creditor—was it the man who tossed me the coat in so jaunty a style, or was it the tramp?

I'm sure that the tramp harvested some portion of it; for on releasing me he blundered off chuckling. I fancied him gloating over having humiliated an honest woman, but now that I am calmer, I recollect having heard him mumble to himself:

“Pan-handlers won't be in it! No more sleepin'-tickets for park! Beer enough to drown a feller!”

I wonder—but what is the use? I must leave it to cooler heads than mine. And there are the children crying for their supper—poor little things!

MRS. N. B. MORANGE.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

Established 1883 by E. V. Smalley.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published in St. Paul, Minn., on the first of each month, from its offices in the Scandinavian-American Bank Building, Sixth and Jackson Streets.

THE TRADE is supplied from the St. Paul office of the Magazine, and also by the American News Co. of New York, and the Minnesota News Co. of St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: Per agate line display, 25 cents; per inch, \$1.00. Discounts for time contracts. Reading notices, 50 cents per line count.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 a year, payable in advance. New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

THE POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is paid by the Publisher. Subscribers in Europe should remit fifty cents in addition, for ocean postage.

REMITTANCES should be made by Post-Office Money Order, Bank Draft, Express Money Order, or by Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCES.—The publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped.

CONTRIBUTIONS are solicited on all interesting Northwestern topics. Stamps must be inclosed for return postage on manuscripts.

ALL MAIL should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
Cor. Sixth and Jackson Sts., ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, FEBRUARY, 1900.

THE FLOUR-MILLING INDUSTRY AND TRUSTS.

Recent newspaper dispatches assure the public that there is at least one great industry in the country which so-called trusts cannot well control. We allude to the flour-milling business of the United States. About two years ago a syndicate of capitalists sought to gain control of the flour market by getting the big mills in Minneapolis, and those at the Head of the Lakes and elsewhere, to consolidate under one gigantic management. But Charles A. Pillsbury, now dead, sat upon the proposition as impracticable, his strongest argument having been that such a combination would stimulate the hundreds of small independent mills throughout the country to greater competitive effort, and that the proposed scheme could not succeed unless all these smaller mills were bought up. This would require a mint of money and a century of diplomacy; so it was not attempted. A number of large mills were combined under one management, however, and an effort was made to operate them. It failed, for the reason that its output was but a small factor in the market, and that it did not have a sufficiency of the sinews of war.

It is not probable that any attempt to corner the flour industry could succeed. It is established on too independent ground. In many instances the local flour-mill is the one institution in which townsmen take greatest pride. It is a powerful resource to town and country alike. It exists because there is need of it—because the people could not get along without it. No other single industry does so much to promote the general well-being of farming communities and small towns. A flour-mill is the first thing that any settled agricultural district demands. It furnishes a market for grain, supplies foodstuffs for man and beast, and is usually the principal manufacturing enterprise of the entire locality.

The cost of these mills ranges from \$10,000 to \$100,000, and they enter into direct competi-

tion with the largest milling centers in the Union. Not infrequently do they combine their outputs and market them through agencies which they themselves maintain in Europe and in the big cities of our own country. Their mills are just as well equipped as those of Minneapolis, Superior, or Rochester, and their flour grades just as high. With low expenses and cheap rates of transportation, they are competitors not to be despised. Neither town nor country would stand it to have them bought up and dismantled, even if this were possible; other mills would be constructed, and the trust problem would be as insolvable as ever. Flour manufacturing is one industry that will never pass wholly beyond the control of the people.

THE TREND OF EMIGRATION.

The movement of people from the Middle-Western States to the cheaper and more fertile lands of the Northwest promises to be more active this year than ever before. All the railway lines that branch out from St. Paul and Minneapolis are anticipating a powerful growth of new settlement. Much of the unoccupied territory along these lines will soon resound with hammer and saw. New homes will be built, new barns dot the landscape, and thousands of acres of virgin soil will experience the first turning of the plow and the first gentle caress of cultivated crops. Prairie grass will make way for golden grain, and entire townships will be transformed into wealth-creating farmsteads.

It is significant that most of this new emigration will come from Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri. It shows that farm-lands in those States are now reaching the unprofitable period. When a farmer's land is burdened with a tax valuation ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre, it is weighted with a load that can be carried only by the most rigid economy. If he is not careful he will become land poor; that is, the assessed valuation of his land, together with the cost of maintaining it in fairly good condition, will more than eat up all that can be produced from it. Whenever the Eastern or Middle-Western farmer arrives at this pass, his eyes turn instinctively toward the setting sun. He knows that he can sell his expensive farm and, with only a small portion of the proceeds, purchase a larger farm and richer acres in the ever-inviting districts of the Northwest. It is this knowledge which ultimately sets his face toward Minnesota, or toward the broad fields of the Dakotas and the Pacific Coast States. He satisfies himself that naught of social, religious, and educational advantages will be sacrificed, that town advancement and country life are on a par with, if not superior to, his present environments, and then some portion of the Northwest gains another experienced farmer, dairyman, or stock-grower, and the same State is made better and richer by his sterling citizenship. It is estimated that at least four thousand families of this class of farmers will move from the States named into North Dakota alone next spring, settling upon lands along the Northern Pacific system. Probably as many more will find new homes along the Great Northern and other railway lines. They will bring money with them, and possess all the comforts and conveniences which surrounded them in their former homes.

Out in Montana the principal new settlement will be in the Gallatin and the Bitter Root valleys. In Washington the newcomers will be numbered by thousands. They will settle in all the cultivable districts, some of them to raise grain, others to grow fruit and garden products. Idaho will gain in popula-

tion, and Oregon will experience a decided growth. It is conservatively estimated that the Northwestern States will gain a new population of not less than one hundred thousand during the current year. Foreign immigration will doubtless increase these figures considerably, but to what extent it is impossible to state. The most pleasing feature of this new growth is the fact that it will come largely from the older States, and that it will comprise men of means and experience in all lines of business. They will bring with them every essential of good citizenship, and they will become wealth-producers and character-molders from the outset.

THE MINING OUTLOOK.

Not since 1892 has the mining industry of the Northwest looked so encouraging as it does today. There is scarcely a region in which a general revival is not apparent. Comparative inactivity in the gold districts of Montana the past few years has given place to new development of a very substantial character—the copper properties, as almost a matter of course, holding their own and showing no diminution of their remarkable ore deposits. In Washington the outlook is especially promising. The Republic camp in the Colville Reservation Country is now established on a basis of permanent values, and just east of it, in the northern part of the Okanogan Country, are other rich gold properties in the Palmer Mountain District. A large amount of Spokane and Canadian capital is interested in these mines, and development work has progressed with great rapidity. In the Republic camp are a number of properties that have been paying dividends for some time past, and it is confidently expected that several rich producers will soon establish the fame and permanency of the Palmer Mountain camp.

Across the international boundary-line from these Washington gold-fields are the immense mineral deposits of British Columbia. Ever since the sale of the great Le Roi and War Eagle mines, which involved considerable litigation, followed by more or less lack of harmony between mine owners and miners in other districts of the Province, new development work lagged; but now the tide is setting thitherward again, and the present year is almost certain to add a number of excellent shipping properties to the already long list.

Idaho has taken a wonderful stride forward. The present enthusiasm is reminiscent of the old Florence days, when Idaho gold brought miners and adventurers from the four quarters of the earth. Now that the mining troubles are over in the Coeur d'Alene field, the big mills of that camp will soon be producing more of the precious metals than ever. The most recent strikes have been made in the Seven Devils copper-mining district, and in the gold camps of the Buffalo Hump Country. The former is on the Snake River, which marks the dividing line between Idaho and Oregon, the latter is about fifty miles southeast of Grangeville, near the geographical center of the State. Very active development work is taking place in these districts, and much is expected of them the coming season. The Northern Pacific Railway is extending its Clearwater line toward the Hump region at a rapid rate, and The Pacific and Idaho Northern Railway is penetrating the Seven Devils District a distance of one hundred miles from Weiser.

Oregon is also making steady progress. The Baker City and Sumpter Valley districts have a number of rich producers, and the output of gold has been very satisfactory. Mining is now being made a business. A camp that has

established values, like the Baker City camp, experiences little difficulty in obtaining capital for development purposes. Speculation in mining stocks can be indulged in to one's heart's content, but speculation in mine properties—even in undeveloped prospects, belongs to a past era. In these days monied men insist on knowing what they are going to buy—they want to take an inventory of stock, so to speak.

Equally encouraging is the mining outlook in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and in the nearer gold-fields of Western Ontario, Canada, and what is known as the Rainy River District. In the Black Hills a number of recent discoveries of almost fabulous richness have been made, and in the Lake of the Woods and Seine River districts of Ontario mine after mine is producing gold bullion regularly. Look where one will, the mining industry of the Northwest lifts a fair face to promoters and investors alike, and promises magnificent returns for the closing year of the present century.

A FRIGHTENED PROSPECTOR.

"Twice in my life, up to five years ago, I had felt my hair crawl," said the prospector, "but as to its standing on end, I didn't believe such a thing possible. I was knocking about in the mountains of Idaho with a partner, when I went out alone one day to pop over some game for the dinner-pot.

"I had gone a mile or more from camp, and had descended into the bottom of a ravine to get a drink of water, when I turned the top of a fallen tree and ran plump against as pretty a sight as you ever saw. On a grassy spot, in the full blaze of the sun, lay four mountain-lions, fast asleep. For half a minute I thought them dead; but as I stood staring, with my mouth open, every one of the four sprang up with a growl.

"I had a Winchester in my hands, but I could no more have lifted it to my face than I could have uprooted the mountain. The first sensation I had, caught me in the ankles. It was a numbness as if my feet were asleep, and it traveled upwards until I stood there like a block of ice. Only my brain was left clear. On top of the numbness came a feeling that I was breaking out with a rash. Then the hair at the back of my neck began to curl and twist and crackle, and a minute later every hair in my head was on end. I had on a soft felt hat, and I am sure that that hat was lifted up an inch or two.

"As to the lions, they stood there, head-on to me, sniffing and growling and switching their tails; and, had I but moved a finger, they would have been on me. I didn't move, because I couldn't. I don't believe I moved an eyelash for three minutes. By and by one of the beasts dropped his tail, and whined. My unexpected presence and queer appearance mystified him. His actions were followed by another, and ten seconds later the four made a sneak down the ravine, growling and whining as they went.

"They had been gone a minute before I felt my blood circulating again, and perhaps it was another minute before I could move about. Then I found my hat on the ground at my feet. There wasn't a breath of wind down there, and if my hair didn't lift that hat off my head, how did it leave it? I know the hat was pushed off. I know it, because when I got back to camp my hair had not yet flattened down, and when my chum rubbed his hand over my head there was a crackling as of a rabbit running through dry brush. This state of things continued for two days, and the way I finally got the scare out of the hair was to rub on about a pint of coon's fat, and heat it in at the camp-fire."



We are glad to know that Mr. A. K. Yerkes, the former editor and publisher of the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*, is again in the harness at Ballard, Wash., where he is making a bright and interesting paper of the *News*. Mr. Yerkes is something more than a humorist; he is a man of good, practical ideas in all the channels of social and business life—just the man to help build up the best interests of whatever town he belongs to. He made a success of his Montana newspaper, and there is little doubt that he will succeed equally well in Ballard.

THE shipment of four million feet of lumber from Washington to Minnesota for use in the construction of the new ore-docks of the Duluth, Mesaba & Northern Railway, at Duluth, is a good deal like shipping coals to Newcastle. Minnesota has so sisterly a feeling for lusty Washington, however, that no serious complaints will be made. It serves to show that even so good a State as this, with all its wealth of field and woodland, is not wholly sufficient unto itself, and that Washington lumber, like some other Washington products, is bound to invade the uttermost parts of the earth, without let or hindrance.

NOT a month passes in which letters are not received at this office asking specific information respecting promising towns and localities wherein certain lines of industry may be established. It shows that capital and energy but await opportunity to give live local centers a boost industrialward. It shows, too, that every progressive town ought to have a business men's association, with a cash fund back of it, the object of which shall be to advertise local needs and to solicit and encourage new commercial and manufacturing enterprises. Capital and enterprise prefer to go where they are invited, and the best way to secure them is to go after them.

PROBABLY the most novel harvesting operations ever witnessed in the Northwest have been going on in Big Stone County, Minnesota, during the present winter. On the low places of many farms, last spring, an immense acreage of flax was sown; but the heavy rains of September flooded the fields with over a foot of water, and made it impossible for the farmers to cut their crops. Later, when the ice formed, it left the grain standing erect and in prime condition for cutting; so the reapers were brought out and the harvest was made on the ice-fields. In many instances, it is said, the grain thus saved threshed over twenty bushels to the acre, and graded No. 1.

"CAMPAIGNING IN THE PHILIPPINES" is the title of a very interesting volume just published by The Hicks-Judd Publishing Company of 21 First Street, San Francisco. It is divided into two parts. The first is written by Karl Irving Faust, who accompanied the first troops to Manila, and who remained there until the fighting was practically over. The second division contains a history of the part taken in the Philippines by the Thirteenth Minnesota, written by Lieut. Martin E. Tew. This re-

view occupies over one hundred pages, contains a complete roster of the regiment, giving every member's name, rank, and address, and it also gives the names of those who were killed or wounded in action, etc., etc. Company illustrations and other pictures help to make the book exceedingly valuable as well as attractive to all members of the Thirteenth. The work is handsomely bound, well printed and edited, and is embellished with a large number of fine half-tones.

ON January 27 the leading citizens of Ramsey, Eddy, Benson, and Nelson counties, N. D., met in convention in Devils Lake to take steps toward having the Fort Totten Indian Reservation thrown open to settlement. Speaking of the event, the Devils Lake *Inter-Ocean* says that the opening of this large territory, which comprises 300,000 acres of the richest soils, would add nearly 2,000 productive farms to the country, and increase the population of the State by at least 10,000 desirable residents. The reservation is in one of the most beautiful localities, and is near a town of 2,500 inhabitants. On one side of it runs the Northern Pacific line, and on the other side stretches the Great Northern system. It is on the southern shores of North Dakota's inland sea,—Devils Lake,—contains hundreds of acres of fine timber, living water in abundance, and is indeed an ideal region for all purposes of agriculture and stock-growing.

ST. PAUL's failure to have an ice-palace and winter carnival, once more leads us to remark that Minnesotans live in a God-favored country. The failure was due entirely to balmy winter weather. There was too much sunshine, too much genial warmth, too little ice. Funds were available, and all that, but Boreas could not provide the necessary material. What are we coming to? The multiplication of fruit-orchards throughout the State, the successful cultivation of peanuts at Brainerd, and the famous "banana walk" at Como Park, all tend to confirm Minnesotans in the opinion that their lines are indeed cast in pleasant places. It is true that we have had a bit of cold weather since the carnival scheme was abandoned, but this in nowise conflicts with the theory that we are in direct communication with the tropical belt. The same cold waves have made existence far more miserable in the Southern and Eastern States, and they have had more of them—more snow, more ice, and worse storms. All we need is a national park and a South Sea wardrobe to make Minnesota the most popular summer-resort State in the Union.

THE first season's run of the new beet-sugar factory at Waverly, Wash., was fully as satisfactory as initial attempts of this kind usually are. So far as the total production of sugar is concerned, it was disappointing; not because the sugar was not in the beets, but for the simple reason that not enough beets were grown. It is understood that the run netted about 4,000 sacks of the best quality of white sugar. Mr. D. C. Corbin, the owner of the factory, informs us that he has proved that the Palouse Country is very well suited to the business. The beets grown were high in purity and sugar contents, and it is, he says, only necessary to have the land put in proper condition to assure a generous tonnage. He asserts that the weak points of the past season are easily remedied, that he will be in better shape for business the coming year, and that he has no doubt of meeting with reasonable success. The chief drawback the first season lay in the fact that very few farmers in that locality had

ever raised sugar-beets. The secret of successful sugar-beet culture lies in the preparation of the soil and in the proper cultivation of the crop. All this knowledge will come with a little more experience, and then the acreage question will be solved. The Waverly plant is one of the best in the country. Under the management of Mr. Corbin, and with his active influence at work among Palouse farmers, there is little doubt that the output for the coming season will be eminently satisfactory.

++ ++ ++

A PERSONAL letter from Mr. J. K. Hudson, editor of the Topeka (Kan.) *Daily Capital*, states that on March 13 the editorship, management, and absolute control of that paper will be placed in the hands of Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of that city, in order that he may illustrate his conception of the Christian daily newspaper. Mr. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps," a book which has been widely circulated in both this country and Europe, is a man of marked convictions, and possesses undoubted talent. His idea seems to be that only known fact should be published in a paper, and that naught whatever should be printed that excites the imagination or tends in the slightest degree to sensationalism.

++ ++ ++

It may be that his ideal newspaper is, after all, only what any good daily paper would be were it edited well and carefully. The average daily is a sort of catch-all. To fill its huge pages and to fill them quickly, everything is dumped into them—be it news in fact or the worst and most inconsequential drivel that pin-headed local "specials" can send in. If Rev. Mr. Sheldon will shut out such stuff, and fill his paper with straight news of the day, without religious cant or color, the people will take to his sort of journalism kindly; but if he undertake to make it a daily series of lectures on morality, right-living, and so-called Christian fellowship, the regular patrons of the *Capital* will thank their stars that his editorial control is limited to seven days.

++ ++ ++

EDITOR EATON of the Townsend (Mont.) *Messenger* has entered the arena as an out and out enemy of pet dogs. In a recent editorial he inveighs against these little animals so bitterly, yet so naively withal, that one is tempted to believe that some household pet has just nipped him by the heel or torn his trouser's-leg. He writes in deadly earnest, however; and when so capable a man climbs his tripod to wage war against pugs, poodles, sky-terriers, etc., it must be that there is something in the subject which merits serious consideration. Perhaps the Montana man, seeing some woman whose affections were evidently wrapped up in a blanketed and otherwise coddled dog, lavishing upon him greater care than she bestowed on her children, experienced so excusable an attack of bile that the editorial resulted as a matter of necessity. In such a case we would not censure him. No doubt one learns to think a great deal of these useless little pets—and frequently they are so cute and so intelligent that they take one by storm; still, it always seems to us bad form, to say the least, to lug them around in public, and yet worse taste to kiss and hug and fondle them as one would a clean and wholesome baby. Birds and dogs and cats are given us to care for—perhaps as a sort of kindergarten for all the gentler, kinder offices of humanity, but one needs to beware the nausea which follows overdoses of even the sweetest things in life.

++ ++ ++

ELSEWHERE in this number is a contribution on the "Evolution of Western Journalism" to which many newspaper men will probably

take exceptions. It strikes us that some of the deductions of the author are not warranted by facts. In one of the closing paragraphs he makes a prominent character say that at the present time "the successful country editor is one who has metropolitan ideas." There are few, we think, who will agree to this. The word "metropolitan" is oftentimes sadly misused. It is not applicable to every town and village—it is not the word to use if one wishes to portray the chief merits of the country press. There is the *Journal* of Crookston, Minn., for instance, one of the neatest papers typographically, and one of the newest and best-edited weekly papers, in the State. If the owner tried to make a metropolitan paper of it, he would fail; and he would deserve to fail. On the contrary, he tries to make it a thoroughly up-to-date local or district paper, and in this he has succeeded. This is only one of many excellent papers that might be named. They are found in North Dakota, in Montana, in Washington, in Oregon, a few in Idaho, and a score or more of them in the North Star State. Wisconsin also produces some good weekly papers. In every instance these best weekly papers are strong locally. They have the faculty of getting hold of subscription and business-making town, country, and district news, and then they have the ability to convert this news into well-written matter.

++ ++ ++

SUCH editors do not rack their brains for metropolitan ideas; they are constantly on the hunt for ideas of paramount local interest. The whole secret of their success lies in making their respective papers reflect local needs, local enterprises, local social and business life—local, county, and district events of every description. And they are men of sterling ability—they have to be, if they would succeed. Of all the misplaced things on what is called the country press, an ignorant editor is most to be pitied. The successful editor we speak of is brainy, cultured, well-read, well-informed, and he is a leader and a positive influence in all enterprises which concern his district. The metropolitan newspaper editor finds in him his sharpest and most dreaded critic, and the sycophantic office-seeker shuns his pointed pencil as he would the devil. So far as general information goes, whether it be knowledge of politics or of the latest and most popular book, he is metropolitan; but his paper and its contents are what we have already described them to be.

++ ++ ++

A SIXTEEN-PAGE paper is common enough in St. Paul or Minneapolis, but when it comes from a little town in far-off Alaska it assumes greater importance. The New Year edition of *The Daily Alaskan*, published in Skagway, consisted of sixteen large pages seven columns in width by twenty-one inches in length, all of which was home print. The finely illustrated title-page represents Skagway as the gateway to the gold-fields at Cape Nome and in the Atlin Lake and Klondike districts. On every page are well-displayed advertisements of local business men—ranging from attractions in dry-goods to fancy stationery and choice toilet articles. The news features cover all Alaska—its past, its present, and its prospective future. We learn that, though Skagway's population sometimes runs as high as ten thousand, its resident population is about four thousand. One U. S. commissioner and a U. S. deputy marshal constitute the entire force of the town for the preservation of law and order, yet the total number of criminal complaints of all classes for 1899 was only 141, the great majority of cases having been of minor character. There are 286 business establishments,

eighteen hotels, five churches, one bank, sixteen saloons, ten doctors, and twelve lawyers. The town has electric-lights, a live Chamber of Commerce, and many other improvements and institutions that would do credit to much older places back here in the States.

FISH AND GAME IN THE ATLIN-TESLIN COUNTRY.

The Skagway *Alaskan* says that glowing stories of an abundance of game and fish in the Upper Yukon Basin are told by G. White-Fraser, who has arrived in Skagway on his way south from the interior, where he has spent eight months in Dominion Government work. He says:

"While making astronomical and other observations along the sixtieth parallel of latitude this summer, I and my party traveled eastward from Atlin Lake to Teslin, and in so doing passed through a country that is a paradise for huntsmen and fishermen.

"The lakes and streams are alive with arctic trout, hungry, gamy graylings and other fish, and in various places we found black, brown, and grizzly bear, and deer, moose, mountain-sheep, mountain-goats, beaver, ptarmigan, and grouse.

"In a lake with a surface not more than two acres in area, lying thirty miles east of Teslin Lake, I found grayling so numerous that every time I dropped a line with three flies attached, all three would be taken simultaneously. This eagerness to bite was exhibited not once only, but so long that I became tired of the sport. My hooks were too large for the small mouths of the graylings, and I did not land as many as I otherwise would have done, but I took a great many. After I had become sated of the indulgence, I stooped low to the water's edge and swished about my feet the end of the line to which the flies were attached. A horde of the graylings made for the hooks, and followed as they played on the surface. It was the sight of a lifetime. The graylings are about the size of brook trout, ranging from two pounds, maximum, down. The flesh is delicious. It was June when I found so many of these fish in the little lake. I also found many in other waters in the country, streams as well as lakes. They can be caught until autumn.

"Arctic trout abound in Atlin and Teslin lakes in great numbers, and are large and beautiful. Whitefish are also taken, some of them weighing thirty pounds.

"I have known men with seines to make hauls and get so many fish in waters of the district as to be scarcely able to land them all.

"We killed grouse in quantities. There were blue grouse galore. I shot a moose, a mountain-sheep, a bear, and three beavers."

AN ANIMAL'S INHERITED EDUCATION.—All animals inherit an education which in common language goes by the name of instinct. A Canadian professor convinced a friend who did not believe in this inherited faculty in this way: He bought a baby beaver of a hunter, and sent it to his skeptical friend. The creature became a great pet in the house, but showed no signs of wanting to build a dam until, one morning, a leaky pailful of water was put on the floor of the back kitchen. The beaver was there. He was only a baby, to be sure, but the moment he saw the water oozing out of a crack in the pail, he scampered into the yard, brought in a chip, and began building a dam. His owner was called, and watched the little fellow, very much astonished at what he saw. He gave orders to have the pail left where it was, and the industrious beaver kept at his work four weeks, when he had built a solid dam all around the pail.

LITTLE WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

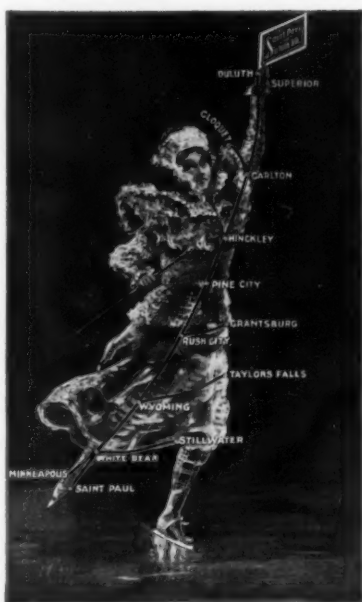
Chock-a-block with Christmas turkey,
Little Willie slept and dreamed;
In a train of regal splendor
He was journeying, it seemed.
There was neither jar nor jiggle,
(Strange how dreams seem real as truth!)
And, emblazoned on the coaches,
He saw "St. Paul & Duluth."

"That's all right," dreamed Little Willie,
"Wait until we hit a curve,
Then we'll skid around it slantwise,
In a way to test the nerve."
Yet, though Willie watched and waited
For a curve or steep incline,
The road was level as a mill-pond;
Straight as any deacon's spine.

Glancing at the flying landscape,
Willie dreamed blue lakes were seen,
Set like sheets of liquid turquoise
'Mid the pine-trees, cool and green;
Then, considering the comforts,
Pleasant route, and road-bed fine,
Little Willie ceased to wonder
Why so many used that line.



A STRING OF ATTRACTIONS.



AN EASY-RUNNING ROUTE.



A BARE WHITE BOY AT WHITE BEAR LAKE.

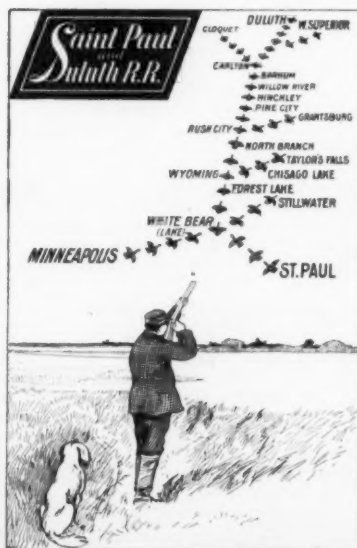


SAINT PAUL IS DELIGHTED.

May your sorrows pass as quickly as our speedy "Day Express;"
May you all the solid comforts of our "Limited" possess;
May your line of life be longer than our short and easy route;
May you prosper as our line has done; may all your "specs" pan out.
And when your run is finished, may your home be up on high,
Where you'll feel the heat no more than at our northern terminus.
Meantime, may every year that comes surpass the one just flown,
And when your routing passengers, remember
O. E. STONE.

The above is one of the clever advertising ideas originated by "Cal" Stone, general passenger agent of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad. Mr. Stone was among the first few railroad men who broke away from the old, stereotyped advertising methods employed by the railroads, believing that bright and original methods were as important in railroad advertising as in any other line of business.

It was in 1897 that he became general passenger agent of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad.



A MAN, A DOG, AND A GUN.

A QUEER PEOPLE.

It is said that on King's Island, in Behring's Straits, thirty miles off Port Clarence and the shores of Alaska, there are about 200 of the most curious islanders that ever were seen. The island, or the rock they inhabit is about half a mile wide and little more than that distance long, and the islanders are cave-dwellers and live on whale blubber, seal, and walrus meat. On the southeast side, closely nestling against the cliff, is a village of the cave-dwellers. One adobe is built over and under the other, and to the right and left, presenting a most curious appearance. These strange people are usually as strong and vigorous as can be found anywhere. They have no government, no chief, and need no laws. Living in families, and setting forth every day in their kiaks for the whale, seal, and walrus, they return each night to their caves, or pole-tents, caring nothing for the outside world. They are respected for their sagacity, but that is all. They add little to the sum of human existence, either one way or another.



Mothers.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Expansion in Northern Wisconsin.

The wise man who bought a farm on easy payments, and the wise manufacturer who erected a factory in

Francisco early Thursday morning. These are Pullman tourist cars similar to those run on all transcontinental lines, and the charges for berths are about half those regularly charged. To persons who have made the trip to California via other routes, this Southern route will prove a most delightful change, and to persons contemplating a trip to Texas or Mexico, it furnishes facilities heretofore unoffered. Full particulars furnished by J. P. Elmer, G. A. P. D., 5th & Robert Sts., St. Paul.

Tourist Resorts Reached Via The Iron Mountain Route.

Winter tourist tickets at greatly reduced rates now on sale to Hot Springs, Ark.; San Antonio, Galveston, Texas; Mexico, California, and principal winter resorts in the southwest. Also, on the first and third Tuesday of each month, we will sell home-seekers' excursion tickets to certain points in the West and Southwest at greatly reduced rates. Tickets good twenty-one days from date of sale, with stop-over privileges. For rates and other information, address Bissell Wilson, D. P. A., 111 Adams St., Chicago.

Personally Conducted Tours to California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping-Cars

via Chicago Great Western Railway to Kansas City, and Santa Fe route to Los Angeles and Southern California. Only line having new Pullman tourist sleepers equipped with wide vestibules, steam-heat and gaslight. One of these new sleepers leaves St. Paul at 8:10 A. M. every Monday, via Chicago Great Western for Los Angeles and Southern California via Kan-

points. Service and equipment among the best, rates lower than via other lines. The shortest route between Chicago and Buffalo. Uniformed colored porters attend the wants of passengers in day coaches.

An Important Announcement.

On the first page of this number of the magazine is an advertisement of The Harvester King Company of Harvey, Ill. Since the form in which it appears was run off the press, instructions were received to the effect that the Acme Harvester Company, of Pekin, Ill., has bought the business of The Harvester King Company, and will consolidate it with its own. The Acme Company will push the manufacture and sale of the Harvester King binder, the Craver header, and the Harvester King mower, and the output of these famous implements will be larger than ever.

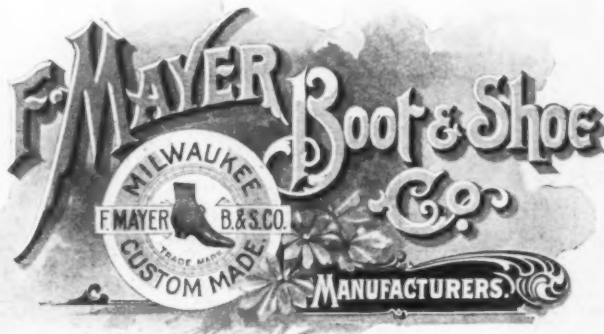
Can Scalp and Skin Diseases be Cured?

That so-called specialists often take advantage of human needs to work off on the public many worthless nostrums is no doubt true, but the fact only renders more conspicuous the virtues of remedies of real merit. Rockolean, a remedy advertised elsewhere in this issue, is a hair restorer and scalp and skin remedy that does all that its manufacturers claim for it. In other words, it does restore one's hair; it does cure dandruff and all scalp diseases; it relieves and cures eczema, salt-rheum, chilblain, and rash; and it is also a good dressing for the hair, eyebrows, beard, or mustache. If one is troubled with falling hair, dry hair, or itching scalp, Rockolean will effect a safe and speedy cure. It is made from pure petroleum, and is ab-

MAYER'S SCHOOL SHOES WEAR LIKE IRON.



HERE WE MAKE THE SHOES.



HERE WE CARRY THE STOCK.

If you want a reliable line of Footwear with which you can increase your trade, buy MAYER'S MILWAUKEE CUSTOM-MADE SHOES. We make all grades and styles on good fitting lasts that are up-to-date. OUR SPECIALTIES ARE MEN'S AND LADIES' FINE SHOES and OXFORDS, but we also make an extremely good line of Heavy and Medium Weight EVERY DAY SHOES from Oil Grain, Kangaroo Kip and Calif. Send for samples, or write us, and we will have our salesmen call on you.

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO., Manufacturers, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Northern Wisconsin a few years ago, when times were not as prosperous as they are now, are reaping their reward. Northern Wisconsin is feeling expansion in the truest sense of the word. Opportunities have not passed, by any means. There are still thousands of acres of rich hardwood timber-lands awaiting the settler as well as the manufacturer, which can be obtained at low figures on easy terms. Good roads, fine school-houses and other improvements are increasing, and civilization is progressing. The plenitude of iron ore, clay, kaolin, marl, and timber-lands supplies the wants of everybody. Transportation facilities are unexcelled. The Wisconsin Central Railway, a strictly Badger State Road, pierces the rich northern portion of the State, offering excellent transit service to the markets of the world. Those interested can obtain maps, illustrated pamphlets, etc., by applying to W. H. Killen, Land and Industrial Commissioner, Colby & Abbot Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis. Burton Johnson, G. F. A.; Jas. C. Pond, G. P. A., Milwaukee, Wis.

Through Tourist Sleeping-Car Service to Texas, Old Mexico and California

via Chicago Great Western Railway to Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas & Texas, San Antonio & Arkansas Pass, and Southern Pacific Railways through Dallas, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. Only through car line from the Northwest to Texas points and connecting at Spofford Junction for all points in Old Mexico. These cars are in charge of an experienced official, and leave St. Paul every Friday at 11:20 P. M., reaching Dallas the following Sunday, San Antonio on Monday, El Paso on Tuesday, Los Angeles at noon Wednesday, and San

Francisco early Thursday morning. These are Pullman tourist cars similar to those run on all transcontinental lines, and the charges for berths are about half those regularly charged. To persons who have made the trip to California via other routes, this Southern route will prove a most delightful change, and to persons contemplating a trip to Texas or Mexico, it furnishes facilities heretofore unoffered. Full particulars furnished by J. P. Elmer, G. A. P. D., 5th & Robert Sts., St. Paul.

The Cardinal Points

In favor of the Nickel Plate Road are safe and easy roadway, fine trains, luxurious equipment, and fast time. These, combined with a solid through vestibuled sleeping and dining-car service, make the Nickel Plate Road a desirable route between Chicago, Ft. Wayne, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York, Boston, and all points East. The travelling public already know that the rates via this road are lower than other lines.

Home-seekers' Excursion Tickets

to nearly all points in the United States on sale at all ticket offices of the Chicago Great Western Railway on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays of February, March, and April, at the very low home-seekers' rate of one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good for return within twenty-one days from date of sale. Persons contemplating a trip will save money by calling on J. P. Elmer, G. A. P. D., 5th & Robert Sts., St. Paul.

A Peerless Trio

of solid through express trains daily via the Nickel Plate Road between Chicago, Ft. Wayne, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York City, Boston, and intermediate

points. Service and equipment among the best, rates lower than via other lines. The shortest route between Chicago and Buffalo. Uniformed colored porters attend the wants of passengers in day coaches.

A Dustless Floor Brush.

Agents wanted everywhere. Big rush. Stupendous demand by business people. Our patent dustless Floor Brush. Greatest agents' seller ever produced. \$10 per day easily made. Enclose return postage.

HOUSEHOLD SUPPLY CO.,
216 Washburn Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

To Cure a Cold in One Day,

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

Lodge—"This, from all appearances, is an enterprising town."

Hodge—"From what appearances, pray?"

Lodge—"Well, the number of lamp-posts, for instance."

"How do you figure out that they are proofs of enterprise?"

"Easily enough; they demonstrate that the male citizens have visible means of support."

A Prediction

Although the past season has been the most prosperous business period in the history of the Northwest, it is predicted that the coming spring and summer will see **WISE BUSINESS MEN** reaping still larger benefits. Good crops, good prices, lots of money, and **INCREASED CONSUMPTION** among all classes, will create a tremendous demand for **ALL KINDS OF MERCHANDISE.**

To reach this trade, whether it be the retail trade or the customers to whom they sell, wholesalers, manufacturers and specialists should advertise regularly in



which goes to thousands of **STOREKEEPERS** and to other thousands of well-to-do houses every month.

Write us for our rates, and see what we can do for you.



The only Minneapolis and St. Paul road using **BUFFET LIBRARY CARS** in its Omaha service.

MONON ROUTE

The **DIRECT LINE** Between

CHICAGO,

INDIANAPOLIS,

CINCINNATI,

LOUISVILLE,

WEST BADEN

and

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS

L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Pass. Agt.,

MINNEAPOLIS.



The BEST BOOK CASE Ever Invented.

The "Wernicke Elastic"

shelves hold 10 books or 10,000.

"Always complete, never finished."

Every library needs them.

See these simple, convenient, inexpensive wonders at our store.

91 East
Sixth Street,
St. Paul.

HENRY E
WEDELSTAEDT
& CO.

Stationers,

Send
For
Catalogue.

Stationery, Monogram Dies, Engraving, etc., in all latest effects. Call and examine sample book.

Wealth in Six Months!

Many a man came away from Cape Nome, Alaska, last summer with a comfortable fortune in gold dust, gained by one summer's work.

You may do the same in 1900. It won't cost you much to try, and you have the chance of becoming wealthy in six months.

Full information, maps, sailing dates of steamers, rates, etc., **FREE**, from

F. I. WHITNEY,

St. Paul, Minn.

**Burlington
Route**

BEST LINE TO CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.

"THE LIMITED," the finest train in the world, leaves Minneapolis 7:20 P. M., St. Paul 8:05 P. M., every day. Electric lighted, steam heated, has compartment and standard sleepers, reclining chair cars, coaches and dining car on cafe plan. "THE SCENIC EXPRESS" leaves Minneapolis 7:40 A. M., St. Paul 8:15 A. M., except Sunday. Ask your home agent for tickets via this line, or address

P. S. EUSTIS,
Gen'l Pass. Agent,
CHICAGO, ILL.

GEO. P. LYMAN,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINN.



Arrangements have been about completed in Milwaukee for the erection of an extensive modern sanitarium to cost \$125,000 to \$175,000.

The Stevens Point Textile Starch Company has been incorporated with \$30,000 capital stock. Buildings will be erected and machinery installed at the earliest date.

A clam-digger at Lynxville exhibited at Prairie du Chien recently the finest pearl yet found in the river there. It weighed twenty-five grains, is red and remarkably brilliant, and its estimated value is \$1,000.

The Superior *Inland Ocean* is authority for the statement that the mills at the head of the lakes made 1,748,825 barrels of flour during 1899. This is a falling off of 711,000 barrels as compared with 1898, due to the fact that the mills were idle during the negotiations which resulted in their being sold to the U. S. Flour-Milling Company. They will probably run fuller time than ever this year.

The Superior *Telegram* says that the real estate situation in Superior so far for the year 1900 has been in a healthful condition. The advances have not been so large as to indicate a boom market, nor has the demand been so active as to justify sellers in putting boom prices on their property. The sales that have been made are legitimate, and in most cases property has been bought on the basis of a probable certain revenue from it either as it stands or unimproved. A noticeable condition is the large amount of buying for improvement.

The Marshall-Wells Hardware Company of Duluth will erect a magnificent wholesale building on Lake Avenue. The main building will be 200x220, and seven stories and basement in dimensions. The foundations and first story will be of stone, and above that of Menomonic red pressed brick. The building will be equipped throughout with standpipes and a sprinkler system. There will be three fire-walls. A detached building for iron and pipe, to be of brick, will be 100x200 in size. Both buildings will have trackage into them, dock connection alongside, and every facility for quick and economical handling of goods.

Minnesota.

A new factory for the manufacture of logging-sleds is to be erected in Duluth by the Northwestern Manufacturing Company.

New Ulm's high-school building will cost about \$30,000 when completed. The town has made many costly improvements the past year, and has a number of others projected.

Lake City is happy over its \$15,000 city hall, which was recently dedicated. It is said to be one of the handsomest and most conveniently arranged city halls in the State.

Duluth is gloating over the fact that nearly a million dollars were expended there last year in building improvements, and that 1900 promises a still larger growth. The city is in a very prosperous condition.

The Northwestern Grass Twine Company, of St. Paul, has been buying nearly 5,000 acres of wire-grass lands in Anoka County, the cash consideration having been \$28,500. The product of this low-lying land will be cut and used in the manufacture of grass-twine and other articles made by the company.

The Northwestern Grass Twine Company, with headquarters in St. Paul, contemplates making a fine exhibit of its various manufactures at the Paris Exposition. Its exhibition space will be fitted up with twine, matting and furniture made of grass-twine—the ceiling and panels both being of this handsome material. The display will comprise chairs, stands, fancy wares, and many pretty and useful novelties for homes and offices.

During 1899 the number of engines and cars entering and leaving the St. Paul Union Depot was 299,786, an increase of 32,207 over 1898. The average per day was 739. The total number of passenger trains entering and leaving the depot was 43,440, or about 130 trains

daily. In the line of baggage 664,287 pieces were handled, and 42,626 tons of mail were received and sent out.

The standing pine belonging to the State of Minnesota is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. This pine, the State officials estimate, is increasing in value at the rate of three and one-half per cent per annum, compound interest. At this rate it should be worth \$30,000,000 in twenty years.

Duluth now stands at the head of every other primary grain market in the world as a market for flaxseed. The receipts of flaxseed during 1899 were 8,679,913 bushels, the greatest year in the history of this market. The receipts for the year show an increase of 1,858,088 bushels over the receipts of 1898, which is the greatest previous year in the history of the local market. Flax is getting to be one of the leading farm products of Minnesota and the Dakotas.

North Dakota.

The Devils Lake *Inter-Ocean* says that that go-ahead place needs a creamery, a modern hotel, a flax-fiber mill, a broom-factory, more houses, more business blocks, more real estate men, and a whole lot of other things. It is an up-to-date town now, but there are a crowd of live men up there who are always reaching out for something new.

There are three free rural mail deliveries in North Dakota: The Mayville route, serving 560 persons; the St. Thomas route, serving 750 persons; and the Wahpeton, serving 450 persons. Pieces of mail delivered and collected for the fiscal year 1898-99 foot up as follows: At Mayville, 25,490; at St. Thomas, 13,298; at Wahpeton, 11,281. The salary of the carriers has been increased from \$400 to \$500 per annum.

The North Dakota national banks had on hand last December individual deposits to the amount of \$6,225,491, an increase of more than \$700,000 in the amount of deposits in these banks, compared with the September showing. The loans and discounts aggregated \$5,467,909, being an increase of nearly \$500,000 in this line of business. The average reserves held by the North Dakota banks is 23.38 per cent. On Dec. 2 the various resources of 116 State banks aggregated \$9,200,448, and the cash on hand \$3,053,223. The individual deposits were \$4,617,325, with certificates of deposit amounting to \$2,315,630.

Wagner Brothers raised 6,500 bushels of flax last summer on about 350 acres of land. The flax is unusually clean and of a fine quality, and for this reason the Duluth commission men offered the owners fifteen cents a bushel over the market price. Among other very large yields of flax in this same vicinity—Churchs Ferry, Ramsey County—last year was that of Ever Enger. He raised 2,500 bushels from 105 acres of leased land two miles north of town. Six years ago Mr. Enger was poor. Today he is one of the many prosperous farmers of the county. He paid recently \$2,500 for 130 acres, and now controls over 300 acres.

President Mellen of the Northern Pacific says that four thousand families will move into North Dakota this year from Europe. This will mean easily 25,000 people. The population of that State in 1890 was 182,710. Cass County had one-tenth of the people then. The census next year will show great growth in population in North Dakota especially. Cass County should reach 30,000 easily. Fargo has close to 12,000, and Casselton, Mapleton, Davenport, and the many other villages and the country districts will add easily 18,000. The grow of the counties along the Cheyenne and Missouri rivers has been large. Ward County had a population of 1,600 in 1890. The country along the Mouse River is now showing large increase in population by the incoming of a new immigration. So says the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

South Dakota.

Considerable railroad building is in prospect for the Black Hills. A number of short spurs are projected to the new mining-camps.

The C., M. & St. P. will build a branch from Yankton to a point on the Platte River. The survey has been completed, and construction is begun.

There is a twenty-acre clay bed, just outside the city limits of Hot Springs, which is believed to be well adapted to the making of brick. Indianapolis parties are investigating the find.

News of a remarkable discovery of gold ore reached Lead in the Black Hills recently. George Trebilcock, Walter Pascoe, Manuel Russell, and Thomas Bassett, all of Lead, have worked two claims in Bear Gulch District for four years. At a depth of fifteen feet three distinct ledges were encountered, ranging from four to fifteen inches in thickness. The ore resembles the rich Grantz ore, and it is estimated by experts

Telephone 754-2.

R. S. CRANDALL. G. W. FLETCHER.
E. A. HOUGHTON.

ECLIPSE VIEW CO.,

Landscape and Commercial Photographers.

PHOTOGRAPHS for Sale and to Order.

DEVELOPING and Printing for Amateurs.

KODAKS for Sale and Rent.

FILMS and DRY PLATES.
ENLARGING and COPYING.

General Views of Duluth. Interiors and Exteriors of Residences, Stores, Mills, Factories, etc. Lumbering Views, Marine Views.

All Work Warranted.

30 Fourth Ave. West, Corner First Street,

DULUTH, MINN.

M. DORAN & CO.

ST. PAUL, MINN.,

The oldest firm in the Northwest doing a

Banking and Brokerage Business.

STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Direct private wires to all leading markets.

Germania Life Insurance Bldg., Ground Floor,
Fourth and Minnesota Sts.



THE WALDORF, FARGO, N. D.
SAM MATHEWS, Proprietor. Rates, \$2 to \$3 per day.

250,000 ACRES WILD LANDS
at \$5 to \$12 per acre. Improved Farms.
Lands very rich and convenient to railroad in
Western Morrison County.

Write for information.
W. J. SULLIVAN,
SWANVILLE, MORRISON CO., MINN.

Washburn County Lands.

OUR OUT-OVER LAND will be placed on the
market December 1st.

Will be Sold on Easy Terms. For particulars write

RICE LAKE LUMBER CO., Rice Lake, Wis.

Good Land Cheap In Central Minn. sota. WILD LANDS \$3 to \$6 per acre. Improved lands, \$5 to \$20. Long time, low interest. Corn and tame grasses raised. Send for free circulars and mention this magazine. A. MURRAY, Wadena, Minn.

ALLEN, Taxidermist, Mandan, N. D.

Relieved with
SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

that it will average \$50,000 gold to the ton. The gold is in coarse grains, and pans readily. Bear Gulch District is located twenty-five miles northeast of Lead.

South Dakota has a business men's association which is made up of members from every portion of the State. The purpose of the organization is to further the business interests of the State at large, not only by the discussion of subjects of general interest, but that united, and therefore effective, action may be taken on matters affecting the development of the State generally.

Next year will see more railroad building in South Dakota than any three years combined of the past ten years. The railroads in the State last fall had more business than they could get cars to handle. Prosperity has come to stay, for the people have almost entirely got their debts paid off, and are producing double the amount each that it costs them to live.—*Pierre (S. D.) Rustler.*

Montana.

It is reported that the Northern Pacific will expend \$50,000 to \$100,000 in the erection of a new freight depot and warehouse, of stone or brick, and enlarging the wool warehouse, in Billings.

The *Western Mining World* says that Montana will not bring up the rear as a future gold producer. With \$5,000,000 of gold and \$20,000,000 of silver standing to her credit for 1899, saying nothing about her millions of copper values, her gold-fields promise enlargement and greater richness. Over 12,000 men are engaged in her mines, added improvements are contemplated, and every indication points to a busy, successful year in the mining field of the State. Look where one may are evidences of confidence, of renewed activity, and of enterprises upon a larger scale in Montana's mining area. The year 1900 opens with a cheering outlook for the miners of the State.

Report reaches this city of a rich strike in the Broadwater mine at Rochester, says the *Virginia City Madissonian*. The company which recently secured control of this valuable mining property is pushing development work with a vim that indicates its confidence in the mine. The manager is at the mine personally, supervising the work. Men are sinking the shaft and are now down 400 feet. From the 400-foot station a cross-cut was run to the vein, which is reported to be fifteen feet wide, and the further wall had not been reached yet. The ore is said to be high grade. There are no less than four deals now on for the purchase of some of the best known and richest properties near this city, properties that have in the past been but poorly managed, yet have paid handsomely. The working of these properties will make Virginia City a lively camp next summer. The negotiations of some of the deals have so far progressed that the *Madissonian* has no hesitation in saying that this year there will be a greater amount of quartz-mining in the immediate vicinity of Virginia City than ever before in the city's history. Among those we have in mind is the famous old Bambo Chief and neighboring properties.

Idaho.

The Idaho University has twenty professors and instructors, three tutors, and its principal building was erected at a cost of over \$70,000.

Reports of rich strikes come from the Miller Mountain District, discovered last year, northeast of Boise City. It is said that in one claim, the Magnolia, a three-foot vein of ore runs \$600 in gold.

With its new railways and new mining districts in full operation by the time the season of 1900 is well open, Idaho will have added to the sum of her prosperity a very large item. The State is just getting in shape to do some successful expanding.

The total production of metals in Idaho during the year 1899 is estimated at \$13,623,448, divided as follows: gold, \$2,500,000; silver, \$6,103,028; lead, \$4,990,410; copper, \$60,000. The gold production increased from \$1,895,566 in 1898. The production of silver and lead was seriously interfered with by the disturbances in the 'Coeur d'Alenes in the early summer. The total of all metals for the year is practically the same as last year.

The stockholders of the Farmers' Irrigating Canal held a meeting recently and manifested much interest in their vast new enterprise. They concluded to renew work on the canal on the first day of February. The Farmers' Canal runs through the Marysville Country down to Vernon, a distance of about fifteen miles. The project was carried on entirely by the farmers, who, as a rule, are handicapped by poverty. This makes the enterprise all the more commendable.

Oregon.

A farm in Josephine County brings an annual income of between \$14,000 and \$15,000. The products are hay, grain, potatoes, and 400 head of fat cattle.

Woolen-mills in Oregon are unable to fill their orders, simply because their capacity is not great enough. This certainly proves that more mills are needed. And they should be erected in the wool centers. The Dalles is the biggest wool center in Oregon, therefore it should have the biggest woolen-mills.—*So says the Dalles Times-Mountaineer.*

The Portland *Oregonian* says that the mines of Oregon cannot fail to act as a magnet to draw capital and population to the State during the current year. Their extent and richness; their location in or near the centers of civilization; the advantages of a mild climate and easy transportation, must appeal to people who saw in opposite conditions and environment insuperable obstacles to the ready development of the gold-fields of Alaska.

There are thirty-five camps within thirty-five miles by air line of Baker City, says the *Baker City Democrat*. They are located in all directions, some within a few miles of the city limits. Although there has been placer-mining going on in the Baker City gold-fields since 1862, there are now in operation nearly 100 placer-mines, many of which are yielding well, and have half a century's work before them yet. While the mines of this district are principally of gold, there are also some copper, silver, and lead properties; and copper properties, especially, are now being developed in several districts, and the past season's work has shown that they have great future possibilities.

Ten years ago Sumpter did not have a position on the map. Today it has a population of 2,500. It has nineteen stamp-mills in operation, and is producing \$2,500,000 annually in gold. Some big fortunes have been derived from its diggings. Two years ago English Brothers bought the Golconda for a nominal figure. Development was followed by an immense plant at a cost of \$150,000. Then it provided itself with a ten-stamp mill, and at present its dividends are from \$20,000 to \$26,000 per month. And there are others. While the movement in other localities has been with less rumble, a large number have sprouted a boom and are promised much encouragement from outside sources the present season. To the prospector there opens a most promising field in many obscure portions of Oregon, and that new points will make their appearance on its mineral-bearing horizon the present year is well assured.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Washington.

The Commercial Club of North Yakima has undertaken to raise a bonus of \$3,000 for a woolen-mill. The proposed institution will cost about \$20,000, will employ from twenty to forty hands, and will consume 500,000 to 1,000,000 pounds of wool per year.

The present year should be a marked one in the history of Montesano. From the numerous inquiries received during the past few months there is no doubt that several manufacturing industries will be established in this city during the next twelve months.—*Montesano (Wash.) Vidette.*

The condition of the national banks of the State at the close of business December 2, as reported to the comptroller of the currency, shows the average reserve to have been 37.30 per cent against 43.73 per cent on September 7. Loans and discounts increase from \$9,431,055 to \$11,224,445; stocks and securities, from \$1,437,619 to \$1,566,325; individual deposits, increase from \$18,702,972 to \$19,774,838.

Tacoma has more home-builders in proportion to her population than any other city in the world. The city is spreading in every direction, and it will only be a matter of a few years until the whole peninsula, now covered with primeval forest, will be dotted with beautiful homes. Tacoma is growing into a mighty city, and is destined to become a commercial power in the nation.—*Tacoma West Coast Trade.*

The figures for 1899 on lumbering show that in this State 18,000 men are employed in the different mills and camps, 70,000 people are directly dependent on the industry for a livelihood, and during the year over \$9,000,000 was paid in wages alone. The total number of mills in the State is 484, including 248 shingle-mills, and 288 saw-mills. The total value of the 597,000,000 feet of lumber shipped during the eleven months ending with November was \$6,270,000, of the 3,322,000,000 shingles \$4,485,000, with \$611,000, worth of lath making a total value of \$11,366,000 of forest wealth shipped by ship and rail to foreign consumers. The total increase of the lumber shipments of 1899 over 1898 amounted to 120,000,000 feet, and of shingles to 530,000,000 pieces. Re-

MANITOBA FARM LANDS.

I have a splendid list of extra good values in MANITOBA FARM LANDS; why not make an investment for your family this holiday season?

A 320 acre Farm thirty miles from Winnipeg and four miles from main line of C. P. R., at \$2.50 per acre. Part brush, hay and prairie land.

An Improved Farm of 240 acres, twelve miles from Winnipeg, one mile from railway station; small frame house, stable, shed and concrete dairy with flowing well; 160 fenced, 50 cultivated—an excellent mixed farm. Only \$6 per acre.

An Improved Farm of 640 acres, excellent house with stone basement, good out-buildings; 175 acres cultivated and fenced in fields, balance pasture and hay land; first-class neighbors; one mile from school and church, five from station, thirty from Winnipeg; good roads. Only \$4,000. A splendid stock farm.

960 acres of Wild Land for \$960, or will sell in 240 acre blocks at same price. No better time to invest than now.

JAMES SCOTT,
Real Estate Agent,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Manitoba Lands and Winnipeg City Properties

Are the BEST investments on this
Continent at the present time.
Write to

GLINES & WALKER,
Real Estate Agents, Winnipeg, Man.,

who have had twenty years' experience in the
LAND BUSINESS in Manitoba, for maps, etc.

Mixed Farming and Stock Lands
from \$1 to \$3 per acre.

Wheat Lands from \$5 to \$10 per acre.
Winnipeg City property
from \$10 a lot up, according to location.

"WINNIPEG CITY."

WALTER SUCKLING & CO.,
Real Estate Agents and Managers
{ Deal in City Property exclusively. }
Manage over 500 tenants.
Money to loan on favorable terms. 15 years' experience.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

CLIFTON HOUSE,
Newly Furnished Throughout.
Modern Conveniences. Under New Management
Rate \$1 00 per day.
SAM. LEACH, Proprietor.
Main Street, Near C. P. R. Depot,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

duced to carloads, there would be for this eleven months' shipments 146,611 carloads of lumber and 140,282 of shingles, making a total of 286,893 carloads.

If any fellow in this community doesn't believe that Aberdeen is strictly an expansionist town, just let him climb to the top of one of Dabney's water-front lots, or ascend Mount Aberdeen, or scale some other neighboring eminence and gaze out over the city. More than a hundred new buildings within the last year, several new industries of no small proportions, five new business houses just beginning, and everything else in proportion. If Billy Bryan is still looking for "General Prosperity," for whom he has so archly and facetiously inquired on many occasions, he can find the gentleman right here. As an expansionist, Aberdeen is strictly in it.—*Aberdeen (Wash.) Herald.*

Owing to the open and warm winter, the Spokane *Spokesman-Review* says, building has been carried on extensively. Over eighty-five houses are under construction at the present time, and more houses would be erected if it were not for the scarcity of material. During the past year over 1,000 houses were put up in this city, and in the month of December there were 125 under construction. The planing and lumber mills are taxed to their utmost to supply all the demands. Never in the history of Spokane was so much building being done at this season of the year. There are 200 carpenters and painters at work on the buildings, while in former years at this time it was nearly impossible for this class of men to get work.

Canadian Northwest.

The estimated output from the Slocan mines in the Slocan (B. C.) District for 1899 is valued at \$1,700,000. It would have reached \$5,000,000 if the labor trouble had not been forced upon this division by the managers of mines in other divisions.—*New Denver (B. C.) Ledger.*

The output of ore in the Rossland District, B. C., for the past year totals between 180,000 and 200,000 tons. Of this the Le Roi will have shipped about 95,000 tons, the War Eagle nearly 65,000, the Centre Star nearly 17,000, the Iron Mask 5,500, and the Evening Star 1,000 tons. As shown by these figures, up to date Rossland's regular shipping mines have been limited in number to four, namely, the Le Roi, War Eagle, Centre Star, and Iron Mask. At the present time mines in this camp

are more confident of the future than they have been at any previous time since the natural collapse of the first Trill Creek boom, some five or six years ago. Three Red Mountain properties are to be immediately added to the list of regular shippers; recent energetic equipment and development operations have led to an encouraging situation on other portions of the north belt, and last, but not least, ore of shipping grade has just been struck on the south belt.

It is estimated that the mineral production of the Kootenays in British Columbia for the past year was \$7,000,000, as follows: Rossland District \$3,000,000; Nelson District \$1,250,000; Slocan District \$1,750,000; East Kootenay, \$50,000. The showing is an excellent one after taking into consideration that the large Slocan mines have been closed down for the past six or seven months. A large percentage of the ore mined was treated in the local mills and smelters. It will be some time before the exact production will be known. It is probable, when the facts are ascertained, that the product of East Kootenay will largely exceed the figures given. The coming year will witness large shipments from East Kootenay, as the mines of the district are now developed sufficiently to warrant the belief that where there is one shipping mine there will be ten. The North Star and Sullivan will make large shipments. The Moyle mine will be an important factor in our mineral production, and Windermere will astonish the country by producing thousands of tons of high-grade ore. In the vicinity of Fort Steele the mines from which ore will be shipped number not less than five. While in mineral production last year East Kootenay must take the lowest place, it will not be so during the coming season.—*The Fort Steele Prospector.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W.A. Noyes, 320 Powers' Bldg. Rochester, N.Y.



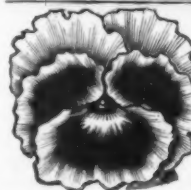
Send for our Illustrated Catalogue—the **ONLY COMPLETE Authority** issued in America on **FURS, Fur Garments, etc.** Gives **absolutely correct** information respecting **FURS and Prevailing Styles.**

Contains 50 pages, 100 illustrations, and is published in St. Paul, the fur center of the U. S.

NORTHWEST MAGAZINE readers can secure copy by sending a 2c stamp to cover postage. Address,

E. ALBRECHT & SON, 20 E. 7th St., St. Paul, Minn.

MAY'S RARE



25c BUYS MAY'S
Celebrated **\$1.00**
Collection of English
SHOW PANSIES

This Wonder Offer is for precisely same collection universally sold for \$1.00, and is the finest strain of English Fancy novelties offered. Flowers prodigious size, magnificent coloring, superb marking. Seed selected from largest and most beautiful flowers, never fails to give satisfaction. Collection includes the following named varieties:
May Queen—Large pure white flowers. (Regular price 15c)
Excelsior—Rich blue with yellow eye. " " 15c
Harlequin—Finely marked and blotched. " " 15c
Diablo—Dark purplish black. " " 15c
Beauty of Kent—Lemon yellow. " " 20c
Mixed English Show—Grand mixture. " " 20c
Mammoth 20th Century Catalogue mailed free on request. Most complete of the year, containing numbers of plates painted from nature. A complete guide for all.
L. L. MAY & CO., Seed Growers, ST. PAUL, MINN.

PANSIES

Relieved with **SCORE EYES** Dr. **ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

EVAN S. TYLER,

Dealer in

Farm Lands,
City Property,
and Grain.

Red River Valley National Bank Building,
FARGO, N. D.



J. W. VON NIEDA, President.
JAS. E. HYDE, Cashier.

R. S. LEWIS, Vice-President.
FRED. A. IRISH, Ass't Cashier.

—2514—

RED RIVER VALLEY NATIONAL BANK.

Capital and Surplus, \$150,000.00.

Accounts of
Merchants, Bankers and Business Men
Solicited.

Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold.

Fargo, North Dakota.

The Keeley Cure.

Only Keeley Institute
in Wisconsin.

Do You Know What It Does?

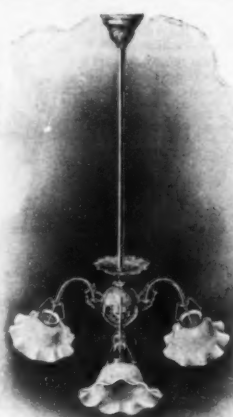
It relieves a person of all desire for strong drink or drugs, restores his nervous system to its normal condition, and reinstates a man in his home and business. The value of the Famous Waukesha Water, as an aid to the Keeley Remedies in eliminating the poisons of alcohol and drugs from the system is acknowledged to be great, and gives the Waukesha Institute a decided advantage over other Keeley Institutes. One of the best springs in the city is on our grounds, and free to our patients. For full particulars address,

The Keeley Institute,

Or P. O. Box 277,

H. K. AIKEN, Manager.

Waukesha, Wis.



HERE

Is a Bargain. This Month Only,

Chandelier No. 2355:

2 Lights, \$4.40. 3 Lights, \$6.00.

4 Lights, \$7 60.

Complete with Sockets and Glassware.

CHAS. POLACHECK & BRO.,

Milwaukee, Wis.

Send for catalogue.

OUR \$15.50 WONDER

Fancy Engraved,
Silver Dog Inlaid,
Royal
Damascus
Finished
Barrels.

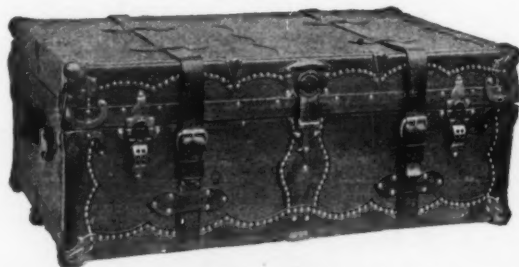


SEND ONE DOLLAR

Cut this ad. out and send to us, and we will
send this gun to you by express C.
O. D. SUBJECT TO
EXAMINATION.

You can examine it at
your express office and if
found perfectly satisfactory
and the greatest gun value you ever saw, and equal to guns that retail at
\$25.00, pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE
\$15.50 and express charges, less the \$1.00 sent with order.
GUN IS VERY LATEST STYLE DOUBLE BARREL BREECH LOADER, branded
T. BARKER. They are made by one of the best gun makers, the ROYAL DAMASCUS finished steel barrels,
with heavy matted rib, latest top lever break, low circular hammers below the line of sight, elaborately engraved
locks, SOLID SILVER inlaid dog, rebounding bar locks, special extractor, fine walnut stock, full checkered fancy
pistol grip, fancy rubber butt plate, fancy checkered patent fore end, strongest double lump action, 12 or 16
gauge. Weight, 6 1/2 to 8 1/2 pounds. **EVERY GUN GUARANTEED.** Built on the most improved lines, perfect in every detail,
carefully targeted, for pattern, range and penetration, and
at our \$15.50 price a wonder of value.
Write for Free Gun Catalogue. ADDRESS: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO

Sample Work and Repairing a Specialty.



Dealer in LEATHER GOODS and NOTIONS.

F. V. GARLAND,

Manufacturer of

TRUNKS,

378 Robert St.,
Bet. 5th & 6th Sts.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Send for Catalogue.

FREE SILK DRESS

Here is an honest advertisement. No beating around the bush. You can get full 10 to 15 yards of beautiful silk, Black, brown, blue, green or pink, in light or dark shades, and a beautiful mercury diamond breast pin for selling our remedies. We talk plain English & guarantee to do exactly as we say. We don't ask a cent. If you agree to sell only 6 boxes of our Positive Corn Cure at \$5.00 a box, we send you the Silve by mail. When sold you send us the \$15.00 and we send you the solid gold laid mercury diamond breast pin, together with our offer of a handsome silk dress, same day money is received. We make this extraordinary inducement to secure honest people and prove our Corn Cure the best on earth. There is no chance about it. If you comply with the offer we shall send you: the silk dress (full 10 to 15 yards, any color you desire) will be given absolutely free. Don't pay out money for a handsome dress while you can get one free for selling our remedies. Address at once, MANUFACTURERS' SUPPLY DEPT. "M." No. 65, 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

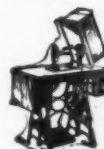


GET THE BEST

When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and

Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing, you will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is



Light Running

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME

It has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (patented), no other has it; New Stand (patented), driving wheel hinged on adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to the minimum.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

ORANGE, MASS. BOSTON, MASS. 25 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.
CHICAGO, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO. DALLAS, TEXAS.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

W. F. ELWESS, { 99 W. 7th St. & } St. Paul, Minn.
403 E. 7th St., }



J. J. STANEK, Proprietor of

CITY GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS.

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

American and Foreign Granite and Marble.
Prices and work guaranteed.

Cor. Third St. and Cameron Ave., LA CROSSE, WIS.

SOFTENED EYES DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER



A DOUBLE WASHINGTON ANECDOTE.

C. H. Crane was wandering about the streets with a document in his fist the day after the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fight. There was a determined set to his jaw that contrasted harshly with his otherwise military face. A friend, noticing his extraordinary behavior, essayed to learn his tale of woe by starting up a conversation along general lines, and so asked him a most natural question, which was to the effect if he had won anything on the fight.

"I won my bet," said Crane, "but I don't think I am ahead of the game."

And then the truth came out. Crane made a wager on the fight with a young lady, Crane betting twenty-five cents on Jeffries, and the young lady covering the bet with \$500 worth of La Pol mining-stock. Crane has the stock, but would willingly pay some one handsomely to take it off his hands. "I am afraid that the first assessment on this stock will break me," said he confidentially.

Crane's predicament suggests another story. Crane in nearly as bad shape as O. C. Stark, for a long time

when he reached Skagway he should go over to Dyea and try to sell his hotel to the Indian. The son received the letter, and interviewed Tagish Charley. His report came by return mail. It seems that Tagish Charley would not buy, and then young Stark offered it for nothing. The Indian looked the building over, and exclaimed:

"You paint him and me let you give him to me!"—*Seattle (Wash.) Lumber Trade Journal.*

THE SIGN WAS EFFECTIVE.

A North Side physician who has had several cases of scarlet fever to treat lately, brought home some bright-red scarlet-fever signs the other evening.

"What are you going to do with those red cards?" asked his little girl.

The doctor explained that they were to put in the windows of the houses of his scarlet-fever patients, to keep people from going there.

The next day, The Minneapolis Tribune says, the doctor's wife was sitting at the window of the sitting-room, when her attention was attracted by the queer antics of a boy across the street. He started for the house, then turned back, looked hard at the door, and finally went away. In the course of an hour several people did the same thing. At last an old friend drove up in her carriage, alighted, and started up the front steps. Half-way up she paused, stared at the door, and fled down the steps. The doctor's wife rose hurriedly, intending to stop the caller and have an explanation, but before she could get to the door the



A POPULAR QUESTION.

He—"There seems to be no question that divides public opinion more than annexation. Are you in favor of it?"
She—"It is rather sudden; but, if you are in favor of it, I am. Here's my hand, with all my heart."

steward at the Rainer Club, but now proprietor of the Victoria Hotel, in this city. During the Dyea boom Stark bought a lot of lumber and sent it to Dyea on a scow in tow of a tug. He built a two-story hotel there, and did a good business until the bottom dropped out of the town and everybody moved away. Stark then abandoned the place to the wind and rain and snow, and his eldest son, who was manager of the hotel, went to Dawson.

A few months ago a three-story hotel and variety theater combined, located near Stark's hotel, was sold to Tagish Charley for \$65 cash. The Indian moved into the place with five or six of his wives and eighteen or twenty papooses. He built a wigwam on the stage of the theater, and since then he has lived there in state, the parquet being open at all hours for the rest of the Indians to drop in and watch Tagish Charley chase his recalcitrant wives around the wigwam with his tomahawk.

Stark heard of Tagish Charley's purchase, and he immediately sent a letter to his son telling him that

visitor had driven away, waving her hand, and nodding pleasantly. An hour or so after, the telephone rang. It was the friend and caller.

"Hello! Is that you, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, and—"

"Really, I was so sorry to drive off that way this afternoon, but the children, you know—and they have never had it, and—"

"Had what?"

"Scarlet fever."

"But we haven't scarlet fever."

"Well, what's that red sign on your door, then?" and Mrs. Jones rang off.

Investigation developed the fact that the doctor's little girl had been disturbed in getting her geography lesson by the many people ringing the door-bell. When the servant-girl was out, the child had answered the bell, and it occurred to her that a scarlet-fever sign would solve all difficulties. The doctor estimates that the sign in one afternoon lost him about \$15 worth of fees.



are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the Improved. No tacks required. To avoid imitations, notice script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.



LEARN SHORTHAND,

Competent stenographers always in demand.

Best firms in St. Paul employ our graduates. Send for catalogue

LANCASTER SHORTHAND SCHOOL,
Germania Life Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.



Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul
BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, PENMANSHIP
and concurrent branches taught in the most thorough, modern, practical manner. Oldest, largest, best. School in season the year round. Pupils assisted to positions gratis. Tuition reasonable. Catalogue mailed free.

THE NORTHWESTERN
CONSERVATORY

OF
MUSIC,

608 Nicollet Ave.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Catalogue Free.

ALL BRANCHES MUSIC.
Elocution, Languages.

25 TEACHERS.
500 STUDENTS.

Established in 1885.

Only complete Music School in Northwest.

Fall Term Now Open.

CLARENCE A. MARSHALL,
Director.

\$25.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY.



Magnificent Solid Silver plate
Bracelet, beautiful Solid Gold filled ring set with 2
Regent Diamonds and handsome Emerald, American
Watch, Autoharp, or a Sewing Machine Free to any
one selling 18 packages of our Bouquet Flower Seed
Collections. (25 different kinds in each collection) a
whole Flower Garden all for 10 cents. "Sell like hot
cakes" and you can earn one of these beautiful presents
in one day. Order quick. No money required in advance.
Send for Seeds, sell the 18 Packages sent you, and return
us \$1.50. Then we will mail you the Beautiful Pres-
ent promptly. Address U.S. SEED CO., Box 1540,
Boston, Mass. Mention NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.

The following are well-known firms of established character in their respective lines of business:

Corsets.

Dr. Burn's CORSETS, WAISTS AND ABDOMINAL BANDS. Send postal for order Blank to MRS. HILL, Manufacturer, 650-655-625 Syndicate Arcade, Minneapolis, Minn. St. Paul, 318 Wabasha St. Tel. 2487, call 2. Agents wanted.

Foundry and Machine Works.

SOUTH PARK FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.,
Gate Valves, Fire Hydrants, Water Pipe specialties,
Flange Pipe, Flange Specials, Columns, Beams, etc.
11 GILFILLAN BLOCK, ST. PAUL. Works, South Park.

Furniture Manufacturers.

ST. PAUL FURNITURE CO.,
Designers and Manufacturers
BANK, STORE, CHURCH and HOUSE FURNITURE,
St. Paul, Minn.

Steam and Hot Water Heaters.

ROBERTS-GOSS CO.—Steam and Hot Water Heaters,
MACHINISTS and BLACKSMITHS,
357 Rosabel St., ST. PAUL, MINN. Telephone 721.

Trunks, Traveling Bags, Etc.

J. M. BACH & BRO., Manufacturers of Trunks and Traveling Bags. Sample work a specialty. Send for catalogue. 206 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.

REPRESENTATIVE NORTHWESTERN JOBBERS, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

R. E. COBB,

31-33 East Third St., ST. PAUL, MINN.,

DEALER IN

**Fruits, Vegetables,
Poultry, Game,
Butter and Eggs.**

GENERAL COMMISSION.

Leading House in the Trade

A. H. LINDEKE. R. WARNER. T. L. SCHURMEIER.

**LINDEKE,
WARNER &
SCHURMEIER,**
Wholesale
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.

Cor. Fourth and Stoley Streets,

ST. PAUL, . . . MINNESOTA.

STEEL BEAMS

IN STOCK.

Architectural
and other
Iron Work.

Low Prices. Quick Deliveries.
Write us for Prices.

ST. PAUL FOUNDRY CO.,**ST. PAUL, MINN.**

General Offices in Manhattan Building.



**Daily
Through
Trains**

.. TO ..

CHICAGO,

**St. Louis,
Des Moines,
Omaha,
Denver,
Kansas City.**

For LOW RATES and other infor-
mation, address

A. B. CUTTS,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



THE LARGE COMMISSION HOUSE OF R. E. COBB ON EAST THIRD STREET,
ST. PAUL.

Printing,
Lithographing,
Bookbinding, Engraving,
Electrotyping, Legal Blanks,
Office and Bank Supplies,

**PIONEER
PRESS CO.**

We can do anything in this
line, and at lowest prices.
Send to us for estimates.
70 to 80 E. Third St.
ST. PAUL,
MINN.

**ELK LAUNDRY CO.,**

51 WEST THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL.

Good dressers of either sex should avail themselves
of our unexcelled facilities.
Superior work. Satisfactory prices. Always prompt.
Towels furnished offices at low rates.
Give us a trial and be convinced.
Telephone 268. HENRY GRUNHAGEN, Mgr.

**FOLEY BROS. & KELLY
MERCANTILE CO.**

**WHOLESALE CROCCERS,****ST. PAUL, MINN.**

Tea Importers. Coffee Roasters. Spice Grinders.
Manufacturers Flavoring Extracts.

T. L. BLOOD & CO.

• • MANUFACTURERS OF • •

HIGH GRADE

PAINTS

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Painter's Materials.**ST. PAUL, . . . MINN.**


REPRESENTATIVE NORTHWESTERN JOBBERS, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

NOYES BROS. & CUTLER,
Importers and
Wholesale DRUGGISTS,
Jobbers in
 Paints, Oils, Glass, Chemicals, etc.,

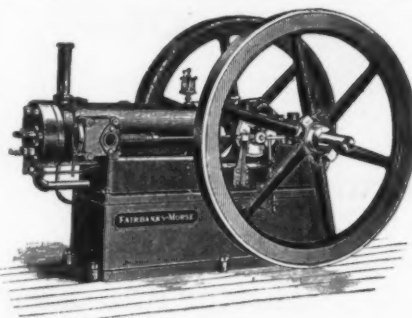
SAINT PAUL,

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410 SIBLEY ST., COR. 6TH.

FOOT, SCHULZE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
Boots and Shoes,
 Third and Wacouta Streets, ST. PAUL, MINN.



Fine Shoes, Mining Boots and Shoes a specialty.
 A large line of Goodyear Glove Rubbers
 constantly in stock.



FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.,
 ST. PAUL, MINN.
 Fairbanks-Morse Gas and Gasoline Engines,
 Fairbanks' Standard Scales,
 Fairbanks' Galvanized Steel Wind-Mills
 and Galvanized Steel Towers.
 Railway and Contractors' Supplies.

ROCKOLEAN,
 THE
Great Hair Restorer.
 Positive cure for
**Baldness,
 Falling Hair,
 Diseased Scalps,
 and Dandruff.**



If other remedies have
 failed you, try this never-
 fail cure.
 Price per Bottle, 50c.

Rockolean Cream,
 The Great Skin Food and Tissue Builder.
 Plumps the Face, Neck, Arms and Bust.
 Cures Sunburn, Chapped Hands, Pimples,
 Wrinkles, Moth, ECZEMA.

Prepared only by the
ROCKOLEAN MFG. CO.,
 827 Sixth Street S., Minneapolis, Minn.
 For sale by druggists. Write us for
 circulars and particulars. Mail orders
 filled promptly. Price per Jar, 25c.

BRAMBLETT & BEYGEH,
 Engravers.

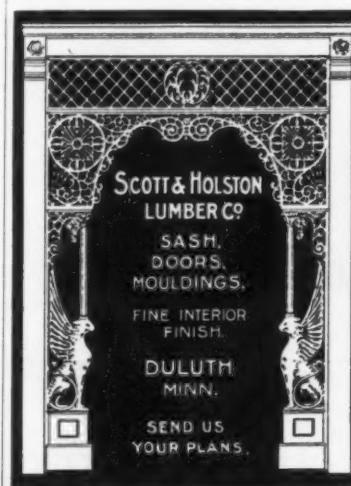
OFFICES:

ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.
 A LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

Don't fail to write for reliable infor-
 mation about the best and cheapest route
 to California. No objectionable parties
 taken. Special attention given to ladies
 and children. Send in your name and
 address, stating time you expect to start,
 and receive prompt reply. California
 Tourist Guide, Minneapolis, Minn.



NOYES BROS. & CUTLER'S IMMENSE WHOLESALE DRUG HOUSE, ST. PAUL, MINN.



Established 1869.
A. L. EGE,

Manufacturer and Dealer in
 Billiard, Pool Tables and Bowling Goods,
 and Importer of
 Ivory Balls, Billiard Cloth, Cues, Tips, etc.
 Altering done. Send for catalogue.
 220 East 7th St., - St. Paul, Minn.

SEABURY & CO.,
 Wholesale Grocers
 and Importers,
 193 to 199 E. 3d St., Cor. Sibley,
 ST. PAUL, MINN.



The amount of baggage allowance in different coun-
 tries is as follows in pounds: Austria none, England
 120, France 66, Germany 56, Greece 66, Holland 56, Italy
 none; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, on R. R. 56, on
 street-cars 100; Switzerland none, Spain 66, U. S. 150.

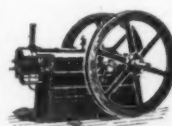
C. W. BEEBE,
 Manufacturer of
Strictly High Grade Custom Made TRUNKS.
 174 Main St., OSHKOSH, WIS.
 We make a special Guaranteed Trunk. Ask about it.

La Crosse REED FURNITURE WORKS,
 MANUFACTURERS OF



Fine
 Reed Furniture,
 Baby Carriages,
 Willow Ware, etc

Special designs made
 to order.
 Send for Catalogue.
 Office and Factory
 121 N. 3d St.,
 LA CROSSE, WIS.



The
Crane & Ordway
..Co..

MANUFACTURERS OF
 Iron Pipe, Brass Goods, Fittings, Etc.,
 For Steam, Gas, Water
 and Plumbing Supplies.

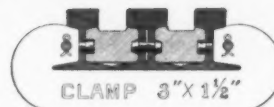
Iron, Wooden and Steam Pumps, Windmills and Well
 Machinery, Belting, Hose and Packing, Water-
 works Supplies and Gasoline Engines.

Main Office, 248, 250, 252 East Fourth Street,
 ST. PAUL, MINN.

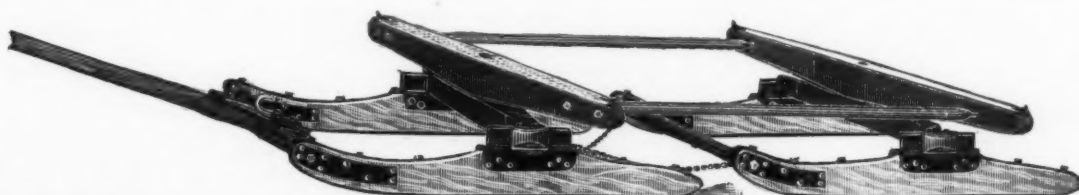
MACHINERY, RAILWAY, MECHANICAL, AND GENERAL SUPPLIES.

PETTIBONE, MULLIKEN & CO., Manufacturers,

725 Marquette Building, Chicago.

**Strom Clamp Frog. (Patented.)**

"Strom" Clamp Frogs; "Channel and Transit" Split Switches; "Banner," "Mark," "Globe," "Flag" and "Axel" Switch Stands; "Samson" Head Chairs, Tie Bars and Crossings; "Alkins" Forged Steel Rail Braces; "Monitor" Switch Lamps; "Jenne" Track Jacks; "Roller" Rail Benders; "Ball," "Union" and "Perfection" Track Drills.



We manufacture the most complete line of TOTE-SLEIGHS, LOGGING SLEIGHS AND LOGGING ROAD-TOOLS in the country. A trial is all we ask—to convince you that we make the easiest-running sled made. Send for Catalogue.

Eau Claire Mill Supply Co., Eau Claire, Wis.

EWALD IRON COMPANY,

OWNERS AND OPERATORS
TENNESSEE ROLLING WORKS, Cumberland River.
Manufacturers of TENNESSEE BLOOM STAY BOLT IRON.

TENNESSEE ROLLING MILLS, Louisville, Ky.
Office and Warehouses: ST. LOUIS, MO.

ANDREW KOPPERUD,

WELL-DRILLING MACHINERY, and TOOLS OF ALL KINDS,
Send for catalogue.

Steam Forging, Cranks, Connecting Rods, Dies and Steel Works.
Cor. BARCLAY & MADISON STS., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**PARKER-RUSSELL
MINING & MFG. CO.,**

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Specialties in FIRE CLAY GOODS.



Fire Brick and Blocks,
Gas Retorts and Settings,
Locomotive Fire Box Tiles,
Blast Furnace Linings,
Bessemer Tuyeres
and Nozzles.

Designed by N. P. Ry.
Fire-Proofing for Buildings,
Partition Blocks for Buildings,
Glass House Pot Clay.

IRON GLAD PAINT CO.,

OFFICE, No. 22 Case Bld'g, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

No. 1, Rosette Red.
" 2, Light Brown.

No. 3, Brown Purple.
" 4, Brown.



Trade Mark patented. Paint patented.
Standard Bridge Paint adopted by N. P. R. R.

If you are interested in the subject of
ECONOMICAL and PERFECT CYLINDER
LUBRICATION, ask railway people about

Sibley's Perfection Valve Oil.

If you are looking for an ABSOLUTELY
SAFE and EFFECTIVE SIGNAL OIL,
ask them about

Sibley's Perfection Signal Oil.

SIGNAL OIL COMPANY,
Franklin, Pa.

J. C. SIBLEY, President.

THE W. S. TYLER WIRE WORKS CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Double • Crimp • Mining • Cloths,
From Brass, Copper, Steel and Iron Wire.
Office Railings, Wire Guards and Wire Work of every
description.

Murphy's Transparent Wood Finishes.

For Interiors, Exteriors and Floors.
Designate in your Plans and Specifications. Pam-
phlets and Sample Panels Furnished.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,
Newark. Boston. Cleveland. St. Louis. Chicago.

To
Chicago

*The Pioneer Limited*

Running Daily Between
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE,
ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.

Only Perfect Train in the World.
Best Dining Car Service.
Lowest Rates to All Points.

J. T. CONLEY,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Telephone 1476-2.
L. M. BEVANS,
Electrotyping
and
Stereotyping.

51 E. Fifth Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

In writing advertisers, state that you saw their advertisement in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.



Even the most careless person takes pains with the toothache.

The promising young man rarely has the respect of the bill collector.

Yes, Maudie, dear; a clever artist ought to be able to draw a good salary.

A man who has seen better days has generally seen some pretty jolly nights.

"Oh, I'm a great old masher!" exclaimed the cider-press, as it came down on the apples.

"What made you so long getting ready, John?"
"I had lost the combination, and couldn't get my ear-muffs on."

"That bed's not long enough for me."
"Well," said the waiter, "you'll add two feet to it when you get in."

"Well," said he, "The Boers are on the move."
"Yes," she replied, looking at the clock; "but there are some exceptions."

She—"Talk about woman's idle curiosity! There's no such thing."
He—"No, I should say it worked night and day."

Tompkins—"Would you like to have the world at your feet?"
Smith—"I have. I'm not standing on my head, you know."

Cleverton—"When you told her father that you loved her, did he show much feeling?"
Dashaway—"Oh, yes. I don't know when I have been so moved!"

Mrs. Out—"Why doesn't the street-cleaner devote some of his money to cleaning the alleys?"
Mr. Side—"Oh, that's an easy one. He pays his wife the alimony, you know."

Professor of Anatomy—"This subject, in addition to having his jugular vein severed, was shot twice through the heart, in consequence of which he died. Now, what would you do in a case like this?"
Student—"I'd die, too."

Ain't I as good as pie?" she cried,
With true coquettish art.
He nodded, but he also sighed—
She'd grown a little tart.

Tommy—"Pop, what is the meaning of 'hereditary'?"
Tommy's Father—"Anything that descends from father to son."

Tommy—"Then your old clothes are hereditary, ain't they?"

Gentleman—"Shay, officer (hie), do you know where John Williams lives?"
Officer—"Why, you're John Williams yourself!"

Gentleman—"Yesh, I know. But where does John Williams live?"

The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat,
And, pouting, she paused to mutter:
"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk;"
But the animal turned to butt her.

The Good One—"If he drinks so much, he will turn into a sot!"
The Other One—"Shouldn't wonder! The last time I saw him he was turning into a saloon!"

"Did they give you a tip?" asked a restaurant proprietor of a new waiter who had just served his first customers.

"Yes, sorr," was the reply; "they told me I had better go carry a hod."

"You don't know wot you're talkin' about," said Tuffold Knutt, as the two wayfarers came to the forks of the road. "Yere's where we turn to the left."

"How do you know so blame much about it?" sulkily inquired Goodman Gonrong.

"I'd ort to know," rejoined Tuffold Knutt. "I

was rode on a rail all over this neighborhood wunst—about fifteen years ago."

"When I with a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were thentered on being a clown."

"Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the reply.

Mamma—"When you married, you thought your husband a demigod?"
Daughter—"Yes."

Mamma—"And now?"
Daughter—"Now he reminds me more of a demijohn."

Inquiring Child—"Father, there's a lot in this book about Othello. Who was Othello?"

Father—"Othello! Why, bless me, my boy; do you mean to tell me that you go to Sunday-school and don't know a simple thing like that? I'm ashamed of you, sir!"

Mrs. Newwed—"John, I want a new hat."
Mr. Newwed—"Well, really, Marie, I can't afford it."

Mrs. N. (sternly)—"I have been looking through your note-book, John, and if you can afford to buy your typewriter new ribbons, you can afford to buy me a new hat."

Country Doctor (catechisingly)—"Now, little boy, what must we all do in order to enter heaven?"

Boy—"Die."
Country Doctor—"Quite right; but what must we do before we die?"

Boy—"Get sick, and send for you!"

Tom—"What was the amount of your doctor's bill?"
Ike—"Two hundred dollars."

Tom—"Two hundred dollars? Gad! that's too much."
Ike—"But he saved my life, you know."

Tom—"Yes; that's true. But, man—two hundred dollars! Gad, that's too much!"

Weary Watkins—"Of course, it all ain't none of our business, but I don't think no man has got a right to stop another from workin' if he happens to have a mania that way."

Hungry Higgins—"I dunno 'bout stoppin' him, but the injustice an' tyranny of makin' him begin is what riles my blood."

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job!" exclaimed the village minister, as he threw aside the local paper.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked his wife.

"Last Sunday I preached from the text, 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" answered the good man, "but the printer makes it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"



A LESSON IN MENTAL SUGGESTION.

Landlady—"Well, Professor, I hope you had something you liked for breakfast this morning."

Professor—"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Skimp. I had a magnificent appetite."

Osteopathy Cures

Without
Drugs.

ROGER E. CHASE,
Osteopath,

1013 Pioneer Press Building, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Consultation Free.

Office hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 1 P. M. to 4 P. M.

HENDERSON & HUNTINGTON, Osteopaths,

ST. PAUL, MINN.
Members A. A. A. O.

AT THE SEVILLE,
Kent St. and Selby Ave., 8 A. M. to 12 M.

GERMANIA LIFE BLDG.,
Fourth and Minnesota Sts., 2 P. M. to 6 P. M.

Consultation free. Correspondence solicited.
Literature relating to Osteopathy sent on application.



WE ship Funeral Flowers on telegraph or mail orders any time, day or night. Bedding and House Plants in their seasons. Cut Flowers, fresh and fragrant. Seeds that are good and honest, at 50¢ per packet. Our catalogue is FREE. Send for it.

MENDENHALL, FLORIST,
414 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Moose Hide Moccasins and Slippers.

Men's, \$2.75. Ladies' & Boys', \$2.25
Sent postpaid on receipt of price

MITZ & SCHLOERB,
Oshkosh, Wis.

Write for our illustrated circular and price-list of hand-made hunting shoes and moccasins of every description.



Invested in a Postal Card will bring you our NEW Catalogue FREE of Charge.
Two U. S. Patents:
New Felted Foot & Slip Socket.
Address: **DOERFLINGER**
ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO.,
Milwaukee, Wis.



N. LEHNEN, Ph. D.,

Analytical and Technical Chemist.

Office and Laboratory, No. 364 Robert St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Personal attention given to all kinds of Assaying, Analyzing and Testing Ores, Food, Water, etc. Samples by mail or express attended promptly. Write for terms.

AGENTS Wanted on SALARY or COMMISSION,

to handle the new Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. The quickest and greatest selling novelty ever produced. Erases ink thoroughly in two seconds. No abrasion of paper. Works like magic. 200 to 500 per cent profit. One agent's sales amounted to \$500 in six days; another \$32 in two hours. Previous experience not necessary. For terms and full particulars, address,

THE MONROE ERASER MFG. CO., 176 La Crosse, Wis.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. Receipts for manufacturing all kinds of Flavoring Extracts. 25¢. **HOUSE SUPPLY CO.,** 151 East 7th Street, St. Paul, Minn.





Better than Ever To Omaha and Kansas City.

The old established and well traveled line is via Sioux City, and by it you find all the most modern equipment; vestibuled trains, gas lighted, steam heated, with the best Pullman **Sleepers** on night trains, and **Observation Parlor Cars** with **Cafe Service** on day trains. In fact all the little things that go to make travel comfortable are found on trains of the North-Western Line from Minneapolis and St. Paul, either to Sioux City and Omaha or to Chicago. By the North-Western Line time and distance is also shortened to Deadwood and the Black Hills country.

For time-table folders, giving information in detail or for descriptive circulars, address

T. W. TEASDALE,
General Passenger Agent, St. PAUL.



THE ACME,

381-3-5 Robert St.,

Saint Paul, Minn.

SPENCER & HARTMANN, Props.

High Class Confectionery, Fancy Bakery,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Luncheon.

Positively the finest, most complete and up-to-date establishment of its kind in the Northwest.

All sorts of hot and cold beverages served from an elaborate Soda Buffet, in connection with which we operate the only Cloisonne Hot Soda apparatus in the city.

THE CRAMER-BOARDMAN
COMPANY -

ENGRAVERS AND
ILLUSTRATORS

HALF TONES ZINC ETCHINGS
WOOD CUTS ELECTROTYPES
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Builders of The Air Brake.

The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.,

PITTSBURG, PA.



WE will examine your eyes, using all the most approved optical appliances and all the time necessary for thorough work, FREE OF CHARGE. Then, if you are satisfied, will sell you a pair of glasses as cheap as you can buy them anywhere.

Broken lenses or frames sent to us by mail will be repaired and returned same day.

KUHLO & ELLERBE, Opticians,
320 Robert Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

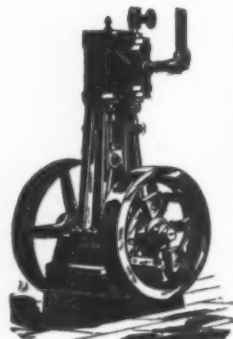
W. J. HESS, Pres. & Treas. O. W. ENDRESS, Sec'y.

MANITOWOC Steam Boiler Works.

Builders of
Marine, Stationary and
Locomotive Boilers,

ALSO

Structural Iron
and Repair Work.
MANITOWOC, WIS.



Taylor & Hough,
Builders of
Dynamos,
Motors,
Engines, etc.
Isolated Plants a
specialty.

OFFICE AND FACTORY:
88 East 5th St.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.,
U. S. A.

E. M. HUFF,
FORSYTH, MONTANA.
Manufacturer of
FINE STOCK SADDLES,
Art Leather Work,
Cowboy Outfits, Harness and Strap Work.
Dealer in Fancy Silver Inlaid Bits and Spurs,
Tents, Tarpaulins, Slickers,
Navajo Blankets, Mexican Sombreros.
Saddles to order a specialty. Send for catalogue.

BUY Goodyear Rubber Co's RUBBER GOODS. THEY ARE THE BEST MADE.
Dealers furnished with catalogues on application.
GOODYEAR RUBBER CO.,
375 & 377 Sibley St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

GUST. LAGERQUIST,
Manufacturer of Passenger, Freight,
Power and Hand-Power
ELEVATORS.
Automatic and Half-Automatic Gates and Dumb
Walters. Electric Motors and Dynamios.
108 Second St. N., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Northern Pacific Railway.



FOR FULL INFORMATION in regard to any particular section of the Northern Pacific Country, rates, routes, tickets, time-tables, etc., call on or address any of the following agents:

GENERAL AND SPECIAL AGENTS.

A. L. CRAIG, Asst. Genl. Ticket Agt., St. Paul, Minn.
A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt.,
254 Morrison street, Cor. Third, Portland, Ore.
W. F. MERRISON, Genl. Agt., Pass. Dept.,
319 Broadway, New York City.
F. H. FOGARTY, Genl. Agt., 302 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
T. K. STABLEY, Genl. Agt., Pass. Dept.,
638 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.
A. D. EDGAR, Genl. Agt.,
Cor. Main and Grand streets, Helena, Mont.
W. H. MERRIAM, Genl. Agt., Butte, Mont.
R. A. EWA, Genl. Agt., "Spalding House," Duluth, Minn.
H. SWINFORD, Genl. Agt., Depot., Winnipeg, Man.
A. TREILING, Genl. Agt., 926 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.
I. A. WADSWORTH, Genl. Agt., 1st & Yewler Aves., Seattle, Wash.
J. W. HILL, Genl. Agt., Riv. & How. Sta., Spokane, Wash.
F. C. JACKSON, Asst. Genl. Agt., West Superior, Wis.
J. G. BOYD, Genl. Agt., Depot., Wallace, Idaho.
OSCAR VANDERBILT, Ticket Agt., 5th & Robert, St. Paul.
G. F. McNEILL, Ticket Agt., 19 Nicollet Bldg., Minneapolis.
C. W. HIMES, Agent., Ashland, Wis.
O. F. CONRAD, Ticket Agt., Union Depot, Duluth, Minn.
F. C. SALTER, Gen. Agt., Freight Dept.,
319 Broadway, New York City.
H. H. FORSTER, Genl. Agt., Freight Dept.,
638 Market Street San Francisco, Cal.

FREIGHT AGENTS.

F. C. SALTER, 319 Broadway, New York City.
T. E. BLANCHARD, 215 Elliott square, Buffalo, N. Y.
R. C. JOHNSON, 220 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
CHAS. F. SHERMAN, 47 S. Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.
W. W. SCULLY, 1115 Carnegie Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
C. B. SEXTON, 210 Com. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
A. H. CAFFEY, 25 Carew Building, Cincinnati, O.
THOS. HENRY, 116 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.
W. E. BELOUSE, No. 6 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.
J. C. HERRMAN, 308 S. Clark street, Chicago.
J. C. MCCUTCHEN, 308 S. Clark street, Chicago.
C. T. NOONAN, 377 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.
J. O. DALLS, General Office, St. Paul, Minn.
F. M. FAIRBANK, 19 Nicollet Block, Minneapolis, Minn.
H. K. COLE, 5th & Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.
J. V. ORRINGTON, Portland, Ore.
C. E. LANG, Winnipeg, Man.

DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENTS

C. E. FOSTER, 290 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
I. M. BORTLE, 47 S. Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.
THOS. HENRY, 116 St. Peter street, Montreal, Canada.
WM. G. MASON, 315 Elliott square, Buffalo, N. Y.
ES. C. SCHROEDER, 1115 Carnegie Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
JEO. R. TURNER, 49 Jackson Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
W. H. WHITAKER, 156 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Mich.
P. H. NOEL, Sixth and Olive streets, St. Louis, Mo.
GEO. W. JONES, 505 W. Locust street, Des Moines, Iowa.
J. J. FERRY, 23 Carew Bldg., 5th and Vine, Cincinnati, O.
C. C. MORDOUGH, 377 Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.
C. A. MATTHEWS, 208 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.
GEO. W. McCASKEY, No. 6 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.
GEO. D. ROGERS, 4th and Broadway, St. Paul, Minn.
H. W. SWERT, Fourth and Broadway, St. Paul, Minn.
F. O'NEILL, Portland, Ore.
H. L. RAYBURN, Portland, Ore.

J. M. HANNAFORD, Third Vice-Prest., ST. PAUL, MINN.
CHAS. S. FEE, Genl. Pass. & Ticket Agt., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Established 1854

PROPELLER WHEELS. MARINE MACHINERY.

SHERIFFS MFG. CO.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dredge Machinery.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, New or Renewal
FOR ALL American and Foreign
PERIODICALS, Magazines and Newspapers.
AT CAMERAS free for 10-25-50 sub-
scriptions. Cash prizes for five
largest lists. Full information and
agents' outfit, including more copies of magazines than
you could buy for many dollars, sent on receipt of 10c
to half pay postage. Cut-rate Catalogue free.
W. P. SUB. AGENCY, 516 e 2d Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

A PERFECT BOLSTER SPRING.



BUY direct from factory and save the jobber's commission and retailer's profit. In buying from us you pay cost of making with one moderate profit added. We are not agents, but manufacturers. We sell a better Spring for less money than can be had of those who make two or three profits as middle-men. BOLSTER SPRINGS very soon pay for themselves in saving to horse, wagon and harness, and stock or produce. We manufacture all sizes from 1 to 10,000 lbs. capacity. Write for prices. Mention capacity desired.

KING MFG. CO., Racine, Wis.



ST. PAUL, MINN.

Greenhouses at Merriam Park.

SPECIALTIES: } Choicest and best of Out Flowers.
} Artistic Floral Work.
618 Nicollet Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

RAND, McNALLY & CO.'S CELEBRATED INDEXED POCKET MAPS

—OF—

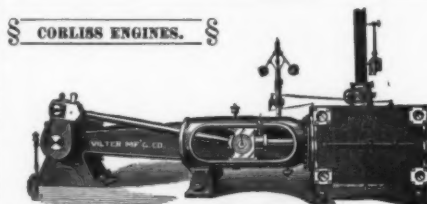
Every State and Territory. Revised to date.

PRICE 25 CENTS EACH.

For sale everywhere.

RAND, McNALLY & CO., Publishers,

CHICAGO and NEW YORK.



THE VILTER MFG. CO.,
888 Clinton St., MILWAUKEE, WIS
CORLISS ENGINES, Boilers, Heaters and Pumps.
Refrigerating and Ice-Making Machinery.



Link-Belt Machinery Co.
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.
Link-Belting,
Sprocket Wheels,
Elevators, Conveyors, Malleable Iron
Buckets, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers,
Gearing, Friction Clutches, etc.

CHICAGO BLUE PRINT PAPER CO.,
Manufacturers and Importers of
Blue Process and Drawing Papers, Mathematical
Instruments, Drawing Materials and Supplies.
Rand, McNally Building, 166-174 Adams St., CHICAGO
Blue Printing, Black Printing, Blue on White, Our Specialty



Charles H. Bely & Co., 10-12 N. Canal St., Chicago, Ill. U.S.A.

